MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#224 • JAN 02 • $3

PIRANHAS

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE

ACTION TIME • THE VIRUS

CITIZEN FISH • AN ALBATROSS

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- NK 6-Keep On Keeping On-LP
- EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-split EP
- FLASH GORDON-Troma City Pollution-LP
- EDÖRA-Tomorrow is Ours-EP
- EXCLAIM-Critical Exploder-LP
- xLIMPWRSTx-live
- STRAIGHT AHEAD/NYC MAYHEM-split LP
- ADRENALIN OD-Rare & Unreleased-LP
- SIN DIOS-Ingobernables-LP
- JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS/EXCLAIM-live

JEFF HEERMANN

- SPITS-19 Million AC-EP
- GREENHORNES-live
- BUFF MEDWAYS-live
- ELECTRIC EELS-Eyeball of Hell-2xLP
- REDS-It's About Time-LP
- HARD FEELINGS-Having a Soul Party-EP
- LES TECKELS-Aboivent-EP
- NAZIS FROM MARS-LP
- PINKZ-Something About You-EP
- DICTATORS-DFFD-LP

DONNA POOLE

- BOBBY SOXX-Hate in the '80s-EP
- RIFFS-A Million Scars-EP
- REAL ONES-Fulfill the Prophecy-EP
- PITCH BLACK-Half Empty-EP
- NEGATIVES-Wanna See What You Got-EP
- SNOBS-School's Out, Let's Skate-EP
- xLIMPWRISTx-live
- BURNING KITCHEN-Damn You if You Do-10"
- MILHOUSE USA/FOUR EYES-split EP
- SIN DIOS-Ingobernables-LP/NUMBERS-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- MIGHTY MOGULS-CD & EP
- ELECTRIC EELS-Eyeball of Hell-2xLP
- REDS-It's About Time-LP/RATS-EP
- HARD FEELINGS-Having a Soul Party-EP
- DICTATORS-DFFD-LP/LES TECKELS-EP
- RAMONETURES-Johnny Walk Don't Run-LP
- PINKZ-Something About You-EP
- SONICS-Savage Young Sonics-LP
- WILDEBEESTS & CANDY SNATCHERS-live
- BUFF MEDWAYS, MASONICS-live

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- SNOBS-School's Out, Let's Skate-EP
- RATS-No Complex-EP
- HARD FEELINGS-Having a Soul Party-EP
- PINKZ-Something About You-EP
- DICTATORS-DFFD-LP
- NAZIS FROM MARS-LP
- RAMONETURES-Johnny Walk Don't Run-LP
- ELECTRIC EELS-Eyeball of Hell-2xLP
- LES DRAGUEURS-A La Surboum-LP
- REDS-It's About Time-LP

RAY LUJAN

- EPOXIES-Need More Time-EP
- PINKZ-Something About You-EP
- GC5-Horseshoes & Handgrenades-CD
- THE TIE THAT BINDS-Half Past Heroes-CD
- NEGATIVES-Wanna See What You Got-EP
- PRE-TEENS-Mess-45
- WINEPRESS-CD
- JUNIOR VARSITY-Bam Bam Bam-EP
- NAZIS FROM MARS-LP
- BHOPAL STIFFS-1985-1989-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

- BOBBY SOXX-Hate in the 80s-EP
- TEEN CTHULU/IRON LUNG-split EP
- ...Ten Years+ of Top Tens...Time to Pass it on...
- HOLIER THAN THOU?-Hating of the Guts-LP
- SNOBS-School's Out, Let's Skate-EP/NK 6-LP
- SPAZZ-Sweatin' 3: Skatin', Satan & Katon-CD
- STRAIGHT AHEAD/NYC MAYHEM-split LP
- FLASH GORDON-Troma City Pollution-LP
- DYING BREED-Genocide-CD
- YACOPSAE-Einstweilige Vernichtung-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- SUICIDE PARTY-You're All Invited-EP
- PITCH BLACK-Half Empty-EP
- PRE-TEENS-Mess-45/EXCLAIM-LP
- SNOBS-School's Out, Let's Skate-EP
- BURNING KITCHEN-Damn You if You Do-10"
- SIN DIOS-Ingobernables-LP
- EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-split EP
- SCHOLASTIC DETH/REAGAN SS-live
- NAZIS FROM MARS-LP
- UK SUBS-EPs/BUZZCOCKS-Small-2xLP

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
- US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
- Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
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- Western Europe: $8 each (air) or $4 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $24 (surface).
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- Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #143, 148, 150-153, 155-163, 165-181, 184-223 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

**** AD RATES & SIZES!! ****
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Jeff Heermann

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
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Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

- VÖETSEK/SHARP KNIFE/xLIMPWRISTx-live
- EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-split EP
- SIN DIOS-Ingobernables-LP
- BURNING KITCHEN-Damn You if You Do-10"
- ATESTABASSA-Clone OGM-EP
- EDÖRA-Tomorrow is Ours-EP
- SNOBS-School's Out, Let's Skate-EP
- CONFUSIONE-Taglio Corto-EP
- RAMONETURES-Johnny Walk Don't Run-LP
- EPOXIES-Need More Time-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- SNOBS-Schools Out-EP/NEGATIVES- EP
- ANTIDOTE-Go Pogo-LP/NK 6-LP
- BRIGADES-Von'ne Straße-EP
- THE VIRUS-CD/LES TECKELS-EP
- GC5-Horseshoes & Handgrenades-CD
- ONWARD TO MAYHEM-LP
- NUMBERS-EP/ANGELIC UPSTARTS-CD
- HOMEBREW-EP/LOUTS-Two Fisted-EP
- THE PILLOCKS-Punk-as-Fuck-Rock-EP
- EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-split EP

TOM HOPKINS

- SIN DIOS-LP/EDÖRA-EP/DRAGNET-EP
- REAL ONES-EP/FLASH GORDON-LP
- SPITS-EP/NUMBERS-Downtown-EP
- PANIC-EP/REDS-LP/EXCLAIM-LP
- GLORYHOLES-EP/BESK-LP
- SNOBS-School's Out, Let's Skate-EP
- THINK J CARE-Phase-EP/
- EPOXIES-Need More Time-EP
- BURNING KITCHEN-Damn You if You Do-10"
- EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-split EP

MIKE THORN

- BURNING KITCHEN-10"/NEGATIVES-EP
- SIN DIOS-LP/xLIMPWRISTx-live
- REDS-LP/SNOBS-EP/RIFFS-EP
- BALANCE OF TERROR-EP/NK 6-LP
- KAIVO SURMA-EP/CONFUSIONE-EP
- EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS-split EP
- SENSELESS/SIRUP ZA IZKASLJEVANJE-EP
- MÄHÄLIUM-EP/CRUDE-LP/JENIGER-LP
- PITCH BLACK-EP/SUICIDE PARTY-EP
- HAYMAKER/OXBAKER-split EP

MAX WARD

- JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS/EXCLAIM-live
- FLASH GORDON-Troma City-LP
- HAYMAKER/OX BAKER-EP
- EXCLAIM-Critical Exploder-LP
- ADRENALIN OD-Rare & Unreleased-LP
- xLIMPWRSTx-live
- V/A-Transcendental Maggot-CD
- SIN DIOS-Ingobernables-LP
- HOLIER THAN THOU?-Hating of the Guts-LP
- CONFUSIONE-Taglio Corto-EP

RYAN WELLS

- BOBBY SOXX-Hate in the 80s-EP
- NAZIS FROM MARS-LP
- REDS-It's About Time-LP
- LOS FEDERALES-La Maldicion-CD
- V/A-Supersonic Sounds-CD
- SPITS-19 Million AC-EP
- V/A-Multiball #21-EP/BUFF MEDWAYS-live
- PINKZ-Something About You-EP
- STEVE & THE JERKS-Buy-EP
- ELECTRIC EELS-Eyeball of Hell-2xLP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

- EXXON VALDEZ-Unreleased Fever-CD
- HARD FEELINGS-Having a Soul Party-EP
- THE 440S-Gas Grass or Ass-EP
- DICTATORS-DFFD-LP
- CRIPPLERS-One More for the Bad Guys-LP
- NAZIS FROM MARS-LP
- REDS-It's About Time-LP
- SPITS-19 Million AC-EP
- NUMBERS-Downtown Girls-EP
- EPOXIES-Need More Time-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Dig It! #23
- Eat Yer Heart Out, Martha #2
- Her Side of the Sidewalk #1
- Loitering is Good #6
- Pee #20
- Pick Your Poison/Cholesterol Junkie #1
- Singing Garbage & Hardware #6
- Slingshot #73
- Spitshine in the Eye #1
- Wiedzma #1

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

.#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City , Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Acc

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#224/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

You Want Back Issues? ...We've Got Yer Back Issues Right Here.

buy 3, the 4th is free!

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Marian Anderson

August 13, 1968 - November 4, 2001

Singer of the Insaints, The Ritalins, and most recently, The Thrill Killers, Marian remains an inspiration to punk girls everywhere. She was most well-known for her wild antics onstage amd the infamous Gilman Street incident and censorship trial. You will be missed...

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

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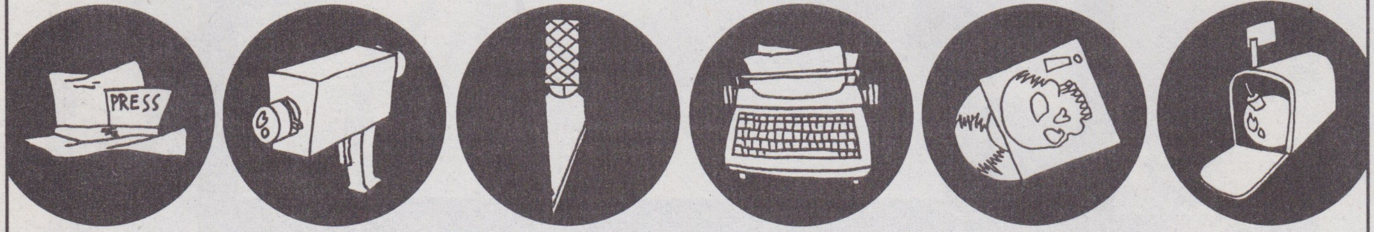

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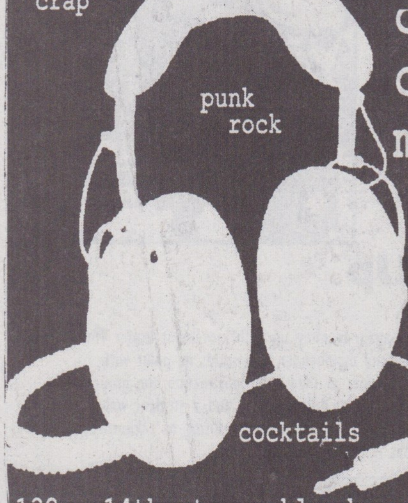

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

Hello MRR,

I just wanted to share my thoughts/ feelings about what has happened over the past week. On Sunday, Nov. 4th, one of the sweetest and most giving/ nicest individuals, Marian Anderson, passed away. It was a definite honor for me to have met her and her dear friend Daniel in Feb. 1993 in New Orleans, and a privilege to hang out with her in San Francisco/ Los Angeles over the years.

I'm not sure if I can do justice in telling you readers what an incredible person Marian was since so many other people knew her a lot better than I did. All I can tell you is that if you met her even once, you knew her presence was electrifying. She always made a point to let her close friends know how special they were to her, something we don't do enough.

Sure, she had her ups and downs—we all do. But she was definitely all about being positive and looking for the good in people and life in general. Just a small example of this was one time when we were driving around SF in my truck listening to Jawbreaker's "24 Hour Revenge Therapy" and she said "God! This is too depressing! Let me put something a little more upbeat on." She quickly grabbed a New Bomb Turks tape I had, put it in the tape deck, and started dancing in her seat, singing along and smiling. She definitely had the gift of making people around her smile and laugh—it was very uplifting.

When I received the call on Nov. 6th from her old friend Nick that she had passed away, I kind of went numb. I immediately changed my work schedule and was fortunate enough to attend a very moving memorial service for her on Nov. 11th in the Los Angeles area. People from all over came to southern California to pay their respects and share different stories with friends who knew and loved Marian. Hearing Joel, Nick, and Selena (among others) pour their hearts out to people and share memories of her was extremely moving. Humorous stories about being with her and hearing different escapades was funny and made people smile, but it was hard to deny the loss everyone felt and the unbelievable sadness in our hearts.

Anyone who knew her, no matter how much or how little, realized what an inspiration she was to everyone she came in contact with. She made this world a better place in the short time she was here.

Marian, you are truly missed by everyone who knew you. I feel honored to have known you even the short time that I did. We will always remember and love you! Take care Marian! Love always,

Carl Elvers/ PO Box 20192/ New Orleans, LA 70141-0192/ USA

Dear Maximum Rock N' Roll,

My name is Jon Collins and I run a record label called Dead Alive Records. This letter is regarding a statement made by record critic, Raphael DiDonato, in the September issue. In his review of the They Live / Ruination split 7" that I put out he says something to the effect of "You need to get this even though that fool running the label never sent me the records and video I won in one of his online auctions." Since he decided to make a personal issue between him and myself the business of two great bands that have nothing to do with it and about 25,000 worldwide readers of this magazine, I'm writing this letter so I can publicly defend myself. With that said, please feel free to turn the page to something worthy of your time.

Let me take you back about three years (Yes, this is about something that happened *three* years ago). I held a small online auction to fund one of my first releases. Mr. DiDonato won somewhere between $30 and $50 worth of records off of me. Months go by and I get the standard "Hey, sorry about slacking on the payment but I've been really busy, etc." excuse that anyone who has ever sold anything via the internet has heard more than a handful of times so I wait some more. Then I got an email saying that he didn't want some of the records anymore but still wanted others. "Ok, fine, just send the money." Still nothing. Then I get into talking to Raphael over the computer and for one reason or another he asked if I would be into trading a few records and like $10 for the stuff he won. "Yea, sure, whatever." He said that he could also tape me anything I wanted from the MRR record library and would trade that for a video of Dead Alive the movie. I asked him to copy me the first three Necros records. About a month later (keep in mind this is a reaaaally long time after the auction ended and everyone else who won stuff just sent their money and got their records) I received a beat-to-shit first pressing of Black Flag "Damaged" (When I say beat to shit, I mean busted ass cover with skateboard stickers on the jacket and practically unplayable vinyl), a Jack Acid 7", and a tape of some Benumb stuff(?). I emailed Raphael back about getting his address and the remaining $10 or whatever it was. We exchanged a few emails after that to which he replied whenever he felt like it. I never received the remaining money that he owed me or heard from him again. The entire situation just faded away. The last time I heard from him was about two years ago. He is correct about never receiving those records or the video I said I would copy for him, but the situation is not as cut and dry as his cheap shot would like the world to believe. I would have still been very willing to send him his records if he would have been more responsible on his end. The basic premise of an "auction" is that you win stuff, you pay for what you won, and then you receive what you won. That's just not what happened here.

Going back and reading what I just wrote, words like "petty", "childish", and "so-fucking-retarded-it-hurts" come to mind. You shouldn't care about this, I shouldn't have to be writing this. My contact information is all over the record that Raphael was reviewing. He could have very easily gotten in touch with me out of the pages of MRR. It's only been like what? Two years now? However, there are always those people who love drama in the scene so I'm not entirely surprised that someone would be immature enough to abuse their position of writing for a widely circulated magazine for their own purposes. Maybe in a perfect world all conflicts and accusations will be aired out in a public forum and private disputes will be the priority of the public. It could be like the Real World but you could still tell all your socially conscious friends that you don't watch TV. There will be a fest every weekend and we can have workshops about these kind of things. Raph will be the king of the kissing circle.

Unfortunately, aside from writing this letter, I don't have the public forum that he does. I just put out records. If Raphael's main contribution to the scene wasn't critiquing what other people are actually *doing* maybe I'd have an easier target to let the world know what a flake he is. Isn't that hatefully ironic?

Jon/ Dead Alive Records

Hey ,

My name's Alva, I'm 15 (blah blah now to the topic) and I'm working for/ in the feminist archive in Bonn, Germany. We are documenting the women's movement (especially in Germany) and keeping all the info accessible to women. We have been around since '88 [not me, I was two or three then]. In general we try to give the broadest overview of what has been going on with women. Since I started working there we want to concentrate more on women in music. Don't worry, I'm not asking for free records (although that'd be cool, ha ha) but it would be great if we could collect lots of fanzines made by girls or about girl's issues. In this way the information in there and the information about the zines in general won't be lost. However, we are too small (read: poor) to pay for tons of fanzines; we are always struggling to get the

vive. As you have contributed to/done many fanzines I would want to ask if you would like to give us the women's issue of *Maximumrocknroll*. I don't really expect anybody to, but if I managed to get something together that'd be great. Whatever, it's up to you to decide, everything is greatly appreciated, hope to hear from you whether you want to help us out or not. Love,
Alva Dittrich/ Joh. Kohlmann Str. 8/ 53913 Swisttal, Germany

Alva,

I will be happy to photocopy and send you some of the women in punk sections published in MRR in the early '90s for your archives, though unfortunately these issues are no longer in print. I encourage other publishers to respond to this request as well. Best of luck,
Arwen

Greetings fellow continentals... Joao from Redencion 9.11 here once again to enlighten your existence... this time it´s ´cause we need your support and assistance. We´re trying our best to be in the USA by the last week of January to do a two week tour of the East Coast and some Mid-East cities. I know we are arrogant in thinking some shitty unfamous spic band is going to attract any crowd at all, but keep in mind that we are utopians, and if it weren`t for people like us who take risks and just "go for it," the world would be a dull place to live in. So I´m sending this e-mail requesting that you help us out, or that you forward this message to people who probably could, or would be willing to.

We should be arriving during the second week of January to rehearse with a replacement bassist and maybe drummer during a week in the D.C. area. Our tour should begin on Monday the 28th of January and extend until Monday 11th of February. We might be playing some dates around the week of the 20th of January—some shows in the D.C., Maryland, Virginia area. We know that some of you live in East Coast areas or know people who do, we´re also trying to find a band to share the two week tour with, and maybe a van (if they have one). If somebody can help us out booking shows, driving a van (yes, you would get paid), or just being really nice, please write to the following individuals:

Brian Lombardozzi—dozer@riseup.net
Joao Da Silva—joao@idealpolitik.org

Peace, love and power to the people,
Redencion 9.11

PS Get the split 7"—Homage To Catalonia / Redencion 9.11 on Amor y Lucha Records. http://www.redencion911.org or http://www.idealpolitik.org/amorylucha

MRR—

I wanted to respond to the troubling column that Mykel Board wrote after our country was attacked.

This is not the first time that Mykel Board has boggled my mind with an outlandish idea or line of reasoning. Usually though, Mykel can be counted upon to challenge the mind, and offer at least something interesting and thought provoking.

But what he offered readers in his first MRR article since our city and country was attacked was provocative only in its unfortunate ignorance and misplaced hostility. I looked at the previous sentence for a long time. I am shocked that it is so appropriate in this case. That is because ignorance and hostility are not words that I associate with my good friend, Mykel. It was unexpected for me to read the opinions he expressed in the column. This is because I believe that it is clear that the very core beliefs that Mykel cherishes are under greater attack by those who have attacked us, and who will continue to attack us, than by the great country that his father literally gave his right arm for in WW2. I wonder why he does not see that, and I hope that he will reconsider his opinions on the matter.

But there is a second reason for my response. I believe that few MRR readers will challenge the ideas represented in Mykel's piece—and those ideas beg to be challenged in the same forum in which they were delivered. So I'll address the general sentiment and then the particular points that Mykel raised.

Surely the best way to preserve the freedoms that we cherish is to support the side that has served to advance those freedoms in the past, the United States. So who can understand why Mykel's greatest hostility is saved for our country, after the kind of intolerant fanatics that he has always spoken out against attacked us?

I realize that many MRR readers view cynically any claims by the US at moral or political superiority. The point is moot. The terrorists attack us all, simply because we are Americans—and no changes that we make will change their mind about us. Now the question is our survival. The smartest thing we can do is counter intuitive to the majority of people who are going to read this, but I believe that we need to band together in unity to fight our enemies. Let them watch CNN without seeing divisions amongst us. Tell them "Hey, we may not always agree with our government, but that does not mean that you can attack us with impunity. We reject your totalitarian view of the world, and we will fight to defend ourselves." You will all be able to look in the mirror and at your kids in the future and proudly know that you rejected knee-jerk rebellion in favor of thinking for yourself. You will know that you did what you could to stop the advance of those who killed your countrymen and attacked the values of freedom, pluralism and tolerance. The people who are involved with attacks on us from militant Islam have current records involving: enslavement, forced conversions, cutting out tongues, cutting off hands, chopping off heads, stoning people to death (countries that do this for stealing, lying, fornication, homosexuality, etc.... are nations like Saudi Arabia, Afghanistan, and Sudan.) There is no shame in supporting the fight against these forces. By embracing your highest ideals, which are also American ideals, you will insure that the country has the unity that we desperately need in wartime.

The luxury to be a critic only, without giving back, is behind us. At the very least, as a moral position, it is weak not to contribute to our free society while we are under attack by those representing the worst in humanity. Anyway, endeavor to provide constructive criticism of the US, but don't forget that our fellow citizens, American soldiers and civilians and some readers of this publication, will be killed during the war that will safeguard our way of life, and our lives. Instead, we need to insure that those representing militant strains of Islam do not gain more influence over the world than they already have. We need to insure that nuclear weapons and weapons of mass destruction do not ever fall into their hands. If you do not want to live in that world, then isn't this a cause worth supporting?

We owe it our conscience and country to be supportive of those who risk their lives to protect us against this cruel and ruthless enemy who would have us turn back the clock on every progression that civilization has made in over a thousand years. (Also, for Mykel's right to sleep with whomever he chooses, drink what he wants, travel as he pleases, to avoid or embrace religion selectively, to disseminate selfish anti government diatribes, collect the kind of assorted media that pleases him in ways unholy, etc....)

No one has the right to attack us or to try to change our world through violent means. Every country has the right and moral obligation to self-defense. We should feel lucky that our country is strong enough to protect us where it can. Unfortunately, I fear that there are many areas where we cannot be protected due to a lack of diligence and foresight by previous administrations.

So I ask Mykel to reconsider his thoughts here, and I ask that MRR readers keep an open mind.

There are many more points I disagree with and I'll address them a bit differently:

God is responsible for more deaths and destruction that any other force in history. Mykel, the Nazis are responsible for the deaths of 55 million people in WW2. The USSR under Stalin, also not a theocracy, killed in the vicinity of 30 million during his reign alone. Let's not talk about China. These were all godless societies. Societies that embrace one or more Gods do not have a monopoly in this area.

Justice vs. revenge post WTC. It is not about either. It is about self-preservation. If we do not stop our enemies now, they will interpret our inaction, or lack of follow through as weakness, and move in for the kill.

The attack was payback for our terror. Primarily, it was citizens of one of our allies, Saudi Arabia, who attacked us. We came to their rescue during The Gulf War. Eisenhower even saved their butts during his administration. Saudi Arabia has surely benefited from their relationship with us. The proof? They still exist. Egypt was also proudly represented on 9/11. We have shown strong support for Egypt, and they are a friend of the US.

They won because they wanted to show the world that we are not invincible. Does it make you happy now that they know we are not? Do you feel more secure now that Pandora's box has been opened?

The attackers are brave. Violent sui-

cide may take guts, but it takes more guts to live. Suicide is not a courageous act. Murder is not courageous. Killing unarmed people while you kill yourself is neither a mark of honor, or of courage, but a badge of shame. For me, bravery and honor is best exemplified by John McCain's story of his torture and imprisonment in solitary confinement for years as a POW. Or Mandela's story, or Natan Sharansky's story of imprisonment in the Gulag.

The moral position of the "crashers" and the US servicemen who dropped the atomic bombs is the same: all are "murderers." Before the US dropped the A-bombs, 55 million people had been killed in a war we tried to stay out of. Right or wrong, that is the context. We killed fewer people in Hiroshima than died in the WTC bombing. Those who hijacked both our technology and one of the world's great religions tried to kill more than the number (less that 4000?). 50 thousand people worked in the Twin Towers. If the buildings were full when they fell, close to that number would have been killed. If the buildings fell over, rather than straight down, other large buildings holding tens of thousands more people would have been killed. This is what the terrorists wanted. What context is there that helps us to equate our A-bomb delivery team who wore uniforms openly declaring their allegiance with these hijackers whose bosses hide in caves and who avoid responsibility? Also, don't forget that dropping the bomb saved lives in every country involved in the war, by insuring a quick close.

I have heard you tell people that flag burning is wrong, and that we all own the flag—we can't let the lowest common denominator decide for us what it stands for. As someone who has never let the KKK or the American Nazi party define the flag for you, why do you now relinquish your rightful claim to the flag?

You stated that you are not pissed off at "the crashers" but that you are "Pissed off at hatred and calls for more death." Mykel, are you confused about something – like who your real enemy is? Calls for revenge are understandable, but do not make for sound policy. For me, it is purely practical. We have to kill them and contain them to protect ourselves in the future. Many servicemen will die, but even more civilians would die if we did not stop the spread of anti American and anti Western terror.

As if the only choices are to kill or do nothing. You have my ear, but what do you have in mind to preserve the safety of the country today and in the future? Also, how can you rant for as long as you did in that column without offering up ideas of your own?

The US harbors more terrorists than most other countries. I imagine you are referring to people who moved here from other countries like the hijackers and who intend to harm the US. You must have expected to be challenged on that – even by MRR readers. A good example of what it means to harbor terrorists is Syria, a sovereign country that knowingly allows and financially supports a dozen terrorist groups including Islamic Jihad, Hamas, Hezbollah to exist and openly maintain offices in it's capital. Some of the terrorist training camps have commercial planes so that the terrorists can train on hijacking. When the government pays the groups way, provides them with diplomatic credentials/privileges or simply allows them a base of operations and safe haven, they are harboring terrorists.

You described Clinton as a mad butcher whose military excesses got us into this trouble in the first place. My friend, if only the terrorists really saw both Clinton and Bush in that light. They would have stayed home on 9/11 in the way that Muslim militants in Syria stayed home after Assad Sr. killed everyone in Syria's 3rd largest city, and bused in religious students in to mop up the blood, and bury the bodies in mass graves. It was Clinton's lack of resolve and leadership that encouraged the terrorists. They believe we are a paper tiger because of all previous administrations failure to contain militant Islam since Iran took 52 Americans hostage after raiding our embassy in Tehran.

Americans will not stand for tolerance. The vast majority of Americans, from President Bush down, have no ill will towards those Americans who come from some of the regimes we may end up fighting. The only constructive thing you wrote was that it is important to protect Arab Americans. What country in the history of the world took the steps to protect its potential "5th column" citizens that we have taken? Give credit to those who deserve it: President Bush, Governor Pataki, and Mayor Guiliani have expressed the same sentiment regarding tolerance that you expressed. And they did it publicly for the entire world to see.

America has the power to end war in the Middle East. War in the ME and North Africa predates the state of Israel. War and instability in recent history in the ME have nothing to do with Israel except where it is linked to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict directly. War and instability are endemic to dictatorships, medieval theocracies, and regimes with hereditary rulers where they bury women suspected of infidelity up to their heads in sand and then stone them to death. Is that Israel's fault? Is it Israel's fault that the leaders of the other Middle Eastern countries keep their people ignorant and miserable so that the ruling party can live like kings, and then direct their people's rage at Israel, the US, and the west in general? The multiple coups in Syria before Assad Sr. came to power. Sadaam Hussein cutting off the head of his predecessor and sending it to the guy's wife. Libya and Chad. Sadat's murder. Assad Sr. killing between 10 and 30 thousand of his own citizens in a city called Hama and making a parking lot over the ground where arms stuck out of the asphalt. The Iraq-Iran war. The Lebanese civil war. No, the US does not have the power to end war in the Middle East. Nor should it push its Israeli ally, the only democracy in the Middle East, to agree to terms that limit Israel's security.

If the only words that you can use to describe Palestinians are "the innocent people of Palestine," you are totally lost. While it is a mark a civilized person to forgo blind tribal loyalties in the interest of justice or truth, you are acting in the service of neither in your knee-jerk opposition to Jewish national rights. The Palestinians are apparently comfortable with terrorism being their national ideology. Whatever legitimate claims they have are negated by their adherence to terrorism in pursuit of their goals. Don't you remember the Olympics in Munich where PLO terrorists murdered the Israeli athletes, or Ma'alot, where brave PLO terrorist heroes commandeered a kindergarten and killed the children with grenades? How about the Achille Lauro when they tossed a wheelchair bound senior citizen, Leon Klinghoffer overboard? How about the murdered teenagers at the disco in Tel Aviv killed by a Palestinian suicide bomber with his penis wrapped in cotton so that he would be able to enjoy the dozens of virgins he is promised in Paradise by his cynical handlers in Hamas? How can their celebrating over our devastating loss not outrage you? We have helped them, and we support an independent Palestinian state. The US helped bring the Palestinians and the Israelis very close to a peace deal. The acts of 9/11 were being planned back when a deal was close and people were optimistic. You see, some people don't want a deal—they want Israel and all its citizens killed. They want all Jews everywhere killed. They want Americans everywhere killed. They say this plainly and repeatedly. Believe them.

Regarding your statements on NY, I am totally confused. I don't understand why you want to live and have others live in a NYC where we all have to watch our backs. Why should others suffer for your weird needs? Recently I was walking with my wife and two-year-old son, Daniel, past a corner in Brooklyn where you were mugged years ago after venturing out to get some beer. The area is beautiful now, and the violent crime that once plagued that area and victimized people I knew is gone. Mykel, what values are represented by preferring the days when there were more people suffering in crackhouses (like my brother in law, and like Leon, our dear departed friend), and being killed and injured by violent crime just so you can go to your hangouts without seeing some people who you do not think are cool? This is your great hope of achievement post 9/11? You have a lot more to live up to than what you have offered. Assess this situation with new eyes. Don't be prejudiced by past mistakes that our government has made. Each situation is unique and should be judged on its merits.

Marc Rentzer/ Brooklyn, NY/ mrentzer@yahoo.com

Marc,

Mykel has asked us to say that he does not believe in responding to readers' letters in the letters section. He says it gives columnists and editors the unfair advantage of always having the last word. He may respond privately or in his column at a later time.

I do not believe in columnists responding in the letters section, as they get a big section of their own every month. Of course, I am a great believer in editorial responses to letters we receive, particularly stomach-turning and ridiculous letters such as yours. I don't want to write an epic as you did, nor

would I ever attempt to speak for Mykel. But you are so fulla shit that I feel obligated to mention a few very obvious counterpoints, to wit:

Unity in wartime—fuckin' ay! The "war" is US bombs dropping on a ruined country, it is the remaking of Afghanistan in a western-friendly model, it is "food drops" as p.r. and starvation for hundreds of thousands of Afghanis as reality. It is fewer rights for US citizens and more rights for US cops and security apparatus. You say get behind this shit! Fuck you!

To say that the terrorists behind the attack of September 11th are on the verge of toppling the US, that they might kill us all, is insane. Of course the Taliban are totally fucked, wretched, as bad a government as one could imagine. But the US government is far from benign and ten thousand times more powerful. North Korea, Iraq—those places suck and it must suck to live there. But the US has ruined many more lives around the world than any independent despot.

Saudi Arabia is our friend... Well the minority at the top sure have stayed in power thanks to American largess. Most Saudi Arabians, though, hate the US. If the Saud family didn't have American weapons, they would've been out on their asses long ago. And your comments regarding WW2 are not in line with reality.

The US harbors terrorists... I imagined Mykel was referring to the CIA and the Dept. of Defense, in addition to the criminals who were supported by the US in their home countries and had to move here when they fell from power. (One supports terrorists when one harbors them. Terrorists plotting against the state they reside in are not harbored there.) I read comments about Syria similar to yours from noted op-ed writer T. L. Friedman, who approvingly noted that Syria dealt with its "fundamentalist problem" by killing them all, and all the people who lived in that same town. If only we could kill them all, there would be no terrorists and finally we'd be safe???

Bush and his gang of scumbags made a point to show up at a mosque on 9/12 to say that Americans should not display prejudice against Muslims. Since then more than 1,000 Muslims have been detained and held without bail. These motherfuckers don't want vigilante racism that makes the US look bad. But they practice racism (or xenophobia) while telling us it's a war, "suspected terrorists" and foreigners do not deserve Constitutional protections, etc.

Jewish national rights? Look down the barrel of a gun if you wanna see Israel's "right" to Palestine. So whose national ideology is terrorism? There are plenty of Palestinian terrorists, but many, many more people have been killed by Israel than Palestinians. Since the US props up Israel (by "props up" I mean Israel isn't self-supporting financially, anymore than a junkie with a trust fund is) people sympathetic to the plight of the Palestinians will be critical and maybe even angry at both the aggressors and the backers.

Don't be prejudiced by past mistakes our government has made? That means "ignore the smell of the same old shit." If you can't see that the US response post 9/11 is the same old shit, tune into CNN and be comforted by the cheerleading, you bloodthirsty fuck.

I'm sorry to belabor these points, already made much better than I have here in the previous issues of this magazine. I appreciated Mykel's column very much.
Jeff M.

MRR crew -

First off, thanks for the great job you all have been doing keeping this thing going, and especially bringing the news section back to life! I'm writing for two reasons. First off—I'm looking for people involved in public space activism who are interested in writing a short essay for a benefit hardcore comp I'm working on focused on that issue. By public space activism I mean issues focusing on taking public space back from corporations, the government, and the rich and using it for everyone in the community. I want people from groups like Reclaim the Streets, Critical Mass, culture jammers, or other activists concerned and experienced with this issue (including things like public art or community gardens that are now under fire).

The second reason I'm writing is because of a stupid thing that's happened to my band recently. As we all know, everybody wants a piece of the terrorist drama, and reactionary paranoids all over the country are taking out their insecurity on innocent people. Our problem is fairly mild but could become more common in the punk scene now that everyone is a suspect. My band is called Balance of Terror, and last week we found out our mail carrier has been returning everything addressed to us because of the word "terror." If anyone has tried to write us and had their letter returned, please send it back addressed to 'Stan Wright' or send it to me. Also, it's probably worth considering this when you send your next fan letter to Anthrax, or some other band with a name someone might consider too "suspicious" to deliver.

"National security is what we need to be free someone gonna bleed buy this war."—Articles Of Faith. Write to me or Balance of Terror:
Jeff Walker/ 126 N5th St. #2/ Brooklyn, NY 11211/ xjwalkx@yahoo.com

Dear MRR,

Hope all is well with y'all out there. The Nov. issue was excellent as always, even more so considering the current state of insanity in the world. Thank you for your editorial staff's perspective on all this, as well as to the contributors who took on the subject of 9/11. We have only access to the mainstream media for the most part in here, and issue 222 fell upon fertile soil as far as an alternate take on what's going on out in the real world. Even for guys who weren't into the punk/hc scene out on the streets, it was definitely helpful.

This month I extend, an especially hearty "cheers" to the unsung heroes down in MRR's mailroom. As if it wasn't hard enough cleaning the beer off Mykel's travel diaries... Now every third letter is probably some shithead calling you pinko commies and making anthrax jokes. For real, you folks out there, all ya at MRR, deserve big props for not buckling to the patriotic kill-'em-all fervor and for keeping the punk rock press a voice of intelligence, a tool for positive expression all these years. Even if you do let G.G.'s brother run classifieds. I have no room to even make it an issue, 'Bite It You Scum' was a regular on my last band's set list. No fucking wonder I ended up in prison. (That was supposed to force a chuckle...) 'Til later, Puke Rock Dave.
David Gurz EB1596/ R. D. #10 Box 10/ Greensburg, PA 15601

PS Sorry 'bout the typos... Just gettin' the hang of this damn thing.

Bands and labels,

I have a few gripes. First, if you're going to release a discography please indicate somehow in the title that is in fact a discography. And with re-releases do not change the cover and title. Many of us punks buy records through the mail or at poorly lit shows, making in-depth study impossible.

Secondly, if discographies are supposed to make music more readily available to the fans, isn't it counter-productive to include exclusive, unreleased tracks that long-time fans who have all the records would want to hear? Or does it just help move product?

While we're on the topic, tour editions and limited versions of EPs that are just crappy xerox covers are really lame. So is the fact that a band like Tear It Up (just to name one) would release a 7" limited to 300 copies, never to be repressed, and use the lyric sheet to complain about people hoarding copies. You can't bitch about an artificial market you purposely created.

Lastly, where I come from, a band that takes its name from a bigger band and then proceeds to play the same music as the bigger band is known as a cover band. There may not be much new ground to cover in hardcore, but the unbridled lack of originality in bands like In My Eyes and 9 Shocks Terror is downright disturbing.
Thanks,
Phil McCrackin

PS Bands, if the biggest selling point of your record is that you do a cover song, don't bother releasing the record.

MRR -

Considering I was recently informed to be on high alert by our esteemed Federal Government (a Washington, D.C. Corporation), a letter about bootlegs might seem a little pointless right now. But punk rock must go on and so will I.

The past few years has seen a rash of bootlegs of every stripe, some good, some bad. (Die Kreuzen 7", anyone?) As a consumer, I'm pro-boot. I see the rise in boots as a reaction against the internet and specifically eBay. With more kids having access to information on amazing international hardcore but lacking the funds to buy the original records, the bootleggers have risen to the task and met the demand. That's not to say bootlegging is a noble profession — this is still theft and we'd all be better off if legiti-

mate re-releases were the norm, but that's just not realistic. There are only so many Ugly Pops, Rave-Ups and Game of the Arseholes out there doing high quality authorized reissues; with a huge pool of historically important hardcore and punk waiting to be heard, half the fans would be out of the scene before a legit pressing appears. Add in that very few old labels and bands have any desire to reissue these records, a lot of stuff would be lost to most kids new to the scene. While imperfect (and inarguably a violation of copyright), a lot of good comes out of boots. Which brings me to my next topic.

I wanted to write this letter to now to hopefully cut off what I hope does not become a trend. Anyone with a computer knows that the internet is full of message board scenesters who try to impress their internet friends with inside scene knowledge. One such way is to talk about their claimed bootlegging info, most of which is hearsay and almost all of which is probably false. This, in and of itself, is not that big a deal. Anyone with a brain knows to ignore these ignorant jokers. What really bothered me was Max Ward's review for the Rapt/Final Blast bootleg where he alluded to two regions purportedly being a hotbed of bootlegging (without specific allegations), thereby implying that the boot might have originated from one of the two areas. That was pretty irresponsible, exemplifies very poor judgment and if it continues, would prove damaging and counterproductive. Publishing a hunch (especially if it turns out to be false) doesn't help anyone. Reputations will suffer, people will be pissed off and boots will still come out. I personally think any published allegations of bootlegging is a bad idea; those who really wants to know where a bootleg came from can probably find out by asking around. Punk is a small world and people do talk. Or, as Max suggests himself, call Bill Smith. Don't speculate in print!

Regardless, anyone who decides to take part in a bootlegging witch hunt should check their record collection first. Unless every record they own is a legitimate release, they've taken part of the bootlegging game and basically are as guilty as anyone else. Have a KBD 8.5 or Gism/Comes split in the bins? Then shut your trap.

Again, I emphasize that I come from a biased view point. I like and collect boots and am supportive of the practice. I would like to see some quality control — nice sleeve, rare photos/notes and good sound quality is not too much to ask. I doubt any bootlegger is getting rich off this stuff, so if a bootleg meets these basic criteria, on balance it's a positive thing.

Greg Gartland/ 271 S. 15th Street #1706/ Philadelphia, PA 19102/ alktraz@aol.com

PS After writing to explain what happened in #222 with someone using my name to send in the Chris Boarts letter, I decided to write in again to express some thoughts knocking around in my head. Hopefully it'll kick off a fruitful discussion.

Greg -

Thanks for writing in man... I'm glad that something is being published in the letters section over this... and over that one dumb review. I have been contacted by specific people who "thought" that I was implying it was them doing boots, and have had really good, extensive discussions via email. I offered to print 'em in the letters section in order for them to vent either against me, or to throw out opposing viewpoints, but they declined (wanted to keep it on a personal level—which I understand as well). And before I begin, I admit, throwing out those areas (New York, Holland) was impulsive and came off the top of my head (Holland esp. since the recent Reagan Era boot series) but I could have easily listed Germany, etc. In fact, the specific boot in mention was done in Los Angeles by people I know... I found that out later. So my apologies to anyone who felt "threatened" by my simplistic and irrational review.

I will try to stick directly with the issue at hand, so not to drag a discussion on that doesn't really deserve too much space right now (and I hope that a gazillion letters don't start appearing every issue over the topic since it will get mundane and repetitive if it's not done in the correct manner)... I hope maybe down the road we can have a forum in MRR on the discussion of boots.

Just so you know where I'm coming from (ie, my opinion), I don't mind every boot, and yes, I have a few in the old collection, although I haven't purchased a boot for about 5-6 years since the newer ones are lacking in quality and are way too high in price. And that's my first point.

What I hear from boot supporters (and in your letter) is the altruistic reasons for doing it. And everyone agrees with those. Screw high prices, screw eBay, and it's fucked that it's gotten out of hand. So then the argument goes, well, let's boot this record so everyone can have it for cheap. It sounds great... and probably a lot of booters are driven by this principle. But, what's up with the $15 LP price for the newest rash of boots? Those Japanese boot LPs coming out of Belgium are super high in price, especially considering that, 1) no recording costs were paid for 2) the band isn't receiving copies (even though some members are still playing punk) and 3) huge press runs. I mean, it doesn't take a business degree to figure out that if you decide to take a band (ie, Necros, Straight Ahead, Lipcream, etc.) who's records are selling for high prices and are highly sought after, that you are probably going to unload a cool 2000-3000 of these. Think of that Minor Threat/ Youth Brigade boot... man, that thing is like gold, and it's still going for $13 in the DIY distro box. Cost to make 3000 of those? Maybe $5000-$6000. Selling 'em for $7 wholesale (or more), that's $21,000. That's more than most of us make at our jobs for an entire year. So I don't agree with your statement that booters are not "making money"... they are making more money than regular labels who stick by DIY prices, pay for band recordings, and give bands percentages of the press.

Is booting altruistic? I wish it was... but for some, it's not. Labels who are booting on the side are funding their labels by capitalizing off a booting trend right now. And I agree with you, there are a lot that look like shit, sound even worse, and have no info.... low manufacturing cost equals high profit. When I was younger and was getting exposed to a bunch of great, obscure international hardcore, it was through the lost art of tape trading... it didn't cost shit, you got to correspond with people all over the globe, and you got tons (I mean tons) of music... live, rehearsals, demo and yes, rare vinyl recordings. No one is doing that now, 'cuz it doesn't fit in with the idea of "collecting," and more importantly, there is no money in it.

Lastly, some of the recent boots are done of bands whose members can still be contacted. The Bastard EP for example, those guys are playing in bands as we speak... if let's say, I write to them and ask, "Can I release your EP in the States" and they say no, do I have the moral objective to go, "ok, screw you guys, I'm doing it anyway." Not in my book, but maybe some people don't have a problem with that. I would rather work with bands who are involved in the project (personal experience—Protes Bengt, HHH, Skeeziks, Raped Teenagers, Spitfire, etc., or from Ugly Pop—Raw Power, or other legit collections)... And besides, I think the money is better spent on supporting the new, young band in your town who has all the honesty, dedication and sincerity of a new punk band than making a couple grand of doing yet another tired old bootleg.

So Greg, thanks again for writing, and I agree with all your points, I just wish that booters lived up to the high ideals they are hiding behind. I want to see lower prices, better quality, and even a few of them 'fessing up to what they are doing instead of lying when asked about it. And again, I hope that down the road, a forum will happen somewhere so an honest discussion can happen, instead of bullshit rumors on message boards, etc. Thanks,

Max

PS I might be jumping the gun, but I know I will catch flack for my review of Necros boot LP in #223. I know personally someone in Chicago who's working with members and is probably going to do an extensive re-issue, and it's going to be awesome... way better than the crappy boot that came out last month. That thing sucks. And yes, T & G isn't defendable for having that stuff go out of print... so I'm not saying that. I just want to see a high quality, extensive, and cheap version of that stuff come out.

Dept. of Corrections

In issue #222, the address for the Budellam / Lucky Seven split 7" was incorrect. Budellam can be reached at Sisa/ PO Box 82/ 08430 La Roca del Valles (Barcelona)/ Spain, or gelador@aco.es. They need the address for Lucky Seven.

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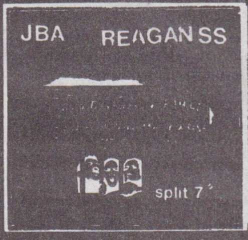

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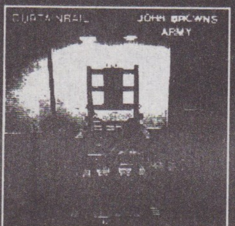

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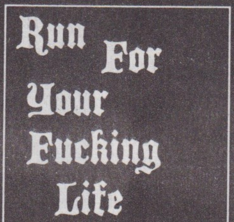

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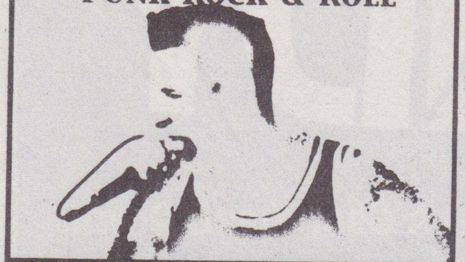

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As some of you may already know, I'm in the process of collecting interviews and information for a series of articles and subsequent book focused on the so-called anarcho punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s.

Were you there?

Were you in one of the bands?

Any help and/or information would be greatly appreciated. Here are a few of the bands I'm still trying to track down: Six Minute War / The Fallout, D&V, Null & Void (Andy Stratton), The Apostles (Andy Martin), Polemic Attack, The Sears, The Naked, Part 1, Assassins Of Hope, No Defences, Tears Of Destruction, Dominant Patri, Earth's Epitaph, A Touch Of Hysteria, Apf Brigade, Anarka And Poppy, Kultur Kampf, Look Mummy Clowns, Hagar The Womb/We Are Going To Eat You, Liberty, Exit Stance, The Waste, Fiend, Hysteria Ward, The Review...

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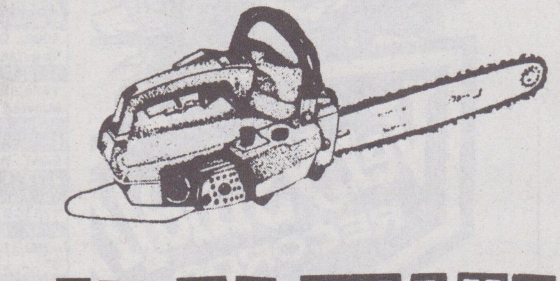

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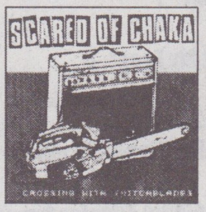

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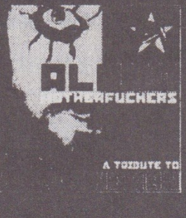


COLUMNS

P.J. sneezed as I first put a Red Cross dust and particle mask over my face, than one over his. Of course, within seconds, my eight pound Yorkshire Terrier tried to shake it violently off his face.

But it wasn't going anywhere.

I made it real tight.

Ever since the events on the morning of September 11, every time he, Wendy or I were to venture out of our apartment which is only a few blocks from "Ground Zero", we were sure to have our masks as well as water, and sometimes, goggles.

Like the Talking Heads song title off their best album, "Fear Of Music", it's "Life During Wartime".

But THIS morning, and perhaps for many more mornings to come, I saw something that made me angry and want to puke almost as bad as I did when Wendy, P.J., and I watched the towers burn and collapse right outside our window.

It wasn't the pictures on the Fire Station across the street. It wasn't the National Guard parked on all four corners of our block. It wasn't even the stench of death that so brazenly hung in the air, invading our nostrils with fierce abandon.

Nope.

It was the fucking tourists.

For some reason, perhaps just to let people see for themselves and grieve, the City Of New York was now letting people into what they called "The Frozen Zone". "The Forbidden Zone" is more what I would call it. Just like in "Planet Of The Apes". The first one. The only one, as far as I'm concerned.

Anyway, as P.J. and I made our way out the door the first thing we noticed were people. Not just a few. Not even a lot. A shitload is the best way to describe it. Guys with their shorts and black socks. Kids on their skateboards and scooters. Women dressed in heels, wearing dresses, and even pushing baby strollers.

And their cameras.

Zillions of cameras.

Still and video.

And they're all shooting pictures of everything they see. The pictures of the missing firemen, the guys in their military fatigues, the police riding around in golf carts, and of course, the twisted metal that was once the world's twin monoliths.

It was weird to see them, I thought to myself as I began to have an asthma attack, even with the mask on, as I waited for P.J. to do his business. This once quiet neighborhood had turned into a macabre Disneyland. People were posing in front of wreckage, smiling, as cameras were clicking away.

But perhaps the worst thing P.J., myself, and my neighbor, Rachelle saw, was what they were doing to the car that had been parked on our corner since THAT day.

The car, a small blue sedan type thing, was covered, I mean COVERED with crud. That dusty white crud that so easily coated all the surfaces in our apartments even though the windows were tightly closed.

The crud that was definitely made up of whatever The World Trade Center had turned into once it went down. Chemicals I'm sure we don't even know about, as well as, well, people.

And here were these TOURISTS, scraping off piles of the stuff, putting it into whatever container they could find. Salad Bar containers, envelopes, and even Zip-Lock bags some lady on the corner was selling for a dollar a piece.

As I watched, I truly wondered what people would want with the crud as they high-fived each other after scraping off ounces into their receptacles.

Perhaps as a memory of the WORST day in American History?

Maybe to show their friends they were ACTUALLY there?

To SELL on Ebay?

Whatever the reason, it made me want to vomit.

Until I saw a middle-aged women silently scraping just the tiniest little bit into a Altoid Tin. As she did so, a tear ran down her cheek.

Then I remembered my mother.

Her cremated ashes still lost somewhere in Brooklyn.

And I understood.

And after P.J. did his business, I went back to our home.

Maybe a little less furious.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. twentyinchesofpleasure@georgetabb.com
2. R.A.F.R.'s new comp, #3, rules. And Furious George is on it!
3. "No Seats On The Party Car" is the name of a new book of poetry by my pal, Zach, and it rules.
4. Got some cool new CDs, including a cool one by locals "The Kick", as well as the new Dictators and one by a band called "Skum".
5. In these times, I can't stress it enough, HAVE FUN!

A reminder: *Maximum Rocknroll* is a contributor-driven magazine. That means the interviews and articles you see in here are largely sent in by readers. I'm reminding you of this because, in the past few months I've heard an increasing number of people complaining about how *MRR* has become mostly focused on hardcore. I agree. However, it's important to remember, again, that much of what you see in *MRR* is sent in by readers. The reason you haven't seen an interview in here with your favorite band(s) is because you didn't corner them for an interview when they came through your town.

I'm with you. I'd love to see more rock 'n' roll bands interviewed and prominently featured in *MRR*. For that to happen, we need your help. If there's a band you really like, and they're coming through your town, interview them, transcribe it and send it in. If you've recently interviewed a band for your webzine or radio station let us know, there's a good chance we'd love to run the interview in *MRR*. IMPORTANT: before you actually go through with an interview for *Maximum*, be sure to call or email Mike and Arwen to make sure we can use the interview. Let them know you're planning on doing something for *MRR*. Really, they're both nice people. If you have questions about how to get in touch with a label or band or want the basics for doing an interview, they can probably help out with that too.

It would be great to see more of the bands you read about in this column get more exposure, featured in interviews, mentioned in scene reports. So do it!

That said, buckle up, 'cause we have a lot of ground to cover. Some truly great records have come out in the past few months.

The wild and crazy kids of Montreal are at it again. This time Oily Chi, Dorito Dan and Choyce head up the DEL-GATORS. As you'd expect from these ex-SPACESHITS, current SEXAREENOS, the Del-Gators come through with some of the absolute best in '50s R&B-inspired garage rock. Though it may be a bold statement to make, I might even like the Del-Gators

stuff more than the Les Sexareenos workout. Their jumpin' juke joint rock, fronted by a girl who isn't bashful about really belting it out, does justice to their influences, LARRY WILLIAMS among them. Sympathy brings you the goods—a 7" (Mudpit b/w Louisiana Hannah) and an album, *Pound Down*, full of amazing originals such as "Get Down (And Get Stupid)," "Dynamite" and "Crabwalkin'." Can these guys do no wrong??? For what very little its worth, the Del-Gators have become one of my new favorites. I can't stop listening to 'em.

Also on the top of their game (but at the end of their rope), the REDS new album (on Rip Off) is totally fucking spanking! Whatta way to go out. The 12 songs rip past you like a tornado tearing through Texarkana, or a train blasting through the desert. You get the picture. This is one album that should be on your "must buy" list.

Over the summer, I saw the SPITS at a live show at People's Park in Berkeley along with the STITCHES, the BRIEFS and the EDDIE HASKELLS. At first I didn't know what to make of them. Their songs were moronically simple, but undeniably catchy, totally addictive. By the end of the set I was a Spits convert. Dirt Nap Records recently graced the world with another outing by the Spits titled *19 Million* (you may remember they did a split with the Briefs on Dirt Nap a while ago). Like the music contained within, the packaging is beyond simple—a photocopied sleeve, made with little more than white-out and a black marker, with a photo of the band on the back. The four songs are every bit as great as the Ramones, but more, uh, blunt.

To get a better taste, I picked up the Spits CD (Nickel & Dime/PO Box 12171/Seattle, WA 98122) that came out a while ago. This came to my attention by the madman raving of *MRR* shitworker Tim Brooks. "Just look at the pictures!" he said, showing me the insert photo. The three Spits are standing near a fire hydrant. All are holding skateboards. They all have short mohawks and bad mustaches. Two of them are wear cop sunglasses. One of them is pulling a boneless off the fire hydrant. I knew then I'd love the CD. The Spits have a beautifully moronic quality to them that really has to be heard to fully comprehend.

The Spits also appear on a recent compilation single, *I Was A Teenage Plasmatic* (Johnny Cat) that is, as the name suggests, a tribute to Wendy O. Williams. Never being a big PLASMATICS fan and generally finding tribute records to be 90% crap, I didn't pay much attention to this single first time around. I still don't dig tributes; this is no exception, but it does have some good songs on it. Features LOUDMOUTHS, NEARLY DEADS, DAYGLO ABORTIONS, TRIGGERS, BLACK REBELS and the BB SLAGS.

Also from Dirtnap Records, the label who introduced us to the BRIEFS, is the debut 7" from Portland's EPOXIES. They sound and looks like it should've come from Los Angeles, circa 1982. Total New Wave blow-out. Vocalist Roxy Epoxy is backed by members of the AUTOMATICS and SILVERKINGS, though you'd be mistaken if you expect anything resembling either of those bands. This prominently features DEVO-like keyboard action and lots of stripes & polka dots.

Striking out on her own and adopting a more decidedly power pop pose, Tina Luchesi (TRASHWOMEN, BOBBY-TEENS, et al) teams up with Minneapolis songwriting/guitar genius Travis Ramin (the man behind CANDYGIRL and member of the SHORT FUSES) to form the project band TINA AND THE TOTAL BABES (Sympathy). This record holds up under close scrutiny, and is actually probably the best record Tina has done yet (which is saying something). The recording is absolutely perfect—punchy, powerful, loud, full. They nail an awesome PHIL SPECTOR/BRIAN WILSON style sound on "Tragedy," an updated version of the tragic girl group song that, if everything were right in the world, would be played on every rock radio station in the world. It's brilliant. The songwriting is everything you'd expect from such a super group of sorts. The HOLLY & THE ITALIANS influence is evident throughout, aside from the cover of "Tell That Girl to Shut Up." You can also hear plenty of NIKKI & THE CORVETTES coming through. But rather than just mimicking the classic girl power pop groups, they take it a step beyond what the early '80s groups did, raising the bar. Yet another band that deserves heaps of attention, but will unfortunately probably be grossly overlooked.

The PINKZ finally released their follow up (on Gearhead) to their great debut 7" that was released over a year ago. While this single has got plenty of hooks, lots of snap, crackle and pop, the recording doesn't do these girls justice. Instead of being bright and snappy, the guitars buzz with a blinding roar, kind of melting the pop charm of the songs. Still, this puppy rocks and the title song, "Something About You" is a total gem.

About a year or so ago, I totally dropped the ball on the SELL OUTS. Marcelo sent me the singles, I promised I'd write about them...but didn't. My loss more than theirs. Those singles garnered some well-deserved and intense praise in certain circles. Well, this new 10" on the amazing Ken Rock Records blows those singles outta the water! This Brazilian two-man band whip out eight feverish, garagy songs that strut with all the might of Mick Jagger at the height of The Stones' career. They have a little MUMMIES feel working through the songs, but put a lot more swagger, more solid rock into their songs. Don't repeat my mistake. Grab a copy of this 10", tell your friends, write to Marcelo (Rua Iraci 340/Sao Paulo-SP/01457-000/Brasil) and tell him how much you love the Sellouts.

Solid Sex Lovie Doll, the Italian label known for their criminally limited releases of incredible records (DIRTBOMBS, LOST SOUNDS, among others) is gearing up to bring us another killer by a previously unknown group. The KNAUGHTY KNIGHTS come from Memphis, whose ranks include Jack Oblivian, Rick Crook (REATARDS, Lost Sounds) and Shaggy (PERSUADERS). Got you salivating yet? Well, this demon is limited to 400 copies, 144 of which come with the "peeping knight drawing" cover. If you can find 'em (try Underground Medicine maybe), get 'em!

My memory has turned to total shit. I can't remember if I've already written about the COLUMBIAN NECKTIES. Anyway, they have a shitkickin' album on Sounds of Subterrania (www.soundsofsubterrania.com) called *Abrance!* The little press release that came with the CD aptly dropped names such as the NEW BOMB TURKS, DEVIL DOGS, Fus and the SAINTS. They swing hard with a solid Dannish swagger. Featuring former members of SHAKE APPEAL (who had a great 10" on Saddle Tramp Records in 1999), the Neckties slow things down a bit, leaving plenty of room for get-you-in-the-gut guitar riffs.

Important! The BRIDES have a new single out on Sack O'Shit. I can't tell you anything about it. I haven't heard it. I haven't seen it. But it's out, and given their history, it's bound to be a winner.

Have you seen or heard about that single floating around by a band calling themselves the GREG LOWERY EXPERIENCE? Well, some people decided to try to take the piss out of Sir Lowery and did not succeed. Six songs squeezed onto one side of a 7" leaves for a bad recording of mediocre garage punk songs sounding like garbage. Sorta funny, but unless you're a collector type, don't bother. Limited to 300.

In addition to the Spits and Epoxies (as mentioned above), there's been some quality rock coming out of the Portland area. Not quite rivaling the Detroit/Chicago/Memphis rock 'n' roll assembly line, but definitely a contender. I mentioned the CON-MEN single a few months ago. Well, some of those guys are in a raucous new band called the HUNCHES. From the way the guitars swing, and how fucking hot & sweaty these songs are, you might mistake them for a Texas band. They shake in a healthy dose of tambourine as the singer breathlessly squeezes out the vocals in a way that feels like he's putting everything he's got into it. This is raw rock bliss. Again the Stones come to mind somewhat, along with a strong whiff of the NEW YORK DOLLS and a lighter scent of the SAINTS. Don't get me wrong though, this isn't bullshit SoCal heroin-worship cookie-cutter bullshit bar rock. This is the real deal. As far as I know, they only have a CD-R available (6121 NE 13th Ave/Portland, OR 97211), but it's worth tracking down.

Also from Portland, the TRIGGERS have a single (their debut?) on Johnny Cat (PO Box 61/Portland, OR 97023) that just falls short of being really good. The five songs come across as being a bit too long, a little too stiff. At the same time, if any of these female-fronted songs were tucked on a KBD, you'd never think they weren't from the early days of punk.

Then there's KING LOUIE, probably the only one man band in punk. A while ago Louie packed up and moved to Portland. PDX stalwarts Multiball (PO Box 40005/Portland, OR 97210) had the sense to see the genius in Louie's dirtstomp, howlin' harmonica "cowbell rock" and released a full album,

fourteen songs. Listening to this album kinda makes me wonder if in thirty or forty years some youngsters will discover this album, fall in love with its primal pork chop sizzle, dig up Louie and revive his musical career, kinda like what happened to HASIL ADKINS. Anyway, this is an awesome record.

The Mighty Billy Childish just doesn't let up. His newest outfit, BILLY CHILDISH & THE FRIENDS OF THE BUFF MEDWAY FANCIER'S ASSOCIATION (or, simply the Buff Medways) recently romped through the Bay Area. If you've ever gotten the pleasure of seeing any of Childish's bands, you know what you missed. He puts on a great show. And to show this band isn't just a bunch of no-good slouches, the Buff Medways have recently released two singles and a full album. The singles, *Sally Sensation* (Gibbet) and *'Til It's Over* (Smart Guy) give a good sampling of what to expect from the Medways. They have a deeper sound than what you might expect, and this is largely due to the exceptional bass playing by Johnny Barker and the awesome drumming by Wolf Howard. These guys know how to shake a meaty tailfeather!

Also on SmartGuy, MICKY & THE SALTY SEA DOGS have a new single, *Fresh Fish*. That is, of course, Mick Hampshire. Though I've yet to hear this record, I suspect it'll sound a lot like their album on Sympathy...which is a good thing.

And last, but definitely not least, the DICTATORS have *finally* released their first new studio album in twenty years! The single from the album, *Avenue A* (Norton) shows that these New York legends haven't lost a beat. It's a tasty appetizer for the album. On the flipside is a decent live version of "New York New York." The album, *D.F.F.D.* kicks off with one of the greatest rock 'n' roll songs *ever*, "Who Will Save Rock 'n' Roll." From there it just doesn't let up. These guys are amazing. Their live show consistently proves they're true entertainers. Their new album shows they've still got it (and then some) everywhere else it matters.

Latest casualties in the next round of reissues and bootlegs...

A new standard has been set. I'm sure by now you've heard the buzz about three Dangerhouse bootlegs that have hit the streets. These three 7"s nearly exactly reproduce the look and sound of the original singles: AVENGERS, DILS and RANDOMS. The sleeves are nearly identical to the originals (rumor has it that a handful of the DILS boots come in *original* sleeves). All are on colored vinyl. And here's the real kicker—all three of these were pressed using the original plates! That's right. So the sound is as good as the originals, literally. If that's not enough, each comes with an insert with the original review from *Slash*. Each is limited to 1,000 copies. When I got mine, I was overcome with euphoria. This is one case where owning the bootleg really is just as good as having an original.

Last time, did I mention the REALLY RED CD (Angry Neighbor/PO Box 66462/Houston, TX/77266)? It's the end-all discography you've been looking for from one of the best of Texas. Starting with "Modern Needs" and moving through their *Teaching You the Fear* album, the *New Strings For Old Puppets* e.p. and all but two songs from the *Rest In Pain* album, you get it all.

A knock-off of the BOBBY SOXX *Learn To Hate in the '80s 7"* has just been released. Limited to 500 copies, this boot comes with a full obituary of Mr. Soxx, reprinted from the *Dallas Observer* and is packaged in a plain photocopied sleeve. Not bad at all...but I'm still drooling over the Dangerhouse boots.

On par with the Bobby Soxx 7", I recently stumbled across a MIDDLE CLASS bootleg. This 7" of the band some people consider to be the among the first hardcore bands compiles the four songs from their *Out of Vogue* 7" and their two cuts from the *Tooth and Nail* compilation.

Speaking of hardcore, *Killed By Hardcore* #2 ups the already high ante placed by volume one. Clever and complete liner notes round out this crucial collection of killer hardcore cuts. Twenty-seven fucking songs from around the world, and unless you're well-versed in your worldwide hardcore, most of these will be virtually unknown blasts of fast & furious punk from when their wasn't such a distinct line between punk and hardcore. Will someone please release a novelty single with the NOTSENSIBLES' "I'm In Love With Margaret Thatcher" backed with TMA's "I'm In Love With Nancy Reagan?" Please?

Keep your peepers peeled for a vinyl bootleg of the NECROS *Conquest For Death* album that includes their song from the *Process of Elimination* e.p., the *Early Days, Sex Drive, IQ32* and *Conquest For Death* 7"s. The whole fucking enchilada in one tidy package.

You know, I can't help but be wary when an old KBD band gets back together and records new songs. The DEFNICS and the LEWD have recently done it and now the DOGS are at it. Their new single, *Class of 1970* (Dionysus) thankfully lives up to their stellar, tough as nails reputation. The a-side, "Class of 1970," an ode to classic Detroit rock/punk, kicks out the jams in a way that bands today just can't pull off. The guitars and bass work with the drums to create a meaty, full-fisted sound that's almost intimidating. On the flip, we get a never-before released live song from 1971 called "Rebel Rock." Sure the sound is muddy, but those of us who can't get enough of the Dogs totally appreciate it.

The untamable Norton Records delivers yet another quality compilation, *Friday At the Hideout: Boss Detroit Garage 1964-67*. The Hideout was a dance club outside Detroit. As the club became more and more popular, the owners started recording the popular local bands and releasing the records on a label named after the club. In hindsight, the label offers an amazing snapshot of the pre-heavy rock scene (RATIONALS, MC5, et al) of Detroit. What's more, Hideout provided the beginning for a number of soon-to-be major rock stars. Bob Seeger, Glenn Fry and Suzi Quatro all cut their first records for Hideout. Maybe suprisingly, those artists' first records are largely better than the crap they later produced. Norton gives you eighteen of Hideout's best, including both classic PLEASURE SEEKERS tunes (which you should already have on the earlier-released Norton 45), the UNDERDOGS, FOUR OF US and the HENCHMEN, along with standard book-length Norton liner notes.

New in the Norton jukebox series, we're treated to five 45s by JERRY McCAIN AND HIS UPSTARTS. You may not have heard of this mid-50s R&B marvel, but ask yourself, when has Norton let you down on their jukebox series? Never. These are, as the stock covers claim, the "best bets!"

I'm sure you're all over the new ELECTRIC EELS *Eyeball of Hate* (Scat) reissue double LP, packaged in a beautiful gatefold jacket that includes a number of songs that never made it on the CD that came out a while ago. If you're not all over it, I recommend you get on it, 'cause this is a classic.

One of the best new Bay Area bands goes by the name HAROLD RAY LIVE IN CONCERT. They've got a quality, smokin' blue-eyed soul stomp going on, romping on the grave of bands like the SPENCER DAVIS GROUP or MITCH RYDER & the DETROIT WHEELS. They even work in a completely unstoppable cover of the JOLLY GREEN GIANTS' shoulda-been-a-classic "Busy Body!" This band has a way of electrifying people, making the whole room dance like their shoes are on fire. Keep your eyes out for them and go see them if you get the chance!

That's it this month. Sorry I missed last month. Shit's been crazy. And remember, get off your ass and interview some bands!

As always, you can read my column and more at: www.blankgeneration.com. I've recently been putting together an internet radio show (called Sophisticated Boom Boom) featuring many of the records mentioned in my column. That too is available on BlankGeneration.

PO Box 11906 / Berkeley, CA 94712 / USA or icki@mindspring.com

CrimethInc.
Workers' Collective
Bullet-in

"It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine..."

Preparing for birth in the new world, *for* the birth of our new world.

by Stephen Arrow

I sat with my feet dangling over the edge and looked down the face of the cliff below, feeling the breeze brush up the hair on my legs. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. But no amount of deep breathing could still my wild heart and no matter how tightly I shut my eyes, I could still only see the abyss before me,

threatening, beckoning... That's the moment when Michael Jordan and Henry Rollins are of no use. That's the moment of Revolution, when objective truth dies and you either die with it or learn to trust yourself. That's the moment you either sprout eagle wings or pick up the shovel and start to dig your own grave. No frontier seemed as impossible and impassable as the frontier of parenthood. When I discovered that I was on my way to becoming a father, all my training as a free-thinker went right out the window. It was as if I had no thoughts to think, no analysis, no way to interpret... And my soul was being crushed by the gravity of the situation. Into that void swept voices from the past, from my socialization. I saw Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore shaking their fingers at mischievous children, then turning to me and shouting: "You don't even have a job!" or "You can't even take responsibility for yourself! How can you accept responsibility for another person!" And the word echoed in my mind: "Responsibility," "Responsibility," "Responsibility..."

In this culture, we learn how to behave by observing archetypes, our heroes and heroines, who represent our values, who embody our struggles and our victories, who teach about righteousness and virtue. They draw the lines and they make the threats, they are the demons we must face when we decide we are going to change the world. We are all the products of our environment, and no one should be made to feel shame because of that. It's tactics that we need. Strategy for eliminating those parts of ourselves which hold us back, which tie us to the ground we know and forbid us to touch the stars.

I felt fear, staring down that cliff. My mind looked for a way out, a way back. "I'm not ready! I'm not ready!" went on like a mantra in my head. The archetypes of responsibility, my parents, shook their heads, heavy with judgment. From every angle it seemed impossible that I could want to be a father. Nothing was in place, nothing was prepared... I wasn't ready. I wasn't ready. But the question remained: When? When are we ready to embrace the things that change our world forever? How does one prepare for the unfathomable? And what does it mean to be "Ready" (with a capital R)? Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore were silent at that.

The real question is this: if we don't trust our culture to teach us how to behave, then how do we figure it out? If anorexic supermodels don't seem beautiful, if Richard Cunningham isn't quite the embodiment of the adventure and love that we crave, then where do we find that beauty and adventure and love? The answer lies within ourselves. Douse them with gasoline and set the archetypes on fire, look around you, who is there? Maybe you have friends you trust, a community that can help. Maybe you are alone. In either case, flames from the burning archetypes light our path to the future. There is no road but the road we tread, no faith but what we make, and nothing but an eagle's wings to carry us on.

With love and with dreams, CrimethInc. Family Planning, 2695 Rangewood Dr., Atlanta, GA 30345 USA

This month's column was written by Tom (from AGAINST ME). The Danielle he refers to here is the same Danielle who wrote the June 2001 (MRR #217) column. Props to him for a lot of reasons...

Other punkparents, keep getting in touch. The more voices in this column, the better. Contact: yardwideyarns@hotmail.com or PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604

*

Danielle and I were married on June 28. That Thursday afternoon, we walked through the metal detectors at the county courthouse and into matrimonial bliss. We drove off into the sunset in a 1970 Chevelle. Sadie Star was in the backseat.

Sadie Star is Danielle's two-year old daughter. She likes Scooby-Doo, bugs, and *Star Wars* (which she calls "scary movie").

She had been running around our feet while we exchanged vows and hid behind the curtains when we said, "I do," and all that other shit.

Danielle and I started dating almost exactly a year ago. It was a "whirlwind romance." We met through mutual friends and interests. I had seen her around town, we hung out a couple times, and it just kind of happened really naturally.

And Sadie was there through it all.

In all honesty, the fact that Danielle had a child was never something that I thought about in a negative way when I was first considering my feelings about her. As time passed, I realized more and more that the child factor was something that a lot of people thought that I should be considering. I think a lot of people feel like little kids are a dividing line, that when you have them, the freedoms of being young yourself are lost.

But whatever changes have happened since Sadie came into my life have been for the better. I've come to think that raising a child is a complete lesson in selflessness and a lot of it is trial by fire. That's not to say that raising a child is for everybody, but if it is an endeavor you take on and you take it on seriously, you come out of it a better person.

Sadie, Danielle, and I live together now. We have a great house with a huge yard, a porch, and it's close to downtown. Sometimes, it's hard to find time for everything. We both work and between all the stuff we have to do (like the dishes) and the things we want to do, it all can be a little overwhelming. A lot has happened in the last year and I haven't really had any time to digest any of it.

It seems like just yesterday that I was stoned out of my mind on a bench somewhere in California, on tour with my band, with nowhere to live when I got home, and only one pair of pants, a couple t-shirts, and a guitar to my name. Now I have a fucking lawnmower. As I said, it's all a little overwhelming sometimes, but you eventually start to get it.

If the only way you can consider yourself an anarchist or a punk is if you're drunk and broke, or the loner, recluse, mysterious, library type, then fuck it—I don't want none of it. You have to learn to apply your principles and ideals to any and every lifestyle.

I've taken on a commitment to Sadie. It happened gradually, but I did. And it's not always easy. Sadie's father is around. He watches her on the weekends and he lives a couple of blocks from our house. He wasn't someone I knew before my relationship with Danielle and he's not someone I know now. I've never even said a word to him. It can be an awkward situation sometimes; there is a lot of grey area in there.

Danielle and Sadie's father are a part of each other's lives which means that he is also a part of my life. Don't get me wrong—I have the best of intentions and I would never do anything to hurt Sadie's relationship with her father, but I am not always the biggest person inside. That's alright, though. There are a lot of emotions that come up that I've never even dreamed I would have to deal with, and I have a lot of questions that I don't have anyone to ask.

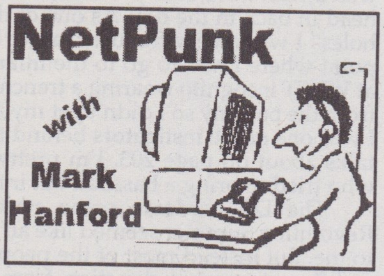
Everyone I'm friends with right now is in the prime of their drinking haze. This is Gainesville—a college town: rock 'n' roll, politics, and beer. Most of my friends don't know how to change a diaper, let alone have an opinion on how to handle the emotional package that comes along with being a father figure to a kid who already has a father. I would hate me if I was Sadie's dad, but I know that's not fair to Danielle.

I don't always feel like I know where the boundaries are with my role in Sadie's life. She already has two parents. I don't know if I really have a place making choices in her upbringing. Do I just carry out the decisions that have been made by her two parents? I just don't know everything and I am learning as I go, but I do know that it all comes down to what is best for Sadie.

Seeing past the set example of what a family should be is a challenge. I've had it shoved in my face all my life, even though my own family had never been anything close to that norm. Eventually, you learn that no one can define family for anyone but themselves. Fuck all the TV sit-coms, fuck all the heartwarming movies, fuck the Waltons. To me, a family is a group of people who are there for each other, no matter how they came into each other's lives, and no matter what relationship you hold with individuals in the group. They are the people who would die for you and the people who you would do the same for, regardless of blood or law relation.

Sadie is growing into her own person. She talks more and more each day. I'm thankful for everything she has taught me and I only hope that I can give something back to her. Hopefully, it will all come with time. She is a beautiful little girl. No one says, "Damn it!" cuter than she does.

I just hope she doesn't grow up to be a Republican.



I was really hoping not to have to write more about 9-11 this month, as I'm so sick of the mainstream media trying to link every story they do to the terrorist attacks, but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to.

That's because the government is using the terrorist attacks as an opportunity to screw us out of our rights—both on the net and off of it. "Operation: Enduring Freedom," the Bush administration's name for the "War on Terrorism" takes on new meaning to me, given some of the new laws that have been passed. Yep, freedom in Amerikkka must now be "Endured," rather than enjoyed. It figures.

The USA-Patriot act was rammed through Congress within a month of 9-11 and basically gave the FBI rights to do all kinds of evil things with a lot less regulation. For a more technical explanation, you should probably visit the Electronic Frontier Foundation at http://www.eff.org and the Center for Democracy and Technology at http://www.cdt.org . While you're at the CDT, sign the "In Defense of Freedom" Declaration. Maybe it'll even get you on the FBI's watch list.

Anyway, back to the media for a moment. I really don't believe that most media purposely keeps much information from the public. Heck, I use to work at a newsradio station, and basically it comes down to laziness and/or lack of time to do a proper reporting job. It's always much more simple to print a story you are handed (by the government or other media outlets or whatever) than to actually come up with a story yourself.

Whatever the reason, though, we do not get the full picture from the media. Either they leave out information, or they ignore alternative points of view. Especially when it comes to the events of 9-11. Mediachannel.org is a media watchdog organization that has a 9-11 section that details how the media is doing in relation to this kind of information. Visit it at http://www.mediachannel.org/atissue/conflict/ .

For the rest of this month's column, I'm going to point your way to some decent punk rock sites, because if I have to write anymore about 9-11 I'll fucking explode. I first mentioned Nihilism on the Prowl about 18 months ago, and since it has moved and expanded, I figured it's time for another mention. Other than the fact that the layout is a bit hard to read and the tripod-induced banner-ad, this site has a lot of great stuff. There are links to other sites, content borrowed from zines and the like, reviews, interviews, photos, and more, all with a bit of a Brit-punk bent. Well worth a visit at http://members .tripod.com/nihilismontheprowl/ .

For more Brit-punk, check out Flies on Toast at http://www.geocities.com/britpunk_nl/ . Flies on Toast has reviews dating all the way back to the early '80s, as well as a handful of pix, a big punk trivia contest (wish there was a way to get the answers), and plenty of other stuff to read and look at.

Big Bully is another webzine that you might want to take a look at. When I visited the "Thrash Edition" was up. The Thrash edition profiled a bunch of stuff going on right now in the thrash scene, including interviews and thrash links. Old issues of Big Bully are also available, so even if you hate thrash you might wanna take a minute to visit it at http://hometown .aol.com/richbully/webpage.html .

Rock And Roll Outbreak looks like they could have a good thing going by the time this issue hits print. Their website is being updated several times a week, with columns, reviews, interviews, and the like. Not too much content yet, but if they keep it up, there should be a ton soon. Worth at least one visit—http://www.angelfire.com/punk3/rocknroll/ .

I've had this next photo site bookmarked for almost a year, waiting for it to flesh out a bit, and now it has. You'll find a handful of photos of each of several dozen bands, from both Europe and the US and then some—everyone from the Misfits and NOFX to One Way System and the Hard-On's. It's all photos and no writing. My only complaint is that the pictures could be a bit larger. Anyway, take a look at http://www.multimania.com/hxcpunxs .

Finally, if you are looking for some stuff to shove through various holes in your body, you might want to visit Hyperpunk at http://www.hyperpunk.com/ . Being relatively hole-free, I'm not sure how their prices compare to that of other sites or shops, but they have quite a bit of different jewelry in steel, bone, glass, acrylic and more.

That's gonna do it for this time around. Email me your site at netpunk@diehippiedie.com or check out my old (and new) columns online at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/. Later.

First of all, everyone who is interested should check out my review of the book *American Hardcore* in this issue. I don't pretend to a book critic (although I did review books for *Profane Existence*) but I do know a few things about hardcore music and I think this book is seriously flawed.

So while we are talking about books on hardcore, how about Mark Andersen's *Dance of Days*. Soft Skull: New York, 2001.

I was excited to read this book since I grew up in DC and got involved in the tail end of the great DC hardcore scene of the early '80s. I've written about DC hardcore before in this space and in *Heartattack*, but this month I'd like to offer a few insights into this book and my reaction to it. This is to date the best book written about hardcore. *Fucked Up and Photocopied* is probably the next best, although it's quite different. The first 79 pages of *Get In the Van*, *Banned in DC*, *Hardcore California* and *All Ages* are also recommended, as is *American Hardcore* if you can read it critically and ignore the author's bias and dumb opinions.

I would start by noting that Mark Andersen is probably the best-qualified person to write about DC hardcore. He's not from DC; in fact he's from rural Montana. But he moved to DC in the mid '80s and quickly became involved in the local hardcore scene. Mark is a true fan of DC hardcore and knows most of the participants first hand. But his being an extremely well informed outsider makes him free of most of the biases that would cloud most works written by insiders. Indeed the tone of the book shifts a little bit when Mark starts discussing events in which he was a participant I liked the book *Banned in DC*, a lot but in the ' end it was more of a photo album than serious analysis or history of the scene. Let me state my own bias here. I was born and raised in Washington DC, and later the Prince George's County suburbs of Hyattsville, Riverdale, Bladensburg, and Colmar Manor. I think hardcore is the best music ever and it was largely created in DC. I think DC hardcore is the most, and for a few short years DC had the best scene anywhere in the world. I also think it all went to shit incredibly fast. After revolution summer the scene in DC just fell apart. But for a few short years DC was the brightest star in the sky.

Dance of Days starts off with Mark's personal discovery of punk and politics as a youth in Montana. This does a good job of capturing every kid's first discovery of punk and rush of exhilaration with finding that beneath the surface of mainstream society there are other kids who feel like you. That there is a subculture of other outsiders, misfits and rebels who have this incredibly tough music and dress really cool. What follows is an overview of the late '70s punk scene that preceded hardcore. I remember hearing bands like the Razz and Slickee Boys on WHFS in the late '70s. Their style would barely be considered punk today, more like psychedelic or garage rock but they defi-

nitely helped to blaze a trail for hardcore and their story has gone largely untold. Mark introduces us to the personalities who will shape hardcore over the next few years, most notably the kids who would form the Bad Brains and the Teen Idles. Things really take off in chapter four as the DC hardcore scene takes off. The bands that came out of DC in the early '80s: Minor Threat, Bad Brains, Government Issue, Faith, Void, Black Market Baby, Youth Brigade, Teen Idles, Marginal Man, Iron Cross, Scream, SOA, etc are some of the best bands ever and Mark gives us the inside story of pretty much each band's rise and fall. Mark is right on in his analysis, offers both sides of most controversial events, and to my mind captures the spirit of those days.

The book really picks up for me when it hits 1983, because this is where young Felix Von comes into the picture. I was one of the legions of suburban kids who discovered hardcore in '83 and descended on the scene. Mark discusses the elitism of the scene's founders and I definitely felt that elitism as a young kid. Years later I discussed this with some of the older hardcore kids I knew. There was a feeling that what was going on in DC was unique and special and had to be kept sort of secret for really cool people only. No one wanted clueless longhaired 9th graders like myself coming to shows where everyone knew each other. Now that I'm older I can understand where some of that comes from but I've always tried to fight the natural desire to mock and dismiss the dorky poser kids who come to shows, since I was there too once and they are the future of hardcore. Madhouse's song "Respect" pretty much sums up the way it was. It was really fun to read about shows at the Wilson Center, Landsburgh, 9:30, Newton Theater and DC Space that I attended as actual historical events. Like "Hey I was at that Circle Jerks show that got the Wilson Center shut down!"

As a teenager I was very, very radical politically. I was heavily influenced by bands like Crass and Conflict and also the radical '60s groups like the Yippies, Motherfuckers and Weathermen. After I dropped out of high school I spent hours on end in the PG Community College library reading about anarchism, and various radical groups from the Spanish Civil war to the 1970s. You have to remember that this was the height of the Cold War. Nuclear war with the USSR seemed inevitable. Reagan and Falwell and those goons were riding high. Invasion of El Salvador or Nicaragua was expected, with young punk rockers being drafted by the newly formed selective service administration.

As a result, I gravitated towards radical groups in the punk scene, notably No Business As Usual, and met up with Kevin Mattson of SUPA. Kevin had finished high school and wanted to start an activist group that would address politics from the perspective of kids but go beyond his Bethesda student group. We started meeting at the Washington Peace Center and Mark Andersen showed up and the next thing you know DC positive force was formed. We organized events like the War Chest Tour, Stop the Arms Bazaar, Resist the Draft and Mark with all his scene connections hooked up bands to play benefits and set up cool events like showing Another State of Mind. PFDC published a zine called Off Center which we distributed in local high schools. I was the kid who worked in a copy shop who printed and handed out a lot of the flyers and zines we distributed. We also did a lot of volunteer work in soup kitchens and with the CCNV at their shelter. I grew up in pretty poor white trash culture but for a 16-year-old kid, working at the homeless shelter and soup kitchen was a real eye opener for me. There was no Food Not Bombs back then, but I remember cooking food and strapping it to the back of Jenny Toomy's scooter and taking it to the park to feed the homeless. I am sorry to admit that I was one of the radical kids who later wanted to kick Mark out of Positive Force because I didn't think he was radical enough, pretty embarrassing to admit today. After Kevin left for college Positive Force shifted more from a radical street perspective to a more mellow approach. Benefit concerts and low key social activism was emphasized over fucking shit up on the streets. Young radical hothead that I was, I just couldn't handle this and I more or less dropped out of PFDC.

The atmosphere in DC in the early '80s was charged with excitement and energy but started to fizzle out in 1984. A lot of the best bands broke up, and the scene began to suffer under a wave of violence that Mark discusses in some detail. In those days there weren't many, if any, nazi skinheads. Those characters came later in the '80s, especially after the *Geraldo* show and shit like that. But there were skinheads aplenty of the right wing thug variety. I remember arguing with skinheads who would deny up and down that they weren't nazi's but "pro-am" patriots who were just against gays, Jews, immigrants, communists and peace punks. It didn't seem to make much difference if it was a nazi boot or a pro America boot that was kicking your head in back in the day. As one of the "peace punks" or "crassholes" I was a very frequent target of skinhead violence. To the point where I had to go to the infamous Dead Kennedys show at WUST incognito wearing a trenchcoat and a fedora and watch from the balcony so I didn't get my ass kicked for the tenth time. I was one of the instigators behind the anti skinhead flyer Mark talks about on page 203. I'm pretty sure I was one of the kids who tried to bring a baseball bat into the peace center too.

The DC hardcore scene started to die out in '85 and Revolution Summer seemed like an attempt to stage a comeback to me. But instead most of the people in bands decided to go in a different musical direction from hardcore. This is one area where I really disagree with Mark Andersen and most of the DC hardcore establishment. DC hardcore was worth saving. The older scene founders saw the violence in the scene and thought it was revolting and not what they had in mind back in 1980 and began to either drop out or play lighter post-punk music that they felt would attract a less violent crowd. I think those people should have shown some leadership and helped kick the violent assholes out of the scene. All they did was postpone the inevitable as the nazi skinhead thing took off in the late '80s and dealt a crippling blow to the scene nationwide that it didn't recover from until the early 90's.

By that point a lot of people my age had decided enough was enough with the boneheads and organized to keep them out of places like Gilman. It took some work but there were always more of us than them and now hardcore is going strong with very few violent thugs because of it. I liked Rites of Spring and Beefeater, but the rest of the bands after about '85 were just boring. I think that post punk music all pretty much sucks and just because the scene founders turned their backs on hardcore doesn't mean that its fire burned out. I'll never forget going to shows and seeing ten or twenty skinheads intimidate 200 punk kids into total terror and submission.

I remember being outside a show at Hung Jury where the skinheads waited in the alley outside the door and rolled kids for their Doc Martens and bomber jackets as they came and went. (I wore zipper boots and a leather jacket in those days, less desirable and more stylish). I remember loving hardcore but having to run in large gang and carry knives, bats and mace at shows. We were teenage kids who loved punk rock and what it stood for but had to fight to enjoy it with a bunch of miscreant thugs too chickenshit to pick on people their own size. I'm still really bitter about the fall of DC hardcore. The elite of the scene pretty much abandoned the kids who supported them and created a new scene lumping the true believers in with the skinheads. Minor Threat and Rites of Spring members went on to form Embrace and later Fugazi. I remember going to one of the first Fugazi shows at the Wilson Center and being like "what's this, shit?" Government Issue, Dag Nasty and others tried to play REM style radio pop music (along with Seven Seconds and Youth Brigade) Scream went rock, and Bad Brains after their awesome comeback so at WUST released "I against Hardcore" By 1986 no one in DC was playing true DC hardcore anymore.

Dance of Days continues for another 200 or so pages after the end of the hardcore period. It's slow going unless you are into bands like Ignition, Fire Party, and Fugazi. The exception is the part about Riot Grrl. While not strictly a DC thing, the Riot Grrl movement had serious DC connections and is probably the most misunderstood and unnecessarily derided elements of the punk scene. Probably the last chance punk had at living up to its revolutionary potential. In fact I would like to see a book-length treatment of Riot Grrl, with someone like Mark as a contributor. Mark gets really fired up about bands like Fugazi and writes about their shows with the same sort of raptured enthusiasm guys like me have for thrash nights.

The later part of the book starts stretching things a little thin following the careers of Nirvana and the Rollins band which have only distant connections to DC hardcore. In the commotion

I think Mark sort of lost touch with the hardcore scene, so there is no mention of the late '80s youth crew bands from DC or later DC hardcore/punk, which actually isn't surprising since there really haven't been many good hardcore bands from DC until quite recently. I don't want to dis something that obviously a lot of work went into, but I think most people are mainly going to be interested in the first 200 or so pages of this book and skim over the later part

In 1987 and '88, I didn't go to many shows in DC. There weren't many good shows to go to. The music scene in DC was oriented more towards post-punk and the few hardcore punk shows that went on were either terribly commercial or overrun with skinheads and thug punks. I started listening mostly to foreign bands, cross-over and the emerging NY and LA "youth crew" hardcore bands. I kept getting into it with the skinheads, which led to some trouble with the law forcing me to relocate to Minneapolis in 1988. DC Hardcore is still the most crucial and I'm still bursting with DC hardcore pride. I make a point to represent whenever possible and I feel sorry for people who get me started talking about Government Issue, the Faith or Bad Brains as that shit is definitely not going out of style. I strongly recommend *Dance of Days*—along with *Banned In DC*, it's a nearly complete overview of one of the most vibrant scenes in the history of rock music. We are lucky to have someone as dedicated and Mark Andersen to chronicle it.

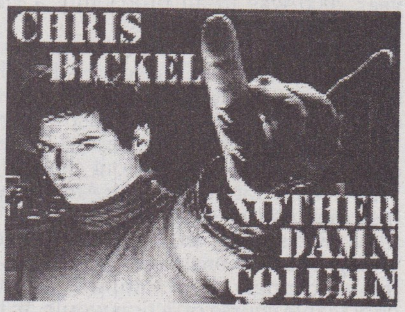
I have to wonder what goes on in the heads of the other 2000 or so people who were at those big WUST shows like the Bad Brains or Dead Kennedys in '84. Where are they now? I am honestly the only person I know of from the early '80s DC scene who is still 100% dedicated to hardcore. In *American Hardcore*, Stephen Blush makes one of his few valid points that hardcore is one of the few artistic movements whose creators turned on the scene they had created. Consider that by 1986 almost every one of the original hardcore bands and most of the second wave were no longer playing hardcore. Many went metal, others went towards pop. The few that continued to play hardcore (Poison Idea, MDC) slowed down and added many rock and metal elements. Hardcore in America definitely hit a low point in '87 or so and some areas of the scene didn't recover until the mid '90s. But hardcore certainly never died and today is stronger than ever. If you don't believe me, go see Nine Shocks Terror, DS 13, Lifes Halt, or Spazm 151. It's hard to grasp that all those scene pioneers have moved on to other forms of music or left music altogether. That those people whom once cared so much have faded away. But the music they made and the words they wrote continue to inspire twenty years after they sold out and got corporate jobs, OD'd or got married. On one hand I want to write them off as poseurs who weren't "true till death," on the other, I wonder if they know something I don't. I just can't understand how you can be exposed to hardcore punk rock and not want to be a part of it forever. Everything else is such total shit: society, the system, the shit on the radio, the squares around us, someone kill me if I ever become like one of them. Until next time, Hardcore Rules!

My girlfriend wanted to put up an American flag in our window. My response? "Do whatever you want." Whhhhhppp pshhh! Not really. I don't mind the flag being up. In fact, the whole flag-waving thing is pretty interesting.

Some people worry about the message flag-waving sends. Displaying the flag is a practice that, over the years (especially during Vietnam, I think), has been usurped by jingoistic yahoos. To them, the flag means "love it or leave it," which means shut up and do what you're told.

On the other hand, the flag can be simply be a symbol of solidarity. A certain degree of tribalism just makes sense. We should be concerned about all people, but we can't look out for everyone. So we have these concentric circles, generally beginning with immediate family and radiating out to the nation. When someone strikes at our countrymen (I seriously hope you don't seriously expect me to say "country people,") we bear a special responsibility to aid the victims and to catch the people who did it. In this context, flag-waving is just a way of acknowledging that outer circle, and I'm fine with that.

Sure, some brain dead yokel might see the flag and think it means, "I'm with yuh buddy! Bomb them A-rabs back to the Stone Age!" Yes, the stampede to buy all flags for the home, office, and car smells of the herd. And, of course, the bombastic, more-patriotic-than-thou ceremonies at every public gathering since the attacks are incredibly ridiculous. So the mainstream takes something good and makes it stupid. What else is new? It's Blink-182 syndrome and it's no reason to scorn the original concept.



Prince's "1999" Reconsidered

"Future events such as these will affect you in the future"— Criswell

When is the future no longer the future? When it crashes through the present and suddenly becomes the past.

Famed 1950' s TV psychic and star of Ed Wood' s PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, Criswell, had this to say about future events: "future events such as these will affect you in the FUTURE." This is an interesting statement because the future in which you are being affected by the "future events" is obviously at a different point in the future than the point in which the future events are actually taking place. The keyword here is "affected." If you are affected by a future event, the affectation must occur at a point in the future after the original "future event" transpires. That is unless we are to be tricked into believing that affectation can occur instantaneously, which is laughably doubtful. No folks, the hidden meaning of Criswell' s prediction is that we must not view the future as a singular, but as infinite futures which are colliding into the present at the speed of time.

Because of this infinite nature of "moments," it is impossible to determine in any exact way the instant that Prince' S hit single "1999" became a song about the present as opposed to a song about the future. Scientists have come up with an approximate time-measurement-based figure that is, for our purposes, close to the exact moment that the subject of the song "1999" collided into what was then known as "the present," but which we must now view in it' s proper context: "the past." The figure the scientists have presented us with is 12:00:00 AM GMT, January 01, 1999.

For the time period existing between January 01 and December 31 in the year 1999, this song existed as both a song about the past and present simultaneously, as every second that elapsed in that year was immediately considered to be within the domain of "past events."

It was widely accepted by musiphysicists that "1999" existed in both the past and present throughout the entirety of the year 1999... that is until sometime in early January when a musiphysicist from Lisbon opened his eyes to the obvious conclusion that had been staring him in directly in the face. Since there were 11 remaining months in the year 1999, those months would be considered "future events," therefore Prince' S "1999" existed as a song about the past, present, and future simultaneously. This discovery, which seems so painfully obvious to us now, advanced the field of musiphysics by ten years. Musiphysicists have yet to come to a conclusion as to whether that ten year advancement means that the field of musiphysics exists both simultaneously in the present and future, or as some assert, that the present state of musiphysics should be treated as an event that transpired ten years ago. It may be at least ten years before a consensus is reached on that particular issue. By that time the advances made in the field of musiphysics will probably have caught up to a more "present-like" state. The one thing that is absolutely certain: this consensus will indeed be a Criswellian "future event."

At present, there can be no question as to the status of Prince' S "1999." It is without a doubt, a song about the past. What we have now is a song with completely different connotations than the upliftingly life-affirming message of a tune that was written about "future events" back in 1983.

1983 was a time in which all Americans from grade school children to senior citizens were living under the terror of impending nuclear destruction. The Soviet Union was a real threat and our nation had a President that was just wily enough to mash that much-maligned "red button." TV movies like THE DAY AFTER provided extremely useful, non-exploitative information on the events that would transpire during the course of an actual nuclear holocaust. Most citizens were confident that they were doomed to die an excruciatingly skin-melting death, and all of history' s most accurate prophets indicated that the year 2000 was in all probability a good time for this horrific catastrophe to take place.

Obviously the threat of atomic destruction was on the mind of one Prince Rogers Nelson. He had the forethought and vision to make an educated guess about the "future events" that would unfold just prior to the ghastly terror of World War Three. Would the citizens of the United States be collecting provisions and digging backyard fallout shelters next to the BBQ pit? No. They would not. By 1983 the American public was hip to the fact that they had been duped by 1950' s government propaganda films. Folks knew that there was absolutely no chance of surviving a nuclear onslaught. Any survivors of the blast would die the agonizingly slow rotting death of radiation sickness. The only viable course of action would be to have a gigantic party in which everyone "danced their lives away." Prince, being a "present oriented" type of person, wrote a song about wanting to have a party in the present that was akin to the party he imagined taking place directly before total annihilation in the year 2000.

Now I know what you are saying. You are saying "if Prince' S song is really about wanting to party RIGHT NOW like it' s 1999, then the song is in reality about the present and not solely about the future as had been previously stated." Yes, it would be very tempting to say something as foolish as that. It would seem to be a song rooted in present actions except for a key word found within Prince' S cryptic lyrics. That word is "tonight." Prince sings: "tonight we' re gonna party like it' s 1999." Clearly "tonight" is what Criswell would describe as a "future event." This is an event that would take place in the "future." In 1983 "tonight" was closer to the present than the year 1999. Nevertheless it must still be considered a future event. Prince' S desires to party in the "here and now" are postponed until a moment that exists within the realm of the future vaguely described "tonight." Since Prince did not specify an exact date in his lyrics, we can make no assumptions as to exactly which "tonight" he was referring to. One would be tempted to guess that Prince was writing about an evening that was to transpire sometime within the year 1983, but no one can be absolutely certain and Prince refuses to talk about it.

Apparently this man has something to hide.

I' d now like to jump ahead to the year 2001. 2001, 2 years after the astounding existence of Prince' S "1999" as an ode to the past, present, and future simultaneously.

Now "1999" is condemned to being strictly a song concerned with past events. That is unless we go back to that crucial word "tonight." Tonight does indeed exist as a "future event," but the party that will take place "tonight" is nothing but a sad reliving of past glories as opposed to a raucous fear-of-impending-death- festival of unabashed hedonism that was hinted at when the song existed prior to the year 1999.

We now look at Prince's fear-tinged paranoiac lines like "everybody' s got a bomb we can all die any day" and smugly laugh. How wrong you were Prince! If we suppose that that ultimate party of 1999 would be the New Years Eve celebration before the year 2000 (the year in which the "party [is] over, oops, out of time"), then we can begin to formulate an updated meaning for the song.

How was the partying in 1999? About the same as any other year except that there were a few less nutcases in the bars because they were holed up in their cellars with barrels full of rice and pillowcases full of life' s savings. Many people stayed at home and watched television, fearing some sort of anarchic riot or race war. Come to think of it, the partying in 1999 was what top sociologists describe as "lame."

Why would anyone ever want to party like that? Not "tonight," not any night. No, the parties of 1999 are best left to 1999. Prince must feel that his lyrics painfully mock him now. Hindsight is excruciatingly 20/20. All those years of aspiring to party like it was one of the suckiest party years since the Great Depression! Perhaps Prince gazes blankly into his sapphire encrusted reflecting pond while "pondering" a different turn of past events: "If only I' d have wanted to party like it was 1995! That was a great year!" Yes Prince, but how could you have known? Previous to 1995, the year 1995 was a "future event." Prince could have had no advance knowledge that 1995 was going to be a far better year for partying than 1999. That is unless... and mind you this is a very slim chance... in the future technology may allow living matter to be propelled backward across the span of time. Having full knowledge of the best partying years between 1983 and the year of his departure, Prince could return to 1983 and rewrite his hit single, changing the title from "1999" to a more appropriately partying year.

The only problem I can foresee with this is that Prince is a renowned egomaniac. He would undoubtedly be tempted to travel farther back in time, possibly to the early 1950s, at which time he could lay claim to the invention of ROCK AND ROLL itself with the recording of a hit song entitled "Party Like It' s 1981." If this is allowed to happen, then the world will be subjected to bands such as COLOR ME BADD possibly as early as 1964! This must be prevented at any cost!

What lesson can we learn from all of this pseudomusi-physical analysis? Clearly, the moral of the story is that we must strive to party in the present moment as if it were indeed that present moment and not some arbitrary date in the future that we cân have no absolute certainty of. This moral of course may not apply to licensed psychics who are sometimes able to obtain knowledge of select future events that will affect them in the future. These gifted individuals may choose to party as if they are partying in the present moment, or they may opt to party as if it is a party taking place in the future, as long as they are absolutely certain that the party that exists in the future is at least as good or better than the party that exists at the present moment. Of course psychics have been known to make mistakes. For years many psychics foolishly predicted that the Earth would be devastated by nuclear weapons in the year 2000! How stupid they must feel now!

Utilizing a "better safe than sorry" policy, it may be best (even if you are a licensed psychic) to under all circumstances party like you are partying at that precise moment. To party in any other way could constitute a grave error in judgment. Just ask Prince!

SCREAMS FROM THE GUTTER

Rob Coons

Wow! EXCLAIM and JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS just rolled through town and they totally fucking dominated all three times I saw them. Talk about high energy and chaos, this was Japanese fastcore at its finest. And the most amazing thing of it all was that both bands seemed to get better each time I saw them. A big thanks to everyone involved in putting together all the shows. Every time I get to see bands like that I know it is a privilege. Shit, people flew here from various parts of the USA just to see those two bands play. Not only were those bands good, but I got to see some new bands as well (new to me anyway). I got to see SHARP KNIFE (super spastic punk band...very young and pretty damn good) and IRON LUNG (two piece band from Reno that fucks it up with super fast and super short songs). Watch for these two bands! Oh yeah and how could I forget, one of the shows was LIFES HALT's last Northern California show ever. Yes, it is true that they are breaking up. I am going to attempt to make their last show ever, which will be in December. Apparently TEAR IT UP is trying to

make it out to play that show. I sure hope so! I have mentioned LIFES HALT many times in this column, so let me just reiterate again that they are hands down one of the most positive, consistent, energetic and powerful hardcore bands that I have ever seen. Enough said!

It has been a while since I have put any links in my column, so why not hit you up with this hilarious one which is http://www.jellobung.com /phobia/video/video_bassintheface.html. Following this link will take you to a video clip from that TV show *Real TV*. The video is of some trouble that PHOBIA had at one of their shows in Japan. Apparently there were some people at the club starting shit with the band, and then some guy tried to attack the band. So the bass player for PHOBIA whacked him in the head a few times with his bass. It is all pretty funny to watch, especially considering that it is on that ridiculous TV show. And speaking of internet, I recently found a couple of new MORSER tracks on their website, which can be found at www.morser.de. The website isn't anything special, but you can preview some MORSER material from their new record. Now if I can just find the actual fucking record! Apparently it has been out for months and I have yet to see it on these shores. Anyway the tracks fucking rule. They are not as balls out as the "Two Hours To Doom Stuff," but they can hold their own.

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS/FALLING OVER DRUNK – split CD: Well this is a split CD in which both bands played and recorded live at a local Bay Area radio station called KZSU. I seriously regret not going to see A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS when they played in the Bay Area a while ago, because all of their releases have totally blown me away. Well as luck would have it, KALIBAS (the band that they evolved into) will be playing here soon and A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS will get together for one show at Gilman Street. It should be a fucking ripper, because both bands are really good. Even with this being a live recording you can tell just how heavy A DEATH BETWEEN SEASON ARE. They crank out some wild surging hard/grindcore. The songs are a whirlwind of chaos that hammers by at a fairly slow and heavy pace. They have a couple of guys pitching in on the vocals and their raging growls and screams sound totally sick and evil. FALLING OVER DRUNK, take things a totally different direction with some blast beat metal/grindcore. It is all fast and hard, with strongly yelled vocals. But it pretty much pails in comparison to A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS. And while I am at it, the person who gave me this CD also slipped in a CDR with some new KALIBAS material on it. Fucking A! KALIBAS are a lot faster than A.D.B.S., but they still retain a lot of the chaos and heaviness. Check them both out and check out the KALIBAS EP on Howling Bull Records! (Hide The Bodies, 1750 Empire Blvd., Webster, NY 14580; adbs666@hotmail.com)

DEAD BLUE SKY – "Symptoms Of An Unwanted Emotion" CD: If I understand things correctly, when this band first formed it contained two members from MORNING AGAIN. Apparently those two folks are no longer in the band, but the band obviously continued on and now have this full-length under their belt. All the makings of a good mid-tempo black metal/hardcore record are here. Like many of the Scandinavian bands that DEAD BLUE SKY are trying to emulate, the music flows by with lots of dark and technical guitar wizardry. The overall atmosphere of the songs is cold and bleak. There is a keyboard player in the band as well. Fortunately the keyboards are blended in well with the rest of the music and don't overpower the songs. The vocals are brutal wails that sound like the vocalist is literally shredding his throat. At times there are some very mellow parts with some almost operatic singing and some of serious guitar picking, but they are only a few of these and they are brief. Overall this was pretty damn good. (Goodlife Recordings, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM; www.goodliferecordings.com)

WASTEOID – "Total Puked" CD: Whoa, how about some gnarly grindcore from Lincoln, Nebraska? WASTEOID vomit out 20 songs of harsh ugly grind that fly by in a whirlwind of chaos and destruction. There is a lot of pounding, riffing and screeching involved here. Fierce vocals of the crunching low and shrill high variety belt out such lovely songs as "Hammer Size Dents All Over Your Face" and "A Knife, An Axe And Your Head." A lot of it seems to almost fall apart at the seams, but these guys pull it together and actually create a pretty solid release. If you like your grind super fast and super noisy, then this will be right up your alley. This is also available on vinyl from Crop Circle Records, so be on the lookout. (Wasteoid, PMB #145, 3201 South Street, Lincoln, NE 68502-3266)

PITFALL! – "Now With 23 Times The Doom!" CD: This New Jersey punk band rips out 15 songs of blazing fast and thrashy hardcore. In all honesty it is pretty damn basic, but they just slam the hammer down and let the energy rip. The vocalist barks out lyrics that deal with a range of topics from vegetarianism to racism. They even have a humorous take on crusties with a songs called "Crusties Don't Wear Flip-Flops." If you are into the never ending resurgence of "old school" style hardcore bands from the East Coast then this will be right up your alley. Check them out. I am sure they will be hitting the split EP and compilation circuit any time now. (Eradicator Records, 37 Edgecrumb Road, West Milford, NJ 07480)

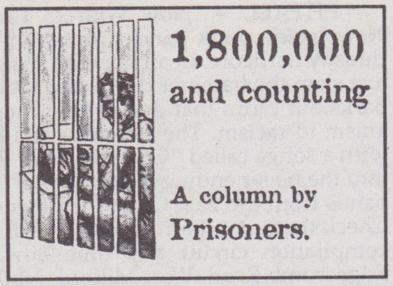
ABSIDIA – "Written In Minor Key" CD: How about some melodic metal hardcore from this European outfit. A relatively slow pace is overrun with lots of wild technical guitar riffs that totally drive the songs. They occasionally pick the tempo up, but it remains relatively steady. The production is pretty good and the vocalist sounds like he is gargling acid as he screams out some serious lyrics that tackle subjects like the Third Reich and Environmental Destruction. I tried really hard to like this but it just seemed a little to slow and boring for my taste. (Per Koro, Markus Haas, Postfach 102514 28025 Bremen, GERMANY; www.perkoro.de)

CRUCIAL UNIT/KILLED IN ACTION – split EP: I am pretty sure this was reviewed in MRR a while back, but I just had a copy sent to me and I feel it is worth a second mention. The first time I heard CRUCIAL UNIT was when I reviewed their "Premium Iced Tea" EP. I thought that EP ruled and I feel the same about this one. Their music is really fast and reckless with screechy vocals and they continue their goofball humor with songs like "DRI not EMF" and "In This Defiance Of The One Urinal Rule." KILLED IN ACTION who is from Ohio take a more straight-up approach to hardcore. Don't get me wrong, they kick in a blast beat here and there but they bring the speed down just a hair. The lyrics are a mix of serious topics and humor. They actually did a song addressing DIY Hip-Hop, which I thought was pretty cool. Between the bands there are both MADBALL and PROJECT X covers here, so it is obvious where these kids' roots lie. (Fast for Life Records, 3918 24th Avenue South, Seattle, WA 98108; www.fastforliferecords.com)

MAN VERSUS HUMANITY/BURY ME STANDING – split EP: OK, now when hardcore bands start doing electronic remixes of their songs I really start to scratch my head in disbelieve. MAN VERSUS HUMANITY from Germany starts their side with a remixed song. Fun and funky, is not what I wanted to hear. On the other hand their other song fucking destroyed me! They kicked out a fierce barrage of swirling blast beats and hammering breakdowns. Fierce lyrics and even fiercer vocals just enhance the song even more. The production was heavy as fuck and it was obvious that they have taken influence from other German hardcore bands like MORSER and SYSTRAL. BURY ME STANDING, on the other hand, take a different approach to creating intense music. This band (that is supposedly ex-GROUNDWORK/ABSINTHE) slow things down and continue the assault with pounding metalcore. This is mostly pulverizing hardcore with lots of wild riffage and growling vocals. Apparently the main vocalist is a female, but with a lot of the band pitching in with vocals it is really hard to distinguish which growl is hers. While BURY ME STANDING were solid, MAN VERSUS HUMANITY blew me away with their stuff. I will be on the lookout for MAN VERSUS HUMANITY'S CD on Troubleman Unlimited. (Per Koro, Markus Haas, Postfach 102514 28025 Bremen, GERMANY; www.perkoro.de)

"My father told me "Son, it's futile to resist. You can topple the ideology but not the armies they enlist." I questioned the intentions of the boyscouts chanting "War!!" "Well that's the sound of freedom, son," he said (free to say no more) But wait a minute, "dad," did you actually say freedom? Well, if you are dumb enough to vote, you're fucking dumb enough to believe him. Because if this country is so goddamn free, then I can burn your fucking flag wherever I damn well please."
PROPAGANDHI – "Stick The Fucking Flag Up Your Goddam Ass

Contact me at PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 or xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.



There's madness all around me and the air is electric, full of people trippin'. Stashing drugs, needles, hiding in the corners and wishing it were all just a bad dream. No such luck, the peaceful bliss of sleep is gone. Replaced by the blare of the P.A. speakers screaming for people to report to control. Rattling off one name after the other. I wipe the sand out of my eyes and look at the clock, it's 3:00 in the morning. "No rest for the wicked," I think to myself.

It didn't take long to figure out what was going on. The cops were doing blanket piss tests. Random urinalysis' a blanket amount; meaning lots of people. When they want to catch people with dirty UA's they wake 'em up. First piss in the morning urine is concentrated with the most vitamins or drugs, as such searches would hope to discover. The cops are calling the same names two and three times over by this time, "report to control NOW!" All the while, people are scattering, ducking out of sight. There is a line of people in the hall waiting for their turn to piss in a cup. Puddles of urine grow in the corners of the hall and right along the wall of the cops' control station. Everyone is asking for more water because they "can't piss". While convicts "pull one off," flushing their system straight through onto the cops pristine floor—sweet!

Of course, it took a few days for the results to come back. When administration found out 70 people out of 100 tested positive for drugs, they probably weren't too surprised. Promontory, the privatized minimum security prison in which I was housed was a mad house. As an inmate, it was common when going to take a shower to find people hemmed up in the showers shooting dope, totally tweaked. Or to go to the bathroom (we lived in dormitories) and almost trip over people on and around the toilets fixing any number of drugs that were readily available to anyone with the slightest interest.

Anyone who lived on that camp when it was open has some crazy stories to tell. the place was off the hook. Fights, drugs, sex with guards, hell, when the place first opened, it was co-ed, everybody was gettin" some. I'll tell you straight up that I'm a dope fiend from way back. But it almost makes me sick to my stomach when I'm on the yard talking to a partner and he tells me he never shot up till he came to prison. I mean fuck, that's just wrong!

The prison industrial complex fills their void with all these kids who make stupid mistakes. And sure, maybe what they did was against the law, (I was locked up with a guy who was in prison for stealing a lawn mower for instance), but sentence 'em to prison? Get real! So, all these kids that shouldn't even be here in the first place, get turned out by the system. The system that's put in place to protect society from criminals, is in fact creating criminals. You see, these kids parole and when they come back, it's for a real charge this time, robbery, or home invasion, or some shit. Or worse yet, they get caught up in some clique on the inside and shank somebody just to prove their "down". Then, they're stuck in maximum security with a new beef so far down in a hole, they can't even see light. Guys like this don't even get a chance at parole.

As far as Promontory went, it was a short-timers camp, when I was there. Minimum security, work crews, home visits, all that. Housing people with six months or less before they were to be released. It was actually common for people to parole with full blown heroine habits. You know it's bad when someone is paroled and gets a dirty urine screen when checking at the parole office, then is returned to prison even though the last time they did drugs, was in prison.

As far as the social structure of Promontory, picture a bunch of convicts stressed out to the max because they are getting up for the transition from prison to the streets, where literally, if looked at per capita, there were far more drugs than any community on the streets I can think of (and I've lived in some fucked inner city neighborhoods). So you've got a bunch of crazy motherfuckers, whacked out on dope. Some selling dope, and others buying it. And with only so much money to go around, people eventually getting in debt. Which takes things to a while new level. When people don't pay their debts, they're sure to get broke off. Some environments will grow eyeballs in the back of your scull! About the most off the wall thing I recall happening in Promontory is when a guy brought back some ditch weed he found on the side of the highway while on road crew. He sold a couple of joints and after some guys smoked the shit, realized what it was (shitty pot gives you a headache and burns you out), they hit this dude up for a refund. Well, this idiot who sold them the garbage didn't come up with their money fast enough, so one of 'em decided to stomp on this guy's head, repeatedly. It all happened really fast: a couple of hooks and an uppercut and this lame was getting his head smashed on the bathroom floor. The poor motherfucker had brain fluid draining from his ears before the cops scraped him up and life flew him to the hospital. I didn't hear any news past that he was taken for a stay in intensive care and had fallen into a coma.

What was really off the wall about the whole thing was that when this guy received his beating, he got a few teeth knocked out, and shortly after the cops put him on the stretcher and took him away, one of the cops came over the speaker and said, "If anyone finds any teeth, please bring them to control, someone has lost some teeth," like it's a joke. Guy gets put in a coma, and it's a joke. I was like—"Did I just hear that?" Yea, sure did. The boil festered for close to three more years before finally being lanced. As it's been about that long since I've been there and it was closed this year. Lack of funding being the excuse to shut the place down. But since I know corrections to be a pretty booming industry, I can't figure dollars being a problem. But then that's another story.

End notes related: I received an Industrial Strength Records compilation that I wasn't expecting. Whoever sent it to me—thanks! Some bands on ISR that stand out are Oppressed Logic, The Shitgiveits, Strychnine, The Process, and Cell Block 5. All of which range from snotty punk rock to driving punk rock n' roll, and Oi!. You can get a CD of any of these bands for $10.00 PPD and they'll throw in a comp, G.P. (Industrial Strength Records, 2824 Regatta Blvd., Richmond, CA 94804). I ordered the Real Reggae CD that 625 put out and was really looking forward to their shredding crust attack, but the prison denied it because it's not "properly sealed" fuckin DIY to the bone and these chumps won't let me rock it.

Support Ebullition Mailorder. Their cheap, fast, and down with the scene (Ebullition, PO. Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116). There's a publication called "Resound," this is a huge catalog that has a huge selection of CDs, records, shirts, etc. Some of which are obscure and hard to find elsewhere. This is put out by Relapse Records and is all about extreme music. They support Death & Black Metal, as well as gore, and grind. They distro crust, noise, sludge HC, punk, ambient, etc., etc...Resound is about the best catalog I've run across as far as size, diversity, and layout. It even includes interviews of various extreme bands. It's worth mentioning that most of the bands on the Relapse Records label kick some serious ass. This label is worth supporting. Write 'em for a copy of "Resound" (Relapse Records, PO Box 2060, Upper Darby, PA 19082). There's a lot that can be said about "the war on terrorism," for now let's just say that KINKY SEX MAKES THE WORLD GO AROUND! In struggle, Adam Bruce #25024 PO Box 250 Draper, UT 84020

I have traveled much lately. Actually, too much. So much has happened after the September 11 attacks. I was scheduled to do few screenings around the country of the film "New World Border" (that I did with Casey Peek earlier this year). I ended up doing most of the screenings even

though it was hard to travel for many reasons. What follows is a short description of my recent travels.

October 6th (Los Angeles, California): I get in to LA and the first thing I notice is the intense militarization of LAX airport. National Guard, FBI, LAPD, Customs, etc., other pig agencies that I have never heard of. No time to fuck around. The only thing I can think about is getting the fuck out here. My comrades from LA pick me up and we go to the place where I will show the film. It's at the local teacher's union headquarters building (UTLA) on Whilshire Blvd. It's been a while since I've been to LA and it's good to see some old friends. The screening was OK. I fly out the next day, very early in the morning.

October 11th (Tucson, Arizona): The kids here have their shit together. As part of their "Smash Columbus Day 2001," the kids have brought together a bunch of speakers, bands, and activists from various places. Most of the local anarchist kids of color that organized this event have been working on immigrant and border rights stuff. Their events start on Oct. 10 and continue until Oct. 13. I speak on the 11th, along with the local author Leslie Marmom Silko. It is really an honor to have presented with her. The next day, Oct. 12, I present at the National Lawyers Guild 2001 Convention "Beyond Borders: Challenge Illegitimate Power." I'm hanging out at the conference when I hear that about 20 people have taken over a building at the University of Arizona (a couple of blocks away). I run to the building that folks have "taken over" only to find out that kids were arrested for protesting an indigenous sacred ground where the University just so happened to put an astronomical telescope. I cannot get arrested for many reasons, but mainly because my flight leaves in a few hours. I play more of a "legal observer" and take pictures. I later learn that all charges were dropped and the kids are out. I fly out to Austin, TX in the evening to a crazy motherfucking storm. The place I stay has no electricity (thanks to the storm) and so know I'm walking around a room full of books with a candle light and crazy lightning… feels pretty surreal.

October 13th (Austin, Texas): Some graduate students invite me to show the film and give a presentation at their University of Texas (Austin) Historical Symposium. The folks here do much of the Accion Zapatista (AZ) and have done a lot in terms of publishing and spreading the word out on current events relating to the EZLN and rights for indigenous peoples. The highlight for me is listening to and speaking with Mexican indigenous activist, Gustavo Castro. We make many connections with the militarization that is taking place in communities of color in the U.$. and in southern Mexico. Short trip…head back to Berkeley. Oh yeah, all this time I'm also helping out with this class so I can't really miss work (officially, I'm a "graduate student instructor").

October 17th (Santa Barbara, California): By far the craziest traveling I've done in a while. I take a greyhound bus at 4:45 am (yes, at 4:45 in the fucking morning!) to be able to arrive in time show the film and give my presentation at 6 pm. After riding the bus for almost 11 hours (while stopping in every little fucking in the west coast of CA), I arrive an hour or so before my presentation. I'm exhausted but drinking a bit of peasant blood (coffee) always does the job in waking me up (still "true till death" though…). After the presentation at UCSB's Multicultural Center, I hang out with Leslie, Lisa, Kent, and other Santa Barbara kids. It's good to see them since I haven't been to this town in a long time. We get some veggie food at the local co-op and talk about Kent's new video game (and his obsession with it and how this might bring down Ebullition Records…). I get dropped off at the Greyhound that same night at midnight to catch a bus that will bring me to Oakland at 9 am the next morning. I go directly to my class that same morning even though I feel like shit (and most likely, look like shit). Fuck.

October 23rd through the 28th: (East Coast "tour")

October 24th (Providence, Rhode Island): Even though I left the Oakland airport last night (the 23rd) at 10:30 pm to arrive here at 9 am, I'm exited about meeting my friend Sara who works here with an amazing grass roots organization DARE (Direct Action for Rights and Equality) that has done much on getting cities to pass the "living wage" ordinances. So I have slept about 3 hours on the plane and I'm tired as fuck; nevertheless, I go with Sara and a local youth organizer to a couple of high schools to pass out flyers informing the students and parents about the new "truancy courts" that The Man wants to implement on their campuses. Basically, these courts would fine the parents $60 every time that their kids miss school and would also face jail time if the parents don't the fine and if they don't keep their kids "in line." I talk to some of the high school kids about California's Youth Crime Initiative (Prop. 21) that recently became law…we make some connections. If young people today (everywhere) feel like they are under attack, it is only because they are. We live in a society run by old farts that could give a shit about what kids think or feel. As stupid as this might sound, I hear that it is now against the law for kids to make out in Washington Square Park in NYCity. Who the fuck runs this country anyway? On a good note, the video screening is one of the best ones I have ever done. About 60 Latino immigrants are there. It's an English class and they speak about the film based on their experiences crossing the border or having to deal with the immigration police. I have some pretty deep conversations afterwards. A few people buy my film and want to pay me the full $20 even though I only ask for half of that to cover the costs. I know that $20 is a lot of money for folks here but they insist on giving me all the money because they liked the film and they want me to continue the work, they tell me.

October 25th (Amherst, MA): A good friend, comrade, and colleague of mine Stephanie is the one that really set up this whole East Coast thing. She works pretty closely with the "socialist-feminist" organization Solidarity, who has sponsored the tour. Steph is a professor here at UMASS in the Labor Center. I hang out for a bit in the student lounge and get the impression that this is a pretty left-liberal college. It is. According to the local reactionary student newspaper, *The Minutemen*, eight out of ten students oppose the US bombing in Afghanistan. Their paper is so funny that I wish our UCBerkeley's *Daily California* were this stupid and funny. Mistake of the trip: I go to the local used bookstore and from then on, my bag weighs more than me but, I really need the books I bought, or so I tell myself. Before I leave, I go and visit Smith College. Nice place, seems like much stuff is happening here. My friend Robyn went here as an undergrad (she's now in the most white-male-testosterone PhD program, political science at UCBerkeley). Now I know what she meant about the culture shock she went through when she first moved out here…

October 26th (NYCity): I take a nice Amtrak ride into the city. Again, I'm trying really hard not to call attention to myself and get arrested (I realize I'm all dressed in black with a black beanie). A few suits stare at me and I laugh because these fools are trying so hard to be undercover. Fuck these people. I do the film screening at NYU which means that mostly NYU students show up. I hand out and speak with local anti-war activists about what they are coming up against and I share the experiences of the ant-war activists here in the UCBerkeley/Bay Area. I think it will be along time before the left in this city stops being so much on the defensive (i.e., politically speaking). Interesting to note that the same so-called leftists that call for some sort of "action against the terrorists" (even though they are opposed to US bombing Afghanistan), where the same folks that—in 1991, during the Persian Gulf war—these same folks called for US sanctions against Iraq, that is to say, "don't bomb them to death, starve them to death." Before I leave the next morning, I check-out ground zero (see my next month's column!).

October 27th (Bard College, NY): I arrive to the Rhine Cliff Amtrak station and the kids are there to pick me up. Wow, did I ever expect I would do all the things I would do in just one day. I must admit, I never heard of this place nor did I know people would ever want to go to college in the middle of nowhere, to say nothing of the freezing fucking weather. Nevertheless, the kids here seem to have so much good stuff happening that I kinda wished I could have stayed a bit longer. In fact, about 20 minutes after arriving to the campus, I found myself jamming out with Matt (who plays in a local band called Alphabet Soup of Thugs) and John. I never thought one could go to class and then walk down a block to the basement of a building (the "Red Room") and practice music with your band, then go and kick it and get some food next door at the "Root Cellar." Kelly, a woman who helps run the Root Cellar, makes it a cool place to hang out with all of the sofas and zines in the room. After I showed my film, we all went to Feitler co-op to eat some vegan food, I thanked the kids for letting me crash there. But, before

any of us went to sleep, we went to Halloween party/Haunted House/punk show! I had a lot of fun hanging out with these kids. It really made me miss playing music and touring. As I thought about how cool it was for these kids to have a space to practice, to have shows, an info shop kinda thing, a food co-op, etc. I thought about how many other cities have had great things like here at Bard, but somehow, people ended up forgetting just how easy it is to take shit for granted, until one day, when They come and take our spaces away. Hopefully the kids here don't underestimate all the good things they have going on and nurture that into something even greater. I wake up early in the morning and my good friend Matt gives me a ride to the Amtrak to take yet another train to Philly. Mad props to Matt for being a good host and friend.

October 28 (Philadelphia): I arrive to Philly at 12:30 pm and my presentation is at 1 pm at this really cool space called "A Space." I run into some old friends from the punk/hardcore "scene" (it's funny how this shit has happened throughout this little trip). So I barely have time to show the film and speak with folks when I have to have someone drive my all the way back to Newark airport to catch my direct flight (yes!) back to Oakland. I barely make it to the airport on time and get into Oakland late and get ready for Monday morning school. I'm exhausted but I'm really glad I got a chance to talk to folks about the current state of affairs: militarization of the society, attack on civil liberties, etc. (I also talk about the parallel's between the "War on Drugs" and the "War on Terrorism").

Endnote: I don't know how much longer I will be writing this column since I have not been able to write in these pages for the last couple of months and I'm just not finding the time to do this anymore (I hate to give the MRR folks more stress with late columns, I'm thinking that I might just cut back on writing a monthly thing and maybe more of a guest column every once in a while). I hate to write this shit so last minute and to find typos after the fact...we'll see. For sure, I will write on the 9/11 shit with my take on the whole thing for next month. If any of you want to let me know whether you even read this shit or whether you could give a shit as to whether I write in these pages or not, please let me know. I would appreciate any feedback: josefox@uclink4.berkeley.edu (or at my snail address: 2336 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley, CA 94704).

The Wall Street Journal calls me "probably the most bitterly anti-American commentator in America." "A big fat zero, an ignorant, talentless hack," *The National Review*'s "Kumbaya Watch" spews, "with a flair for recycling leftist pieties into snarky cartoons that inspired breakfast-table chuckles among the leftist literati and the granola-munching types." Not to be outdone by its conservative rivals in the column-titling sweepstakes, *The New Republic* honors me with a prominent mention in its regular "Idiocy Watch" section.

So what have I done to deserve such vitriolic outrage, much of it originating in publications that have always ignored me? Since September 11, I've written seven columns and drawn 21 editorial cartoons examining various aspects of that fateful morning's aftermath. Some of my pieces expressed pain and anger at the murder of thousands of innocent people. Others sought, both humorously and in a straightforward manner, to show readers why, as in the words of one cartoon, "they hate us so much." On other occasions, I've taken the Bush Administration to task for what I consider the cynical manipulation of a national crisis to promote such partisan political agenda items as drilling in the Arctic, fast-track authority on free trade and eliminating the alternative-minimum tax. I've also reminded Americans that the Administration's war against the Taliban may be in part inspired by the potential profitability of a Caspian Sea-Arabian Sea oil pipeline.

Like all New Yorkers, I grieve for the dead and remain shocked by the magnitude of our loss. But I still have the same job to do as I did back in August: I traffic in ideas and opinions. And my opinions, which include my firmly-held belief that President Bush was illegally installed via a judicial coup d'état or that our bombing of Afghanistan is misguided and hypocritical, haven't changed one bit. Nor has my belief in a freedom-loving America where opposing opinions don't vanish in the glare of a 93 percent popularity rating. So even as some of fellow political cartoonists have taken to mocking all things Arab and cranking out propaganda that tows the official Pentagon line, I've continued to gleefully skewer the President and his policies.

Insulting American politicians doesn't make one anti-American. It makes one an independent thinker.

War brings out the best and worst in us, and that truism is just as apt here at home as it is on a late-night panty raid of Mullah Omar's place. I've long received a regular stream of hate mail—such is the price of publicly-expressed opinion—but in recent weeks the tenor of that anger has devolved from ill-humored disagreement to frighteningly credible death threats. People who might have advised me to fuck myself prior to September 11 urge me to commit suicide using the most disturbing language imaginable. Those who once threatened to cancel their newspaper subscription because of something I wrote or drew now promise to contact advertisers in a concerted effort to, as one e-mailer wrote, "make sure that you never work again and die homeless in the gutter." My mother, perhaps more in touch with mainstream America from her home in a bellwether county in Ohio, urged me to be less critical of Republicans: "I'm afraid that you'll lose your job."

She's never said that before.

Oh, and my phone is tapped. It began a few weeks ago. Whoever is responsible did a crummy job; even when my computer is off, the modem emits a loud dial tone. You can hear someone whispering. I hope that the government's efforts to locate Osama bin Laden are less inept than this absurd assault on my civil rights. The feds, I assume, are merely following up White House spokesman Ari Fleischer's chilling warning that Americans ought to watch what they say and what they do. I've done neither.

The War on Terrorism, it seems, requires us not just to drop our nail clippers and Swiss Army knives into check-in luggage but to shut the hell up. And in this new atmosphere of hyper-conformity, it's no longer enough to express agreement with Mr. Bush's policies: nothing less than perfect synchronicity with the White House is currently acceptable. Bill Maher, the conservative host of "Politically Incorrect," has not significantly criticized President Bush or his policies since the attacks. Nonetheless, a trivial off-the-cuff remark about the semantics of cowardice nearly caused ABC to cancel his show.

We're living in dangerous times, and this neo-McCarthyite flirtation with a return to blacklists, the silencing of dissent and government attacks on personal freedom represent an even greater threat to our country than terrorism. Nothing, after all, is more fundamentally un-American than shutting up.

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Pay To Place?

I grew up loving Superman just like most boys in the latter half of the 1900s did. The first Superman movie came out when I was three and I still remember seeing it in the theater. I marveled at what was considered top-notch special effects for the day—nearly rivaling *Star Wars*, which had come out only a year earlier and took a quick seat on the throne of visual effects. I was enamored by Superman's feats of physical ability and often closed my eyes and tried to pretend that I could do similar things. What I never could understand is why someone like Superman would waste his time trying to impress some girl with his ubernerd alias, Clark Kent. Even less comprehendible to me was Lois' inability

to figure out that Clark was Superman.

As a kid, I never really consciously noticed that Lois Lane smoked cigarettes. My dad smoked, and I knew that it was just "something adults do," so I definitely didn't care much either way. What I didn't know, and what nearly every viewer of the Superman flicks didn't know, is that Philip Morris had paid an enormous sum to the film studio to make the character of Lois Lane a smoker.

Even back then, product placement was nothing new. It had been taking place for decades already. Many TV shows since the 40s had been sponsored by a single advertiser, often by what appears to have been the most uncreative way imaginable (see: *The Dinah Shore Chevy Show*). In most of these cases, the content of said shows was quite obviously tainted by the sponsors and, by the 60s, it had become an unwritten rule that any product placement in movies or television had to be mostly discreet. Overall, this unspoken agreement of separation between product and content has held strong for nearly 40 years. However, in the modern age of advertising excess, where the average American is exposed to 3,000 ads per day (!!!!) and thousands of companies pit millions of products and logos against each other in the battlefield of our brains, this agreement has been revisited and is in the process of being destroyed. This urge to be spotted amongst the crowd, as well as new technologies which allow television viewers to omit commercials altogether, have converged to create a whole new set of brand bullies, intent on proudly peddling their poisons in plain view.

This new thinking has come to be known as "product integration." But make no mistake, product integration is still simple advertising—company pays to have its product viewed—just taken to a whole new level. Instead of taking the simple route and taking out a 30-second spot, advertisers are now paying to have their product included in the show. And these are not the generic Baywatch-esque placements where any given camera angle starts with some form of Coca-Cola logo before panning to actual characters. New shows like Survivor and Who Wants To Be A Millionaire have succeeded in making certain products integral parts of the shows themselves (Doritos and Pontiacs for the former; AT&T for the latter). The blockbuster movie Cast Away was essentially a two-hour long ad for FedEx, yet still somehow managed to get nominated for a couple of Oscars. I'll let the ad for one product placement company explain the concept: "Imagine the impact of your customers seeing their favorite star using your product in a feature film. Both your company's name and product thereby become an integral part of the show, conveying both subliminal messages and implied endorsement." No words minced there.

What's yet to come is perhaps scariest yet. The new trend in so-called "reality television" programming, which realistically seems to be some sick offspring created by the breeding of reality and game show, is spawning some monsters of its own. Debuting just a few short weeks of my writing this on Fox is *Murder In Small Town X*, a new version of the old school murder-mysteries, which take place in a small town in Maine with an alarming over-abundance of Taco Bells, Jeeps, and Nokia phones. Early next year the boundaries of product integration will be pushed yet again when ABC airs *The Runner*. The basic concept of the show is fairly simple—a man or a woman tries to get from one side of the US to the other, meanwhile performing small challenges, without being recognized by a member of the public (or, technically, the viewing audience). Its potential to be the most devastating type of ad to ever hit the general public is almost frightening. Again coming from the horse's mouth, and thus unintentionally referring to ABC's senior vice president of alternative series and specials, Andrea Wong, as a horse; "We are all at ABC incredibly excited about the creative idea. One of the things a runner could have to do is go to a McDonalds anywhere in Texas and buy a Happy Meal." (I know, sounds first-rate huh?) "It's a particularly exciting opportunity because not only will the sponsor get TV coverage but everyone in America will be looking, maybe waiting in McDonalds."

Truly, if shows wish to bill themselves as "reality," then they are on the right track, reflecting a culture where it is virtually impossible to escape the web of brand names, logos, and ads of every shape, size, and medium. It seems a solid argument that if one wants to make a show seem realistic they should include brand name products, since there are so many of them in the daily lives of so many people. But catering to advertisers in an effort to mimic a real-life filled with advertisers says more than realism, it says that advertisers have officially taken over our lives. When commercialism is used to imitate real-life, real-life must already imitate a commercial.

The truth is, it's pretty difficult to find something critical to say about television that hasn't already been said, researched, proven, and resaid about 60 times. It was decades ago when television was referred to as a "vast wasteland," now it's just a lot dirtier and much vaster. It would seem the only thing to do is sit back and see how effective this new 'product integration' works. This 'in-your-face-advertising' insulted a past generation with it's simple, condescending presence, perhaps it will happen again.

However, a recent Time/CNN poll asked viewers about product placement and only one in eight said they would "think less" of a program with blatant advertising mixed with content (I guess it would be pretty hard for me to think any less of them, considering the shows who already do this are scraping the bottom of the barrel the way it is). Again, this seems to further prove that TV viewers (like the rest of society) are so accustomed to ads that they don't even care anymore, even if it means that premise of the shows they watch are advertising-induced.

Whether or not these new forms of product placement are accepted really depends on how much its negative effects make the spotlight. Obviously, you're not going to hear about the negative effects on TV or in the movies, so it seems it would be the duty of anyone who still cares to shun these 'hidden ads' and the products they attempt to sell and explain to everyone you deem necessary why. There's an evil plot to make the world a terrible place…and Superman's in on it.

A wee bit more.

If you want more information (like the resources used for this column, further resources, and a list of simple things you can do to stop the onslaught of commercialism in your reality), write me (Nathan Berg) c/o Rainbow Bookstore Co-op, 416 W. Gilman St., Madison WI 53703 or email me: naytron@hotmail.com

You know there's really nothing more annoying than a weatherman on TV. They think they're soooo fucking smart. Just because they have a robot who can tell them what the weather will be like the next day they have to go on TV and act like they're the ones who control the weather. The fuckers. Fuck them. Fuck the weatherpeople with their smirks and their ties and their horrific late night orgies. They get up there and stand all smarty pants like "Will the sun shine tomorrow? Well maybe I'll let it! GET ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES! BARK LIKE A DOG! I am the WEATHERMAN AND I CONTROL THE UNIVERSE! I AM EMPEROR MING! LET THE HOT HAIL FALL! DAMN YOU FLASH GORDON!" The regular newscasters are kind of cocky too but they don't act like they control of what happens in the world. They'll tease you with shit like, "Something really important is going to happen that will affect every one of you. I'll tell you what it is after the commercial." But then when they get on TV they tell you what is going on and everything will be ok. They're like, "see I told you I'd tell you. Do you want some cocoa or another pillow."

The weatherpeople are really upset because when they were teenagers they read their horoscopes every week hoping that this will be the week where it is predicted that they will find love. But they never found it. They became angry at the world like some comic book villain who gets upset because acid was spilled on their faces so they decide to take it out on the world by committing crimes. They grew older and became more and more frustrated with not knowing what would happen five days in the future. After losing their money to their friends on bets like "I bet you the Challenger Space Shuttle won't explode," "People never came from apes," and "Metallica will never stop rocking," they wanted to be able to predict something themselves. They wanted to know what would happen before anyone else does. So they enrolled in the Weather Academy. They

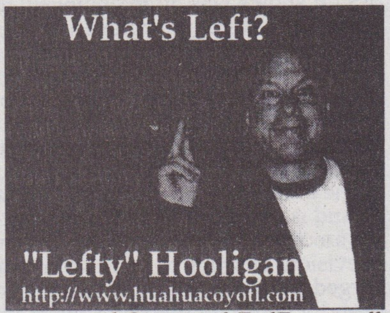
were given their wizard caps, wands, long beards, and crystal balls and were promised they would become modern day Nostradomi with superhuman powers. Six weeks after hard work from their very own homes they received their degrees in the mail to find that Sally Struthers hadn't actually signed the diplomas, but a temp worker had merely stamped her signature on them. Soon they learned that this was not the life the commercial on TV had promised them. They felt that it was all a sham. One more reason to hate the world.

But in the end not all of it was a sham. People bought their lies. They were given spots during news segments where they could act out their childhood fantasies of weather control. That is what we are forced to watch every time the news is on. Every night they appear from a poof of smoke in their full wizard gear and taunt us with threats of hot, cold, or slight rain. "Bring me a banana cream pie or you will be plowing your streets tomorrow!" they demanded as they batted their wands in front of the camera. The sad thing is nobody has ever stood up to them. Nobody has ever tried to overthrow them. That's why one day in the future when the revolution against Weatherpeople is over and we have triumphed the world will look back at what started it all. It wasn't a great army who defeated them, it wasn't the CIA, the FBI, or the Ghostbusters...but the writings of a young man in a column for an ad-ridden magazine called Maximum Rocknroll. I will be read about in History books. Christmas will be replaced by Ringhoff Day where the world will drink gin and tonics and eat tacos much like the great man who ended the suffering. The school children will put on Ringhoff Day pageants to the delight of their proud parents. Perhaps your child will play a tree in it. You will film them and think to yourself, "These children know the true meaning of Ringhoff Day. Not like those ugly corporations that have turned it into a money making scheme. I remember how Halloween hadn't even have come and Ringhoff Day decorations were already creeping into stores." Then, a tear will come to your eye as the children adorably recreate the great sword fight between the Savior John Ringhoff and the evil Wizard Weatherpeople." Merry Ringhoff Day. Everyone.

Ok so this month I watched that movie *Traffic*. It wasn't bad. I like Benicio Del Toro. I think that guy just looks neat and probably says really interesting things. Like if you invited him over for dinner everyone would sit and look at him and he wouldn't talk much but when he did open his mouth something good would come out. What I didn't like about the movie was all the shit about the poor rich white people who get hooked on drugs. Oh boo fucking hoo. Get some real problems. The rest of the movie with Benicio fighting drugs in Mexico is great. But the whole other plot with the rich white girl who gets hooked on freebase (why freebase?) is boring as shit. Here is why that part of the movie sucked. It only took her one month to go from rich girl to prostitute living in a hotel in the BLACK PART OF TOWN. Does it really take that little time? Back to the BLACK PART OF TOWN part. What the FUCK? EVERY FUCKING MOVIE about drugs has to show the white person going over to the BLACK PART OF TOWN to SCORE some DOPE. What fucking year is this? Name one person you know who buys drugs and goes to the EVIL GHETTO to get it! Jesus Christ. They have bike messengers in every single city who will be at your door after one beep on their pager. Especially if these kids in *Traffic* are super rich prep school kids this doesn't make sense. At least in *Less Than Zero* it was one of their peers that sells drugs to everyone. In real life one of those kids would either make the drugs themselves or have someone come to their house and sell drugs to them so they could sell them to other rich kids.

Anyways, beer is the best drug ever and you can't argue with that. I had a great Halloween party this year. Great until around 2am when everyone started puking. Someone threw up all over the downstairs bathroom and instead of cleaning it up they dumped a GALLON BOTTLE OF BLEACH on the sink, toilet and carpet filling the entire apartment with the strong smell of bleach that didn't go away for days. But on actual Halloween night we went to West Hollywood for the big carnival then ate hot dogs wrapped in bacon that were being sold out front. Mmmm. Hot dogs.

Well to wrap things up I'd like to thank Heather Mae-o for sending me copies of her newsletter *The Rag*. If you're interested write to writetherag@yahoo.com. I got another great zine from Elroy Blevens called Drunken Piker (151 Sheringham Ct, Apt V Kettering, OH. 45429). Best article in the zine was a list of 10 groups of people who deserve a gassing if Hitler was alive today. The best being "#9—People with a tattoo of a dream catcher on their arms," "#8—People who say "I COULD care less" instead of "I COULDN'T care less" and most importantly, "#3—Nascar fans." You couldn't have been more dead on about Nascar fans. Nascar is nothing but white trash turning left. No right turns. Well that's about all I have to talk about this month. Write me at jringhoff@email.msn.com or 2743 Waverly Drive Apt 9, Los Angeles, CA 90039.



We have been the cowards lobbing cruise missiles from 2,000 miles away. That's cowardly. Staying in the airplane when it hits the building, say what you want about it, it's not cowardly.

Bill Maher, *Politically Incorrect*, September 17, 2001

Bill Maher's courageous, if imprudent comments on his television program *Politically Incorrect* prompted Sears and FedEx to pull their advertising from the show. Bush administration officials angrily denounced Maher, and White House pressure got his show yanked in the Washington DC area. Over a dozen other stations also pulled *Politically Incorrect*. No stranger to controversy or to apology, Maher issued a statement two days later that read, in part: "In no way was I intending to say, nor have I ever thought, that the men and women who defend our nation in uniform are anything but courageous and valiant, and I offer my apologies to anyone who took it wrong." Maher clarified that his "cowardly" remarks were directed against "the government, the elected officials, [and] the people who want to put up a giant missile shield, when plainly that's not where the threat is from."

This incident of corporate and government censorship of Bill Maher and *Politically Incorrect* reflects an odd American hypocrisy I encountered often during my years protesting against the Vietnam War. "You have the right to speak your mind thanks to all the soldiers who've died in wars fighting for America's freedoms," someone invariably would comment, "So why don't you just shut up." Michael Krasny's September 26 show *Forum* on the San Francisco NPR radio station KQED featured an interview with Bill Ayers, former member of the Weather Underground who has recently written the memoir *Fugitive Days*. Listeners upset that the station would feature a homegrown terrorist in the wake of the terrorism of September 11 called in to decry Ayers' '60's radicalism by lauding America's Bill of Rights freedoms, in particular free speech, at the same time they criticized Krasny for giving Ayers air time. I'm confident readers of this column will recognize the absurdity of a stance that's threatened by Aaron McGruder's comic strip *The Boondocks*, so I'll concentrate instead on cowardice in Junior Bush's world war against international terrorism.

Like Bush's own cowardice on September 11 as he scurried from one military bunker to another around the country before finally returning to Washington DC. Journalists and columnists were reprimanded or fired for pointing out the Presidential pretender's yellow streak. Nobody got into trouble however when several major newspapers called Congressional House members wimps for closing down in response to the ludicrously overblown anthrax hysteria. There's a greater chance of being hit by lightning than of being exposed to anthrax. But then, most of our politicians are craven cowards, as is reflected in a '60's saying that it's old men who send young men off to war. More precisely, it's old, rich, white men and a few women who send off young, poor and increasingly non-white men and now women to fight and die to keep these assholes in power and luxury. What's more, scum like Bill Clinton and George W., who have no qualms about committing combat troops to shore up America's imperial interests around the globe, themselves avoided active combat service during the Vietnam War.

Anthrax is too good for these fuckers.

The punk scene is no stranger to such cowardice. Witness summer patriot Larry Livermore; an old rich white guy who avoided going to Vietnam and has made zero sacrifice for the current war effort, but who now foams at the mouth comparing the Taliban to Nazi Germany and jingoistically supports Junior Bush's military adventurism. Punks in the military will be glad to know they're fighting and dying to keep Larry in the lifestyle to which he is accustomed.

Such cowardice can become crass opportunism in a heartbeat, as is the case with Audie Bock. A Green Party candidate in 1999, Bock defeated former Oakland Mayor Elihu Harris for a seat in the California State Assembly; an upset victory that didn't last long as she promptly switched to the Democratic Party. Now Bock's challenging Oakland's Barbara Lee for her Ninth District seat in the House of Representatives, denouncing Lee's courageous vote against Junior Bush's warmongering as treasonously unpatriotic and hiring Republican strategist Sal Russo to help run her campaign. Barbara Lee's campaign chairman, Lee Halterman calls Bock's tactics "very McCarthy-like." "We expected somebody to run against [Lee] as a result of this vote," Halterman said. "We just didn't expect it to be a progressive Democrat who would be aligning herself with reactionary Republicans."

Washington DC is full of progressive Democrats who are aligning themselves with reactionary Republicans, thanks to cowardice masquerading as patriotism, confirming that patriotism is indeed the last refuge of scoundrels. And yet one more indicator of the bankruptcy of the Tweedledee-Tweedledum Democratic/Republican party system. Time and again, the two-party system has demonstrated the tendency to narrow differences between the parties until almost nothing distinguishes one from the other. Just because I vote independent third party though, I have no illusions that the Green Party or the Peace and Freedom Party or the Labor Party of America or any other progressive third party can save us. Third party movements have the effect of greasing the wheels of political change within the two-party system; of giving vent to protest to the left or right of the two major parties so that one or another of the majors can then coopt the third party's slogans, programs and voter base. The only good a third party can serve is as a monkeywrench thrown into the two-party system, as when Ralph Nader and the Green Party deadlocked the 2000 Presidential elections, producing political chaos and coup d'etat.

Nor can a Leftist political party by the way. Save us, that is. The mainstream Left is often preoccupied with building support for one or another type of political party, but neither explicitly social democratic parties nor consciously Leninist vanguard parties can do us any good. First off, they both violate a basic axiom of the Marxism they profess; that organization which contributes to working class self-emancipation must come from the working class itself. Historically, unions and councils came out of genuine working class self-activity and self-organizing. Both the bourgeois democratic, parliamentary socialist party attempting to gain state power through electoral means, and the clandestine, quasi-military Leninist vanguard party struggling to seize state power by force of arms were patterned after dominant capitalist institutions of their day.

Then of course, there's the actual historical record of social democracy and Leninism in achieving their respective socialist or communist visions once in power. Some one hundred, one hundred fifty years of mitigated failure is nothing to take pride in, especially considering that the few short-lived, truly revolutionary social situations in that time span, from the 1871 Paris Commune on, exhibited profoundly councilist and anarchist characteristics. If political parties have hindered workers emancipating themselves as a class, can they possibly help build opposition to the war in Afghanistan or to capitalist globalization? Hardly. And when considering how self-activity and self-organization might be instilled once again into an arthritic labor movement and a struggling anti-war movement, a page must be taken from the current anti-globalization movement in utilizing various kinds of small group strategy to create mass protest that at times transcends itself.

So I'm finally tackling the subject I've been leading up to for the past two columns; a discussion of small group strategy as it applies to the anti-war and labor movements respectively. As Murray Bookchin likes to point out, the term affinity group has its origins with the Spanish anarchist movement prior to the second World War. Bookchin had a hand in reintroducing and popularizing the term in the 1960's, and anarchists have used affinity group synonymously with collective, making it a staple of autonomous small group anarchist organizing ever since. Folks interested in strategies of non-violent civil disobedience took off with the term, thanks to an interest in grassroots democracy and consensus decision-making. Networks of affinity groups, replete with spokes councils, were instrumental in the more confrontational anti-nuclear protests of the 1970's, like the Clamshell Alliance's efforts against the Seabrook nuclear power plant. We can see both types of affinity group structures by the time we get to Seattle 1999; the loose, autonomous, highly flexible affinity group organizing of the Anarchist Black Bloc, and the more cumbersome, strictly democratic network/spoke affinity group structure of those non-violent protesters who locked down streets and buildings with civil disobedience.

These two types of affinity group organization of course form a continuum. Members of the Anarchist Black Bloc participated in the network/spoke structure of larger demonstrations, and in the heat of confrontation, nonviolent affinity groups acted quickly and autonomously. With regard to the application of small group organizing to the labor and anti-war movements, I suspect things will begin with anarchic affinity groups that, when numerous enough, can adopt a more formal network/spoke structure if so desired. This brings us to the affinity group proper, which can range from an informal circle of friends to a conscious, tight-knit political collective. Again, types of affinity groups constitute a continuum, and again, I suspect that most affinity groups in the anti-war or labor movements will begin as circles of friends that can evolve into political collectives through their activism. So let's take each movement in turn and see how a small group strategy might be applied.

With respect to the anti-war movement, affinity groups can be encouraged initially out of self-defense, inside or outside of already existing anti-war organizations. It's about going to rallies, marches and other anti-war demonstrations with your friends to watch each other's backs and help each other in case of trouble. From this it's quite easy to create a presence for your small group by doing your own signs and making up your own chants. The process of solidifying the autonomous nature of your affinity group can continue as you start to plan and practice independent actions to be taken during the protests you attend, then carry these actions outside the mass demonstration context and into your school, workplace or community. Talking about your actions and why you're doing them, in turn, will help you to formulate your own political stance which you can then make known to the rest of the anti-war movement and the public in general. You can go on to openly affiliate with other like minded groups and coordinate your activities.

Not only can affinity groups in the anti-war movement remain open and above board in their existence and activism, they explicitly share the goals of their larger movement in working to end the US war in Afghanistan. Implicitly of course, they run counter to the aspirations of various organizations in the anti-war movement that seek to lead that movement by encouraging the autonomous activity of people with anti-war sentiments. This is exactly the opposite for affinity groups in the labor movement. Whereas the larger labor movement desires to "give labor its fair share" or to "make society responsive to its working majority," affinity groups in the labor movement seek to escalate a struggle to do as little work for as much pay as possible into the all out abolition of wage labor. Needless to say, a small group strategy that aims at working class self-activity and self-organization also challenges the hegemony of union leadership of the labor movement. Because of this, and a strategy that relies on direct action and sabotage, these small groups will necessarily operate covertly, to avoid being smashed by capital and the state on the one hand and on the other hand to prevent the greater, yet much more conservative labor movement from suppressing them.

Affinity groups in the labor movement can begin around friendships in the workplace, but because of the above factors, there's the need to be a little more advanced on theory and aggressive in practice. Your small group will have use of numerous direct action tactics ranging from slowdowns and working

to rule all the way to the sabotage of equipment and material to grind production to a crawl. Anonymous flyers, communiqués and news sheets can keep you in touch with your fellow workers. Whether inside or outside the existing unions, your affinity group can piggyback on the energy and agitation produced by union organizing efforts. You can extend your actions into the community, but be sure to retain a workplace base so you can avoid coming off as just another Leftoid sect. Underground publications put out by a supporting press office, similar to the system used by the Earth Liberation Front, can help your group network and coordinate with other like minded activists, honeycombing the labor movement with autonomous groupings capable of emerging at revolutionary moments to aid in the self-emancipation of the working class.

This direct action campaign by clandestine affinity groups to work as little as possible for as much pay as possible is part of a more generalized revolt against work that begins with fostering a bad attitude in each and every worker and ends with the abolition of wage labor. The idea here is a little more sophisticated than the approach of Hardt and Negri in *Empire* who advocate refusing to work to raise the world market's minimum wage. What's involved here is very directly pushing a particular contradiction in capitalism; the one in which the forces of production develop beyond the relations of production, precipitating a crisis in capitalism and the possibility for social revolution. At present, global capitalism has the capacity to produce abundance worldwide, except for the constraints of a class system where the rich get richer and the poor eat shit and die. A covert fight involving direct action and sabotage by small independent groups to do less work for more pay—like more conventional demands for a guaranteed annual income and a social wage, or a 20 hour work week for 40 hours pay—push against the forces of production by demanding the abundance they're capable of delivering, in turn putting greater pressure on those class and market relations of production that already constrain capitalist productivity. In addition, this small group strategy encourages organization at the base, which is the essence of social power and the basis for social revolution.

More about social power next issue. I'll devote another entire column to the revolt against work some time soon. I'm writing these final words the night before I go into MRR to lay out the magazine's columns section. Because I do the job, I can update my column until the 15th of the month, but that's still a month and a half before the cover date of the issue in which the column will appear. I'm finishing this, the January 2002 column for MRR #224 on November 14, 2001. Such are the restrictions imposed on the magazine by our printer and distributor, so it's hard to be too current. Last column, I talked about the potential for social revolution in a long war, with lots of American body bags. The Taliban are fleeing the front lines and the major cities of Afghanistan as I write these last paragraphs, leaving most of the country to the United Front or local warlords in their retreat to the central mountain ranges. I'm still betting on a protracted conflict because the Taliban and al Qaeda should be able to hold out for years conducting guerrilla warfare from these mountains against American and allied forces.

Those allied forces are not likely to include the Afghani locals now that they have most of their country back, so the empire will start taking more casualties hunting down a much more dispersed and clandestine enemy that can count on an endless supply of fanatic foreign volunteers to resupply its ranks. In the case of neighboring Pakistan, the military dictatorship there and its US backers should be grateful that the most zealous of its young citizens, instead of overthrowing the Pakistani government, are going off to the killing mountains of Afghanistan. Better that then have the Taliban seek sanctuary in Pakistan, where they would have popular support and safety from both the US and Pakistani military. There's still unhappy Muslim populations in Indonesia, Saudi Arabia and the Philippines as well, and remember, we already have "military advisors" helping the Philippine government combat Abu Sayyaf guerrillas tied to al Qaeda.

This war ain't over yet, not by a long shot.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

Mykel Board sez:
YOU'RE WRONG!

Two things happen when you get old: your politics move right and your music moves lite.
—Mensch Maier

He who is a conservative before he's twenty, has no heart. He who is a conservative after he's fifty, has no balls. –George Metesky

PART ONE: It was more frustrating than a het with a hardon in a lesbo bar. After working weeks on THE HOMO COLUMN, I get an email message from the MRR taskmasters.

"We just wanted to tell you," they say, "that we're postponing the queer issue until next year."

And that with only four days till deadline! What the fuck? It takes me ten days to write these columns. So this'll be a short one. [That's what *she* said. —ed.]

This too will be where I wreak havoc on the MRRers. It's payback time! So what am I gonna do? I'm gonna write about Jeff Bale! That'll teach 'em.

Jeff and I have known each other for more than 15 years. We died together in a car crash on the way to California. How much more chummy can you be? (No, we've never been THAT chummy. Gimme some credit, okay?)

Jeff is in New York briefly. We go to The Peculier to imbibe and snack on the curlies. Curly fries, that is. I pulled the ole "I forgot to go to the bank and don't have any cash." trick. Jeff pays.

Stop. Let's back up a bit. The Mensch Maier quote at the top of this column refers to what we all know. Famous writers like John Dos Passos and John Steinbeck started as left-wingers and gradually drifted to the right. Famous politicians like Mark Green and even Ronald Reagan, started vaguely leftish and moved to positions far east of middle. The lyrics on THE LOOKOUTS first record could've been taken from Mao's Little Red Book. (Quote: *Don't you know we're just whores for the government? Just pawns in the Fuehrer's little game.*) These days, vocalist Larry L could be Maggie Thatcher.

Listen to early Metallica. Okay? Now try to listen to their ahem... mature stuff. Ask your parents what kind of music they liked when they were your age. What are the BLUE CHEER fans of yesteryear listening to now? Billy Joel. Take VH1, please!

Lite and Right. It's an Age-Related Disease. Like going bald or getting a fat ass. Neither Rogain nor Richard Simmons will work against it.

Jeff has avoided the ARD of musical wimpiness. In fact, now more than ever, he's become youthfully closed-minded in his love of drunken garage punk. *Loud, fast, and booze-laden* course through Jeff's brain like *semen, labia and hard suction* course through mine. His musical woody is at a stiff 45 degrees.

His politics, on the other hand, droop into conservatism. Jeff is NOT becoming a right-wing anti-sex, religious fanatic conservative. He is becoming a right-wing libertarian conservative. A lot better. Better even than a radical anti-sex, dogmatically fanatic leftist, but still a conservative.

That leaves me in the thralls of gerontophobia, I look at Jeff embracing capital punishment, the war on Afghanistan, and Rudy Giuliani and think, uh oh! If I don't watch out, that could happen to me!

Enough about Jeff. He's still my pal—smart, funny, and perceptive. Besides, this really isn't about him. It's just an intro to unsheathing my sword against chronology. It is my slap to the face, throwing down the gauntlet. It's my swashbuckling advance into the war against age.

I'm moving leftward, though I don't even know what's leftward these days. Does the left support keeping of women behind veils and murdering homos by wall-pushing? Is Bin Laden a leftist? I don't think so.

So let's forget right and left. Let's just say, I'm becoming less conservative. Less American. Less pro-strong.

Forget dividing the world between right and left. Let's divide it between strong and weak. David and Goliath. I'm pro-David. He's got a nicer body.

Instead of Commies and Capitalists, let's make it the starving and the fed. I'm pro-starving. I wanna see 'em fed.

Here's the quote of the day translated from *Semana*, a Columbian Newsweekly. Antonio Caballero wrote it right after the 9-1-1 revenge against the Pentagon and World Trade Center:

This is the natural progress, of course, in the war between the strong and the weak. It was only natural that after a half century of the American government devastating cities around the world—Tokyo, Dresden, Hiroshima, Korean villages, Hanoi, Beirut, Panama, Tripoli, Kabul, Baghdad, Belgrade—it would be New York and Washington's turn to experience horror. They have spent their whole lives sowing rancor through the world; they should not be surprised now by what they are reaping.

Get it? American soil has been sacred. We shit on others. Somehow that's "fair." But do to us exactly what we do to them??? Oh no! That's terrorism! Well, terrorize this, buckaroo.

Israel and the US are the two most hated countries on earth. Is it that most people are just against goodness, and democracy, and freedom? Are there just two beacons of light in a world full of darkness? Think again, gringo! When those planes hit, people applauded in LONDON, not just Palestine. Something is going on. But Americans have too much red white and blue dust in their eyes to face it.

Would the universe be a better place if Israel and The US never existed? For Israel, that's easy to say. I can't think of one way the world is better for its existence. (The uzi?) As a Jew, I can't even think of one way the Jews are better off with Israel's existence. More people hate us with more reason, because of Israel. It's a nation founded on terrorism. Blown-up hotels. An entire village murdered.

Scores of innocents have died. Hundreds have been tortured, because of Israel. Sure her neighbors are no box of chocolate covered matzo, but they were there first. If Israel disappeared tomorrow, it would be no tragedy.

With the creation of Israel, Jews stopped being a moral force, the conscience of the world. It used to be Jews were liberals, lefties, bent on equal rights and an end to discrimination. Now Jews are Giuliani.

As for The US, people point to World War Two. Americans claim they won it. The Russians do the same. Likewise the Brits. But would there have been a World War Two if there were no World War One? Would we have seen a Hitler if The US hadn't rejected the League of Nations? I'm not so sure.

What is clear, is that every military adventure since has been wrong, misguided and overdone. Every arrogant brutal display of power has been a step in the wrong direction. Good? The US military gave us the Internet. Okay. But was it worth it?

Last month, I wrote that Dubya seemed smarter than Slick Willie. He held hands with Moslems, held off the massive killing. I shudda known it couldn't last. Now he's bombing Red Cross Centers. How could he be stronger than the entire stupidity of the American people? Wishful thinking on my part, I guess.

He's still better than Clinton wudda been. He's trying to get support from other countries. Clinton just jumps in with the planes, the bombs, and tells the rest of the world to go fuck themselves. Ah well, the Conservatives are wrong. Clinton is more American than Bush.

In any case, the war has just started. We're not facing typical wimps who cower at US terror attacks or starvation embargoes. No fait! These guys fight back. How annoying? We get anthrax in the mail.

And what of those nasty little germs? Are they worse than blowing up a pharmaceutical factory? (Sudan) or starving thousands of children? (Iraq) or murdering innocent people to kidnap a foreign president? (Panama) I don't think so. Americans don't know war. It isn't pretty, despite the pretty patterns those rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air make on the ground below. This time, we're gonna see it up close. From the other side. It's just too bad we're gonna be too dumb to learn anything from it.

In *Falling Down,* Michael Douglas ends up sitting on a pile of garbage, shaking his head.

"You mean I'm the bad guy?" he asks. When're YOU gonna ask?

As for me, it's time to stock up on Canadian flags and take off for Iceland. See you when it's all over.

PART TWO:

Right in the middle of my new radicalness, I get a note from the government. *Dear Mr. Board,* it says. I'm called to jury.

The instructions: Jury service is from the eighth through the twelfth of October. They want me to call the weekend before the eighth to see if they actually need me.

I cancel my classes, assuming I'll be chosen for a jury. It's only fair that I give the company a chance to find substitute teachers.

Though it'll cost me about $400 for the lost classes, I WANT to serve. I'm not a mealy mouth me-firster who'd rather push a pencil than keep someone out of jail. If I were busted, I'd want ME on the jury. It's only fair that I give the benefit of ME to someone else.

Saturday, October sixth I call the jury machine to see if they want me.

Thanks for your call, says the machine. *Jurors scheduled for service on October 8 need not report that day. However, you will be needed on October 15.*

Jeezus fuckin' Christ! I cancelled my classes for a week. Rent's due. And now I have to cancel another week. Are we pigs on the ham farm? Do they expect us just cancel our lives at their whim? You know the answer. It *is* the government, after all.

I cancel my classes for the next week and report to the Federal Court Building at nine o'clock on October 15.

The building is downtown. Close enough to the still-burning wreckage of the building formerly known as the World Trade Center. Coughingly close enough to the smoke and noxious gasses. Close enough for guys in army fatigues to guard the doors with machine guns. Close enough for concrete barriers to surround the entrances with a small space for a baggage check. Close enough for a second baggage check with an x-ray, just inside the guarded front door. Close enough to get the jitters whenever a fighter plane passes overhead. And that's often.

I'd like to go through the jury selection process. Tell you about the other members. The pretty homo fashion queen, a fuzzy scarf around the nape of his neck, the alternative girl with the pierced nose, the old Negro who keeps his walkman on during deliberations, the annoying lawyer who takes control and requires us to raise our hands. I'm running out of space though. [Yeah Mykel, this was supposed to be a short one! —ed]

It's a dorky case. Some bribery charge. An Italian guy, with Italian lawyers. The government says he bribed a fruit inspector. They say he paid so the inspector would say good fruit was bad. They say that let the Italian get out of his contract, renegotiate the load at a cheaper rate. Rip off the poor farmers.

Inspector Cashin (what a name for a bribed inspector!) agrees to turn state's evidence. He gets off. All he has to do is wear a bug and carry around a concealed video camera. They're not after the inspector. He's a government employee. They're after points. The wholesalers, sixty percent of 'em give bribes, they say. It's the way everybody does business. Sixty percent. Wow! That's a lotta points.

On Wednesday, the judge says to stay home for two days. Another judge is sentencing some African terrorists in the same building on Thursday. It's too risky for us to be there. Come in again NEXT Monday. Cancel MORE classes. They tell us the day before. They knew for weeks.

On Tuesday, the trial is over. I'm ashamed, but I can't hold out. It starts 9 guilty to 3 not. Before long, I'm the final holdout. Henry Fonda gone wrong. I make everybody come in an extra day. Take them away from their precious work. Mud. Mud. Mud. I throw it up, hoping some will stick. Every objection I can think of; shot down like an Iranian passenger plane. Finally, I cave in. Vote with the rest. Feel like shit.

Next time, I get out of it. I can do more by letting people know about jury power. I'll tell the judge I will not decide based on the law as he gives it. I'll tell him I believe the jury is the last wall of protection between the public and bad law. I'll tell him I believe jurors have the right to vote their conscience. I'll tell him to check out www.fija.org. Let's see how American I'll be then!

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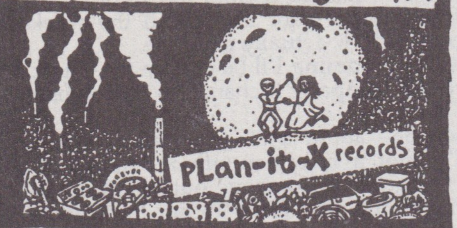

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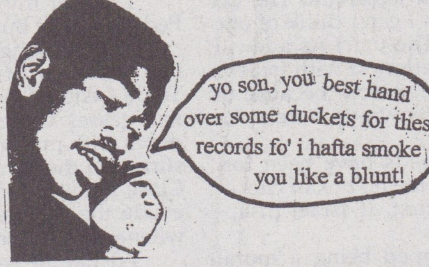

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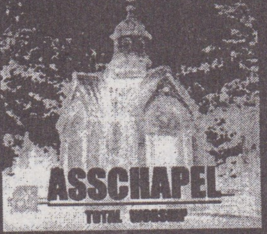

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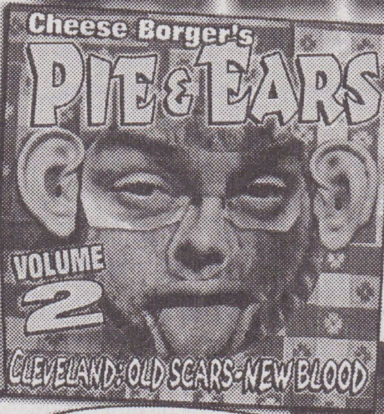

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ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get a few extra endnotes. Except this time, 'cause I'm late.]

—>*Language question dept:* In this column I use the cliché "the nape of his neck." I really don't understand it, though. Where the hell is the nape? Do other body parts of napes? Where are they? As usual, I'm available for comments at: god@mykelboard.com. Or you can write to me (I'm still in the mood for VIDEOS... and now I do DVD!) at: POB 137, Prince St. Station, New York NY 10012 USA.

No anthrax please. I'm NOT the bad guy.

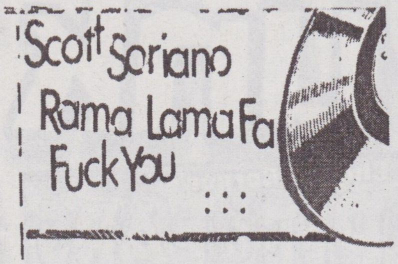
—>The quote from the Columbian paper in my column was neither discovered nor translated by me. I got it from a great magazine that digests the news of the world. It's called WORLD PRESS REVIEW. You can get info and subscription rates at www.worldpress.org.

—>*Are you kidding? dept:* Sometimes I get away with violating the "don't write about other columnists rule" by hiding those comments in the endnotes. I'm gonna try it again. Last issue I saw, a faux leftish columnist complimented the mother of all evil, Rudy Giuliani, on his handling of the World Trade Center revenge. Is that writer getting old, or what?

The WTC smash was the best thing to ever happen to little Benito. Before that time, he was sinking in the polls. His wife was leaving him. He was acting pettier and pettier, banning the woman from city hall. He was going goofy at public events. Then POW! It was as if he rehearsed. Giuliani playing presidential, in control, the rock.

He's a cold-hearted cop with a love of power. He cannot take criticism. A Saudi diplomat gave the city $10,000,000 to help the recovery. He also suggested that the US consider why so much of the world hates us. What? The nerve? Asking Americans to CONSIDER??? Why, that's almost thinking? Where does he think he is? Rudy returned the check. Last week the swine threw the head of the Fire Fighters union in jail.

That mayor is an evil Catholic waging his own jihad against anyone who doesn't see the city the way he sees it. There is nothing good about him. No rising to the occasion. The occasion sunk to him.



Of all of America's inventions, on the top of my list are rock'n roll, Chicago-style pizza, basketball, and bourbon. Oh yeah, and the Bill of Rights. I almost forgot the Bill of Rights. I guess my absent-mindedness is understandable, as it sure seems that, in this rush to protect ourselves from another 911, the Bill of Rights is being forgotten by everyone.

Immediately following the Big Day, Attorney General John Ashcroft presented Congress with a list of things he needed to win the "War on Terrorism." As Alexander Cockburn pointed out, Ashcroft's wish list contains a whole host of laws that law enforcement and state security agencies have been trying to get passed for more than a decade with little success. Permanent taps on all phone lines that can be activated at law enforcement's discretion, expansion of asset forfeiture laws, no limits on intelligence sharing between agencies (including domestic information with the CIA), and a whole host of other rights-threatening measures have been pushed through Congress with little opposition and scant debate.

The legal definition of terrorism, which is already pretty broad (see September's *Sacramento Comment*), has been stretched further. HR 2975 now makes "domestic terrorism" any "activities that—(A) involve acts dangerous to human life that are a violation of the criminal laws of the United States or of any State; (B) *appear* to be intended—(i) to intimidate or coerce a civilian population; (ii) to influence the policy of a government by intimidation or coercion; *or* (iii) to affect the conduct of a government by mass destruction, assassination, or kidnapping; and (C) occur primarily within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States" [emphasis added].

Please note that the above law change makes any act that "appears to be intended to intimidate or coerce a civilian population" or uses "intimidation or coercion" to influence government policy a terrorist. Forget the fact that the activities have to "involve acts dangerous to human life" and must be against the law. The past three decades of War on Drugs legislation has allowed prosecutors the freedom to shape pretty much any "crime" as "dangerous to human life." Doubtful? Ask a defense attorney about "resisting arrest" or "interfering with the duties of a peace officer" charges and if you don't get a guffaw for your effort, a harrumph will be your answer.

"But, but, but, Scott, our leaders would never accuse innocent people of such heinous acts," you say.

Really? Immediately after the Big Day, Rep. Don Young, the Alaskan Repug, tried to link anti-globalization forces and environmentalists to the attack. According to Jeffrey St. Clair & Alexander Cockburn (*Anderson Valley Advertiser*, 10/3/01), Young is quoted as saying, "If you watched what happened (at past protests) in Genoa, in Italy, and even in Seattle, there's some expertise in that field. I'm not sure that they're dedicated eco-terrorists—which are really based in Seattle—there's a strong possibility it could be one of those groups."

In goose-step with Young is Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi. Berlusconi paints anti-globalization activists as a kind of fifth column to "Islam's" full-frontal attack. Not wanting to be left out, US State Department spokesperson, Eliza Koch, claims that Nicaragua's Sandinista Party has direct ties to Osama bin-Laden. Shame on you who think that the Sandinistas predicted success in Nicaragua's November elections has anything to do with Koch's accusations.

And we've only just begun! As this "war" drags on, expect more groups fighting for change to be tagged as terrorist. Also expect more overreaching, vaguely-defined laws to be rubber stamped. The opposition to all this? Very, very weak. Sure, there is the ACLU. And the Arab Anti-Defamation League is fighting attempts at profiling. Generally the public is silent or worse, supportive of attacks on their civil liberties.

Of course, the mugging of the Bill of Rights is not presented as such. Instead we are told that "we" are "enhancing security." Public opinion polls preface questions about forfeiting rights with lead-ins like "If it meant that you would be secure from terrorist attack, would you..." or "If it would make law enforcement's job in catching terrorists easier, would you..."

The result of this polling is pretty frightening. According to a CBS news poll, 79% of Americans accept the idea that they will have to give up significant civil liberties in order to "end terrorism" (10/8/01). A *Newsweek* poll from 9/27/01, finds that more than 60% of Americans support the mandatory issuance of national ID cards to citizens and legal immigrants, to be checked upon demand at the work place or on the street.

A Harris poll from 9/19/01 found similar support for national ID cards (68%). Harris also found that Americans were okay with "expanded camera surveillance on streets and in public places" (63%), "law enforcement monitoring of Internet discussions in chat rooms and other forums" (63%), "closer monitoring of banking and credit card transactions, to trace funding sources" (81%), "issuance of a secure ID technique for persons to access government and business computer systems, to avoid disruptions" (84%), "stronger document and physical security checks for access to government and private office buildings" (92%), "stronger document and physical security checks for travelers" (93%), and "expanded under-cover activities to penetrate groups under suspicion" (93%).

While these poll results are certainly unsettling to anyone who cherishes the rights that our forbears struggled and died for, what is even more disturbing is the ignorance people possess in regards to their rights, how they came about, and what sacrificing them really means. There are plenty of people who confuse basic security measures at airports, such as a ban on curbside luggage check-in and passenger being denied access to cockpits, with rights being taken away. Others don't analyze what something like "stronger document and physical security checks for access to government and private office buildings" means in an open and democratic society.

And then there are those who believe "If you aren't doing anything wrong, you have nothing to worry about." Likewise,

"Well, the government needs this power to get the bad guys" is another justification served up by the ignorant. Very few question the "need" for such a power grab by the state, let alone the basic premises that these trashings of the Bill of Rights are based on. Simple questions like, "What is the basis for terrorism?," a inquiry that *must* be made if any "War on Terrorism" is to be successful, are not asked. Meanwhile, the promise of technology goes unquestioned, the competence of our state security apparatus is not challenged, and history is ignored.

Attempts to discuss the whys of terrorism and the assumptions upon which the US's "war" against it are based on are framed as heretical, especially in the mainstream media. Entertainers such as *Politically Incorrect*'s Bill Maher are forced to recant truisms such as his 9/17 statement that US foreign policy might be responsible for worldwide animosity toward the US. Immediately after Maher's comment, sponsors started pulling their ads. A few days later on the Tonight Show, Jay Leno took Maher to task for his quip. As more heat came down , Maher issued a statement saying that he was not criticizing the US military but politicians who won't let the military get the job done. Maher's refusal to stand up for his rights and his spineless capitulation expose him as nothing but a show-biz fraud and his politics as little more than schtick. Maher's treatment by his brother and sisters in the entertainment industry show just how much they really care about freedom of speech.

Lacking discussion and debate, the "answer" to terrorism becomes whatever those in power want it to be, consequence be damned. The result is an all-out attack on Afghanistan. Supposedly this effort will kill Osama bin-Laden, destroy the Taliban, and break the backbone of terrorism. The media, such as the *Sacramento Bee*, might mention—with surprise—that "our allies" in Afghanistan, the Northern Alliance, a gang of rapists just as vicious and brutal as "our enemies," the Taliban. They seem to forget that our last "allies" in Afghanistan, people who the US armed and trained, are the same Taliban we are fighting. The concept of "blowback"—forces created by the US turning against us—is a big unspoken, as is America's policy of funding and/or supporting villains such as Benito Mussolini, Francisco Franco, Mubutu Sese Seko, Anastasio Somoza, various South African apartheid regimes, the Duvaliers, the Sa'uds, Augusto Penochet, Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi, Saddam Hussein, Borris Yeltsen, and dozens more.

The press also shies away from any discussion of Osama bin-Laden that is not straight-up demonization. Try to explain that bin-Laden has a reason for hating the United States and you will be accused of making excuses for him, or, worse, being sympathetic to the destruction of the World Trade Center. To limit discussion of the mass murder's motives to the Bush administration's infantile line of "they hate freedom" is moronic. There is absolutely no way to stop terrorism without admitting that there are reasons it occurs, reasons beyond "our enemies hate freedom" and "they are jealous of what we have." It is as if we are unable to grasp such concepts as action/reaction, something a 4-year-old understands.

I tend to think that people are not *that* dim. And, I trust that you, dear reader, can handle information, process it, and make up your own mind as to whether the info is sound or not. So with that, let's see just what this bin-Laden guy is so pissed off about.

First off, let's leave "Islam's conflict with the West" out of this. While bin-Laden is a devout Muslim of the Wahhabi sect, his gripe with the US has nothing to do with "Western decadence" or any other cliché that's been thrown around. Bin-Laden looks at America as an obstacle to his fight against the Sa'ud regime in his native Saudi Arabia.

In 1989, bin-Laden came back from 10 years of working and fighting with the mujahadeen in Afghanistan. He returned to an Arabia that was a bit different than the one he left. Due to the Sa'ud family's free-spending ways, the country was in debt. The most oil-rich country in the world owed creditors $4 billion dollars.

Arabians were also peeved at the hypocrisy of the ruling elite. Behind closed doors, Saudi princes liquored themselves up at wild sex and drug parties while those in the street were expected to adhere to the strict teachings of Wahhabism, the state-sponsored sect of Sunni Islam. The princes' European sex holidays were no secret to those who found themselves faced with death by stoning if proven guilty of adultery.

A side note: Afghanistan is not the only country that is a totalitarian-religious state. The Taliban learned everything they know from Saudi Arabia. And the Taliban are not the only Saudi creation. The groups behind unrest in Algeria and responsible for assassinations in Egypt (including that of Anwar Sadat) are Wahhabi, financed by the Saudis. Secular Arab countries, such as Syria, Libya and Iraq, have had their problems with Saudi funded opposition. (Two excellent articles on Wahhabism, one by Steven Schwartz, another by Tariq Ali appear in September 19 and October 3, 2001 editions of the *Anderson Valley Advertiser.* Another good source is Edward Mortimer's *Faith & Power: The Politics of Islam.*)

Bin-Laden also returned to a growing, albeit fragmented, opposition movement—one in which massive street protests against the excesses of the Sa'ud regime were routine. Underground newspapers were alive, as well as pirate radio. Bin-Laden joined the opposition and, due to his family's stature (they are on of the richest clans in Saudi Arabia) and his stint in Afghanistan, quickly gained a following.

What did this opposition want? Constitutional democracy was on some people's list. Others wanted to purge the more corrupt members of the Sa'ud family. Then there were those felt that the Sa'uds had strayed from the Wahhabi straight and narrow. Bin-Laden was part of the latter group. (For more on Arabian opposition to the Sa'ud regime—past and present—see the 4/96 issue of *Index on Censorship* or http://www.oneworld.org/index_oc/issue496/gresh.html)

Bin-Laden was also concerned with Iraq. According to a document received by *Frontline*, in Spring 1990, bin-Laden sent warnings to the Sa'ud regime that Saddam Hussein's Iraq intended to invade Kuwait. Bin-Laden also warned of the Iraqi threat to Arabia. When Iraq did roll into Kuwait, bin-Laden urged the Sa'uds to let him assemble an army of Wahhabi faithful from veterans of the Afghan wars. Bin-Laden's offer was refused and the Sa'uds let the United States take up camp in their country. (see http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/shows/binladen/who/)

Despite the American presence, bin-Laden continued to try to organize an Islamic defense force. He also called for US forces to be expelled from the Kingdom. The Sa'uds promptly put him under house arrest. In 1991, bin-Laden was allowed to "escape" to Sudan. His "escape" was smoothed over by friends of his brothers within the Sa'ud family.

As the Gulf War came to a conclusion, many Arabians thought that the United States would leave their country. Not so. The US created a permanent military presence in Saudi Arabia. Why did the US stay? At the Gulf War's end, Saudi Arabia was anything but stable. The Sa'ud family's corruption, hypocrisy, and backing of the US war on Iraq only fueled the opposition. Given that Saudi Arabia has a long history of assassinations, coups, and attempted revolutions, US military presence was needed to keep the Sa'uds in power. Why the Sa'uds and not any one else? Because they control the oil. The Sa'uds hold the contracts with American oil companies. Any change of power in Saudi Arabia would throw these arrangements into question.

I'm not the only one who figured that US military presence keeps the Sa'ud family in power. Osama bin-Laden knew that a hell of a long time before I did. There is ample documentation to prove this. Bin-laden has issued many statements, ignored by the American press, explaining that while US troops are based in Arabia, he (and others) have no way of getting rid of the Sa'uds.

Let's imagine that the mainstream media had done its job, say, ten years ago, when the United States made itself Arabia's guest that stayed forever. Let's pretend that Americans were vigilant about their citizenship and kept themselves informed about what their country does overseas and what corrupt and brutal regimes it works to keep in power. If you can envision a vigilant press and an informed citizenry, than you probably can picture a world in which the World Trade Center still stands.

Before you blow a gasket and start accusing me of throwing the blame for the mass murder of September 11 on the US,

think it through. Events occur in a chain, not in a vacuum. Events are caused by actions. In other words, actions have consequence. You drop a brick into a puddle of water and it creates a ripple. Likewise, if you prop up brutal totalitarian regimes, you engender the hate of those who feel their ruler's power. Sooner or later, those at the bottom will react. Sometimes that reaction is peaceful; other times it is violent. Sometimes the leader of the rebellion is honorable and the cause is just; other times villains are in charge and the cause is ill. Often reaction, intention, causation are mixed, muddled, and confused.

Similarly, one can not maintain an empire without taking it in the chops once in a while. It happened to the Romans, it happened to Napoleon, it happened to the Turks, the Brits, the Japanese, and now it is happening to the United States. If the US wants to play empire, if it wants to rule the world, there will be a price to pay.

The events of September 11 can be seen as the beginning of the end of an empire of innocence, the big blow against what Robert Stone calls our "sanctified world view." Commenting on the World Trade Center attack, Stone writes, "We have lived for a long time like ancient Rome, relying on our far flung power for defense. To a degree, we have claimed exemption from the forces of history. Now, history has come for us, presenting old half-forgotten due bills."

We are also being presented with an opportunity. It is painfully clear that a self-centered America, ignorant about the world around it, can not survive. What might not be so apparent, because we tend not to communicate with each other, is that people are starved for information. They not only need it, but they want it.

Within two days of September 11, the bookstore I work at, Time Tested Books, was out of the Koran. The six copies we had on hand, that sat on the shelves for months, were gone. I tried to order more from Ingram, the world's largest wholesale distributor. They had nothing. I tried to order it under the titles "Quran," Q'ran," "Holy Koran," "Holy Quran," and "Meaning of the Glorious Koran." There was not a copy to be had. I asked when they would be restocked and was told that publishers were out and that there was no definite date, but "soon." Though I have no figures to support it, I am quite sure that, in America, during the month of September, the Koran out sold the Bible and was probably the month's best selling book.

In the wake of September 11, the Koran was not the only scarce book. Time Tested Books had a run on books on terrorism, the Middle East, Afghanistan, Pakistan, the breakup of the Soviet Union, Palestine, Israel, and US foreign policy. We even sold a book on Nicaragua! And, as with the Koran, getting new books on the Middle East and Afghanistan from distributors is a frustrating task. Our friends at Beer's and the Book Collector also reported brisk sales of the above material.

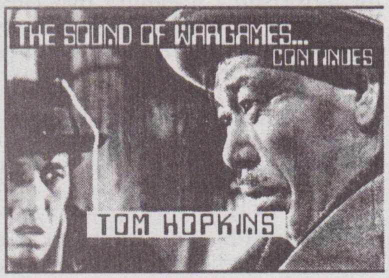
While it sucks that people are not getting the books they want, the reason they can't find the books is A-OK: People are reading. They want more than the four paragraph summaries that litter the Internet. They want more than what the talking heads on the tube spew. They want substance. They want knowledge. They want what only a book can give them.

From this knowledge binge, I see nothing but good. I see people taking responsibility for their education. I see the *possibility* of an age of understanding.

On the other hand, there are the reactionaries: The flag wavers who damn any free thought and the Lefties on the street corners waving sticks at cars and scolding. There are the people who get misty over war, whether it be the war on them or the war on us. And then there are those who just don't care about anything.

For some reasons, the reactionaries don't get me down. I know this sounds arrogant, but they make me feel pity. Some part of me thinks that their time is over. The simple black & white, ideologically-driven world they live in is doomed. I don't think "America is the best!" or "America is evil!" can stand as critique any more. Without a doubt, September 11 has shown that the world is a complex organism, full of many things to explore. We are no longer at the end of history (as if we ever were); but we could very well be at a new beginning.

I may be slow but I will answer any letters or email sent to me, and will be thankful for free records. I will scorn you if you send me playlists, advertisments, email petitions, or shitty CDs of your EpiFat band. Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814, USA. scotts@sl.net



In an interview a few months back, I was amazed by the philosophical prowess of Paul from TRAGEDY when he noted that airplane travel was an abstract concept. Here is another line of philosophical thought that would likely appeal to him and others intrigued by his bold proposition: Dude, just think if we were all, like, just a part of someone else's dream. Think about it, everything we think of as reality, is just, you know, totally...unreal.

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If the CHROMATICS' art is too damaged for you, the SOILED DOVES *Hot Siberian Heat* EP (K.O.T.M. 8341 E. San Salvador, Scottsdale, AZ 85258) has a slightly more song oriented delivery and may be your post-whatever pill of choice. Snotty vocals, minimal musical fill which lends itself to the ever so lazy "angular" description. There will eventually be a full length on GSL, which makes sense as there's a bit of VSS gibberish and musical dreams of art school. Ebullition warned folds that the artwork might offend some, which is code for boobs.

Well, if it isn't our old friend silk-screened manila envelope housing new pal TURN AROUND NORMAN's EP ($3: PO Box 1085, Morgantown, WV 26507). Punchy and layered hardcore with a ringing jangle of guitar throughout. Some INKWELL crunch, MOONRAKER blues, 12 HOUR TURN guitar sawing, and a really unfortunate SUBMISSION HOLD interlude in one song. Don't worry, the majority is mid to quick tempo.

I had plenty of chances to see MAKARA play live, but never bothered. I figured that they would be another band that played on the floor with a muddy sound. I have lived a fairly complete life in the years that have passed. Those unfamiliar with MAKARA can buy their discography LP on Blood of the Young (PO Box 14411, Minneapolis, MN 55474) to see what I based my opinions of 1997 on. The songs sound as if someone with ten thumbs was in charge of recording most of this band's songs. Annoyingly hollow drums that drown out most of the feedback dance of guitar and bass. Two blocks down the street from where the recording took place the singer is yelling at the front door of a house to be let in. She got the address confused, but the microphones were able to pick up some of her frustration. As the discography continues, these songs begin to be recorded with half an ass worth of interest and stellar rock and roll hooks jitter out. Here is a marriage of HONEYWELL and URANUS birthing screamo. And then the recordings suck again. Goodbye.

Soul is Cheap (PO Box 11552, Memphis, TN 38111) is a label that's been putting out a record here and there for a little while now. The first record of theirs that I heard was the PEZZ/REMUS & ROMULUS NATION EP. This was great because it snuffed my assumption that PEZZ was a boring BYO band, whatever that means. Rough harmonies and pop that had me thinking of TRUSTY, one of my favorite bands. REMUS & ROMULUS NATION have a wandering guitar, muted drum smash and crash, and a focus on the off key concerns of the singer. Loose with a pissed off folk feel.

REMUS and the boys have an EP of their own which carries on with a sound held together with a few pieces of duct tape. The raw tunes have a sweet southern rock with a mission fell. The vocals bully their way into a lot of hooks they don't belong in. Boooo!

The last of the Soul is Cheap EPs is the KILL DEVIL HILLS/SEROTONIN EP. Shit...SEROTONIN...it's been a while. Slight technical guitar crashing into tuneful interludes. Big rhythm fiends with that no nonsense power-trio style. The KILL DEVIL HILLS song moves from rich bass, to quiet guitars, to an angered dual vocaled melodic dance number favored by bands on Plan-It-X, Traffic Violation, and New Disorder. Of the three releases, I'd vote PEZZ for president and KILL DEVIL HILLS

vice president.

Fans of country music should check out the DICKEL BROTHERS EP on Multiball (PO Box 40005, Portland, OR 97210). Not a parody, spoof, or gimmick, just an honest love of the sound of the hills and the bottoms. The goddamned Anthology of American Folk Music in stereo! Oh, and anyone that doesn't like their take of a CARTER FAMILY favorite ought to get their commie ass back to Russia.

Despite having members of MAKARA and the SYNTAX TRANSFER THEORY in the band, the sound of the RUHAEDA LP (Level Plane, PO Box 280, NY, NY 10276) doesn't blow. The bass is tuned low and moves slightly, allowing the guitar to circle around it a few times in each "chorus." Chorus being fuzzed and blown distortion pulled to almost mathematical skin-tightness. No. No. No! This isn't the generic screaming start and stop that has you signing email petitions forwarded from Dim Mak Records. Behold, they've got dynamic songs. There's explosive mayhem as described above, but the ease into a pine box haunted by a spirit of deathly metal. Without the metal. It's music for the wettest most miserable day of winter. So, get your $8 to Level Plane before March sneaks up on you.

Ok, I tried to see the YAH MOHS about a month after I moved to Frisco. Due to the directions that the navigator had decided he didn't need to write down, I spent two and a half hours driving around Concord, California desperately trying to find the space four bands were playing that fair September evening. We got there just in time to see the YAH MOHS dismantling their gear. They were quite broken up in a few months. My favorite description of the YAH MOHS is "a poor man's NATION OF ULYSSES." On their two EPs and the recently released LP (Gern Blandsten, PO Box 356, River Edge, NJ 07661) I can see amps getting kicked over while a sassy band rock and roll struts all over the stage with PEE CHEES sex appeal. The disjointed sound of young America.

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If you run a mail order, please take a minute to think about how you are packaging the records that you mail out. Recently, I've been disappointed by the piss poor shipping materials used and aggravated by the damage caused to records I've ordered. The two biggest offenses are 1) the use of the less than sturdy priority mail cardboard available for free at the post office and 2) sticking seven inches in a paper envelope without any cardboard to protect the records. I'm sure the reason some distros do this is to save money. Ok, but please scavenge stiffer cardboard and cut it down to nearly the same size as the records shipped. Otherwise, the automated sorting process at the post office is going to grab onto the superfluous cardboard and tear the package open. I also have a low opinion of labels and distros that charge for shipping and handling on top of the cost of a record and then use a cereal box to mail records.

Here's a list of distros that I order from regularly. Each has an awesome selection and always package their orders well.

Ebullition: Nearly every week I send Brandy and Lisa an order. Huge selection of records from all of the hardcore and emo genres. Good international representation. website: ebullition.com

Six Weeks: Another weekly drain on my paycheck, Athena and Jeff have the best selection of below radar international punk/hardcore/grind. Frequent source of Swedish and Japanese records unavailable elsewhere. Email updates: akautsch@aol.com

Sound Idea Distribution: Bob always has the fan club releases a month before anyone else knows what I'm talking about. Fans of international sounds need to keep tuned into this distro and Six Weeks. Website: soundideadistribution.com

Underground Medicine: Garage, rock'n'roll, and straight up punk from around the globe. No one beats Jim and Debbie in turnaround time. Website: undergroundmedicine.com

Hardcore Holocaust: The newest addition to my poor spending habits, Hardcore Holocaust is aiming to fill the boots of Vacuum. D-Beat fans should make every effort to get online to view their selection. Website: hardcoreholocaust.com

There are some others that I've been using as well, but not with the frequency of the above. I'll let you know how they work out.

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Solid split 12" match up on the NEIL PERRY/JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE record (Level Plane). Both complement/supplement the other like an old married couple fighting over the remote. Each move forward with anthemic determination, building up guitar walls that crash harder than Jericho. NEIL PERRY's vocals have a raspy intensity that guitar leads pull through, while the guitars of JFFB don't dare such penetration of the deep and gruff vocals on side B. And there's a major difference between the bands; JFFB dismantles with a sledgehammer and NEIL PERRY can maneuver each instrument into foundation cracks. Destructive deliberation throughout this record.

I have one favorite band of the neo-new wave: the FAINT. Q: Why? A: Their live show. When I saw these fancy boys they were able to give their cold electronic pulse adolescent heat. Much time had gone into the programming of beats per minute and lighting, but no time to the clumsy dance steps exhibited. They had to be the product of having a good time. Purchase the FAINT *Danse Macabre* on Saddle Creek (PO Box 8554, Omaha, NE 68108) or the *Mote* 12" on GSL (PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177) with my personal guarantee that the FAINT's demented John Hughes soundtrack is just as eager to get in your pants in front of your friends as it is in your room with at least 15 minutes before mom and dad show up.

BOX THE COMPASS EP (City Boot, 575 O'Farell Street, Apt. 604, SF, CA 94102) is the required purchase of the month. There is so much going on in these two songs, but they are still raw and honest. Vocal and guitar interplay of the YAPHET KOTTO caliber, the grit of CHINO HORDE and ethereal melodies of ORDINATION OF AARON. The vocals have the rare quality of fully communicating the music they follow. Yes, you are ordering now.

Howls From The Hills is the new LP from the druid rockers DEAD MEADOW (Tolotta, PO Box 4412, Arlington, VA 22204). More smoked out than their last installment, with the expected fuzz to get lost in. Heavy psych with a touch of prog. DEAD MEADOW's magic proves that Harry Potter is a bullshit children's book lacking the true wizardry of BLACK SABBATH and BLUE CHEER.

"Belle Isle Is On Fire" (GSL) with the LOST KIDS restrained frat stomp dressing up in the melancholy of the ROLLING STONES' *Aftermath* LP. The nucleus of this group are former STARLITE DESPERATION THEORY players returning to rock and roll with our beloved honky blues.

The vice president KILL DEVIL HILLS have a CD as well; "36 Minute Struggle" ($8: Honest In Secret, PO Box 11747, Murfreesboro, TN 37129). Most of the songs don't have the boogie of their split EP, but do have the dual off-harmony vocals. The bass and drum rumble and tone are 80% of each song that the guitar, cymbals, and vocals cut into with a jazzed and shaky SHOTMAKER thrust. The CD includes the rump shaking number from the split EP.

A successful singer/songwriter listen is tricky. I find the accompaniment has to be simple and the vocals have to sing the familiar and commonplace without tripping over cliches or meandering through the banal. NATHANIEL GREEN is a two piece from England with a six song CD (Subjugation, PO Box 191 Darlington, DL3 8YN, UK). Clean guitar strum and ivory tickling. the lyrics are well above average but don't have the pull I think this style has to have.

Expansive sound on LADDERBACK's *Introductions To Departure* CD (Bifocal Media, PO Box 50106, Raleigh, NC 27650). High-toned and clean bass and guitar with crisp drum and percussive work. Just as with BOX THE COMPASS, I'm surprised that this busy but unfussy sound is the product of three people. Plenty of rhythms and drive. Unlike some trios, there isn't one feature that leads the way. Here the bass rolls in steady waves and the guitar clears fields for the drums to fill. The players snap tight quickly in precise hectic lightning and also rumble steadily to a rising thunder. As with other Bifocal Media releases, fans of musicianship will be most pleased.

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There is plenty about the war that I could rattle on about, much a result of the lies, opportunism, and intellectual dishonesty flowing from mouths and mediums representing the various viewpoints. However, I'm fairly certain that whenever I address such issues, I come off as way more earnest than I am in my day to day life. Instead of adding to the mess, I'll just spend the rest of my evening eating a hot dog, listening to some

records, and enjoying the last few chapters of James B. McPherson's Civil War historical narrative "Battle Cry of Freedom." No, I'm not apolitical. I'm just going to stick with a slow accumulation of facts to bolster my views. Here's two: 1) 70% of the bombs dropped in the Gulf War missed their target (Washington Post, March 15, 1991) and 2) An average of 7% of the bomblets released from a cluster bomb do not explode on impact but often scatter and act similarly to land mines (Washington Post, November 1, 2001).

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Please keep sending records, tapes, and CDs to: PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712.

Okay, before we get to the borderline-emo gut-spilling about the dark and lonely depths of my brutal run-ins with mental illness, let's get the record label spotlight out of the way. Shall we?

This months featured label is Sabotage a.k.a. An's Bein Pissen Records and Distro out of the Netherlands. This guy used to be from Germany, but I guess he moved to be closer to where Lärm was from. If I could get past exit 57 on the Long Island Expressway, I might fucking do the same thing. Anyway, Franz is an awesome guy and he puts out some really fucking incredible stuff. I'm not sure how I first got hooked up with him, but the first record I saw that he had put out was the SUBKUTAN 10". That fucking thing stayed on my turntable for a month and induced more than one solo-circle pit.

Here's the skinny on his address and shit. Sabotage a.k.a. An´s Bein Pissen Records, Dr. Claas-Noorduynstraat 19, As 6522 Nijmegen,The Netherlands. You can email him at oberrcooleradler@gmx.net.

An's Bein Pissen took part in a couple of really cool projects that came out in Europe a couple of years back. One was the SUBKUTAN 10" that I mentioned earlier and the other was the REVOLTE 10". Each of these records were manufactured and distributed by collectives of 10-12 labels. They showed up in my mailbox by way of a trade with Stefan Fuchs who does a great label called Bad Influence Records over in Germany. Not only did these records blaze as perfect specimens of late 90s abrasive fucking hardcore punk, but the way they came out was really cool too. The idea of 12 labels getting together and pooling their energy to manufacture and distribute a record is an idea that really fucking touched and influenced me. It's a really neat fucking thing. And it's something that seems to happen way more often in Europe than it does over here in the States. Maybe we should fucking change that.

Anyway, last time Franz and I traded he sent me an email with a great idea. His plan was to send me over ten extra copies of his latest release in the package with the stuff for our trade. Once they showed up here, I'd stuff them into the packages I was sending out to US zines for review. By doing this, he saved a ton of money on postage… and that's even including the ten-spot he slipped me in the package! Okay, so obviously this idea fucking rules. Hopefully more labels will start doing this and get the word out on some of the amazing shit that's coming out of Europe these days. It even works in the other direction! I'm definitely trying it with my next crop of trades over to Europe.

So, at the moment Franz has the EL MARIACHI LP, the STAGNATION'S END/PARANOIA KEEPS CRAWLING split LP, and the REVOLTE 10" available. His back catalog includes shit from his old band, REVENGE, and Luxembourg's PETROGRAD. Up next is a compilation benefiting Indymedia which will be out sometime in the next year.

If you come across any of the Sabotage a.k.a. An's Bein Pissen stuff in a distro box near you, my suggestion is to make haste in picking that shit up! Stateside, he trades with Ebullition and my label, Traffic Violation. In Europe, try Scorched Earth Policy, Day After Records, and Flat Earth. If all this shit fails, you can always write the man!

So, if you weren't around last month, part of what I said was that my name is Wells and I suffer from the dreaded Panic Disorder. I also promised I'd dish some dirt about my situation, so I'm going to do just that. I'm taking you to back '96. A big year for panic.

Alright, so I'm on the Brooklyn Bridge. I'm having an absolute fucking attack. Around me there's a sea of grid-locked cars. Below me is a thin slab of concrete, then a 100 foot drop into the drink. And up ahead is the worst part; a towering fucking mess of unreal looking skyscrapers. So if I get off of this fucking bridge without having a brain hemorrhage, I get to deal with that shit. This is fucking panic.

Brian's with me. This is like five years back. He was my best buddy back then. He doesn't have a fucking clue. My blood's full of icy chemicals carrying terror to every inch of my body and he's blabbering about picking up the new PROPAGANDHI full length. Fuck.

The fact that he doesn't know what's happening to me is totally making matters worse. On top of everything else, I feel like I have this shameful embarrassment of having him find out hanging over me too. So after about ten minutes with no progress toward Manhattan and nothing but progress toward the edge of hysterics, I just blurt it out. "Dude, I get these things, like, ummm panic attacks." Totally fucking anti-climactic, but it was a big deal. I was still convinced that I was in the throes of a horrible death, but at least this guy knew what was up.

By this point I am visibly freaking out. I'm perched over my steering wheel gasping for air while I frantically fiddle with cassettes tapes and the air conditioning controls. Brian doesn't know what the fuck to do. How would he?

But he did what I felt like was the exact perfect thing. "So, what's that like, dude?" I just started to get into it with him. We talked about when it started, who knew about it, if I was in therapy; all that shit. The more we talked the better I felt. I think it was a combination of the tremendous weight that I had been relieved of by telling him, and the huge distraction that talking about it provided. It also felt like I kind of had a partner in it, like someone to fucking drag me to the hospital when I had my aneurysm or whatever.

It was like being in a different universe as the panic subsided. I can still remember what my dashboard looked like at each stage of the panic. In the thick of everything it was like this hectic and frightening looking monster. Like everywhere I looked was some sort of impending danger. As my blood returned towards normal, the dashboard turned to a calm and very regular looking piece of my car. It was like I was the Hulk turning back into Bruce Banner, except my clothes weren't ripped, they were just really sweaty.

That marked the first day that I started "coming out" to my friends about my illness. Little by little I started letting most everybody in my life in on the secret. It was fucking extremely difficult for me to get in the car and travel places. Being far away from my house caused me severe anxiety and panic. I tried to explain that to people as best I could. Eventually, it just wasn't a secret anymore. I had Panic Disorder. Later, I went on to worsen to the point of just about complete housebound Agoraphobia.

So besides providing a window into what it's like when I (and probably other people) are going through panic, this story illustrates a dilemma. Telling people. When you have a mental illness, it's tricky business letting people in on it.

A lot of great things happened after I started telling people. First, I wasn't as depressed. It felt nice to know that my friends knew about the ugliest part of me and still stuck around. Second, I got to meet some people who had gone through similar shit. I guess what it all came down to was that it was cool to be communicating with truth to everybody and having people support me. Most everyone in my life has been really cool and helpful in dealing with my illness.

Weird shit happened too, though. The more people knew and were comfortable with it, the easier and easier it became for me not to go places. I mean, once everybody was hip to what was wrong with me, I was like the kid with a doctor's note in gym class. I could avoid any sort of activity that was far away, and nobody ever called me on it. There were really no consequences. A lot of times when people made plans they

made sure it was close to my house. After all of this started happening, my radius of where I felt comfortable going began to shrink. I wasn't out there challenging myself, so my ability and willingness to deal with panic began to atrophy.

Even today, I still deal with the opposing sides of having everyone know. It's really great to have everyone's support, but it's also really difficult to keep that support from turning into the kind of thing that enables me to go on living without challenging this illness.

So, I don't know. I guess it goes both ways. Either way it sucks, and it'd be better not to have it at all.

Well, it looks like this is it. I also promised a bit on gluing stamps to save money on mailing your record trades, but that will have to wait until next month. Thanks for reading.

Form letters and crappy CD-R demo's should be sent to: Wells Tipley, P.O Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or email me at wells@trafficviolation.com.

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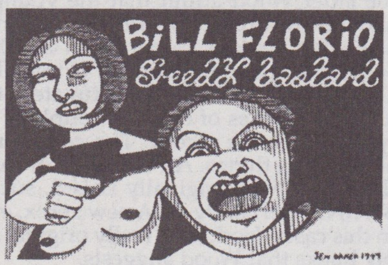
END NOTES:
1. I joined a fucking gym. What's wrong with me?
2. Kristy Zadrozny. A fucking trooper if there ever was one.
3. The soundtrack for writing my column this month had an early 90s Long Island theme. 1.6 BAND, SCAPEGRACE, and HALFMAN. Who's better than us?
4. How come nobody has ever put out a compilation with side A being all bands who take their names from the movie *The Warriors* and side B being all bands who take their names from the movie *The Wanderers*? Are the DUCKY BOYS still around? THE WONGS? THE BASEBALL FURIES?



The Yankee's Lost. Seems sorta fitting with all that's going on in New York nowadays. It's actually sort of a good thing since the place where the victory parade usually happens is destroyed. There ain't gonna be any victory parades for a long time I think.

I went to the Yankee Parade a few years ago, I really could give a rat's ass about baseball, but my friend's told me they were going and they're usually fun to hang out with so I went. I find parades in New York very strange. When you see parades in the movies it seems like there are always famous people and cool looking floats and music. I don't remember seeing any of this. It was two trucks with the baseball team and various other people hanging on and then like ten trucks of people who paid someone off to be in the parade or something… It was pretty funny because the crowd kept booing all these dorks and chanting "Who are you who are you?" The baseball parade is one thing, most of the people are there because they're the same people who waited up all night in line to buy tickets to the games, or are friends of these people and have an excuse to call in sick. People who go to other parades are really scary, like the parade they had after the gulf war. A lot of the people at this parade were families of soldiers (aka, poor non-white people) I can understand that, but why would anyone else go? To see a paper mache patriot missile go by? Its not like the gulf war was a struggle for any normal Joe. We didn't have to wait in food lines or get gas on even days. If people don't care enough to do a little research before they vote for someone like George Bush, why would you go to a parade? Overpriced hot dogs? Basically 80% of the people around me at that parade were just airheads, people that think that they can fulfill some cultural or political or human void in the consciousness in a couple of hours. It's like a Catholic going to confession or a Born Again Christian not killing himself. It's like Bruce Springsteen: people who are really into music don't like Bruce Springsteen or Billy Joel. People who aren't into music do.

You skim through the Bush family history and in about 15 seconds here's what you come up with.

Grandpa Bush, rich frat boy, helped fund the Nazis even after Pearl Harbor, stole Geronimo's skull.

George Bush Senior, rich frat boy, most likely was involved in Bay of Pigs invasion, can't figure out where he was in Dallas when Kennedy was assassinated. Denied being a CIA agent, yet was made head of the Agency by Gerry Ford who was in charge with covering up the Kennedy assassination. Started a war with the Middle East to help his oil business buddies, including his son.

George W Bush, rich frat boy, did lots of drugs and drinking for some 20 years before he "grew up," didn't get good grades in a college he shouldn't have been accepted to, was an unsuccessful businessman in businesses he should have never been put in charge of, did a terrible job as governor where he won because he was running against a woman. Became president even though he lost the election because he won the state his brother is governor of. His big issue is that because there is no Cold War, it's hard for large weapons contractors to make as much money as they have been for the past 50 years. He's decided to start a new Cold War by trying to resell Star Wars, something Reagan even chucked in the garbage 15 years ago.

Now, I'm like a Bruce Springsteen fan at Cave stomp when it comes to politics. I really don't know enough about how this all works but in the past few weeks of just reading the newspaper I can tell that we are all screwed. It's just really that freaking obvious. The good thing is that it's not just me.

Last week the public opinion polls started turning around. I noticed editorials in the *New York Times*, saying that we really shouldn't be messing with the Middle East. Articles interviewing former Soviet Union soldiers and how impossible it was to fight in Afghanistan when even your supposed allies hate you and double cross you every chance they get. The problem is that, even if every one of us says let's get out of this mess, it just ain't gonna happen. If half a million people's votes didn't count in the last election and 6000 people can be slaughtered in two hours without our government doing anything to counter, know about, or stop it, why would anything change just because we demanded it?

I like how after twelve years of the CIA turning their focus to the Middle East after the fall of the Soviet Union, they had no idea what was going to happen even after the first attempt eight years ago. Yet, after two weeks they were positive of exactly who did this and who to blame and who to bomb.

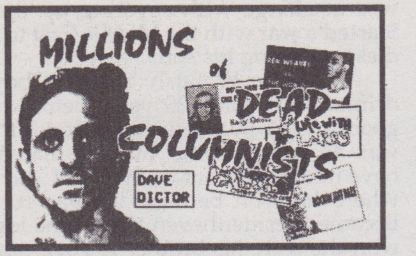
I just read a book about the CIA called *Confessions of a Spy: The Real Story of Aldrich Ames*. Rick Aimes was the spy who sold secrets to the Soviets for oh, nine years or so before someone finally sold him out. Basically, the reason he lost faith in the agency is because whatever intelligence they gather is not ever used to our advantage. After 40 years of monitoring the Soviet Union, every report pointed to the same evidence. The Soviet Union never had anywhere close to the military power of the United States, and they would never start a war with us. Yet every congress, every president ignored this and kept building up our defenses.

Well guess what, folks, its 1939 all over again. The US has something like 20 oil reserves versus the Middle East's 700 or so. Our commander-in-chief has everything to gain by investigating who's responsible for these attacks on us and dismantling the whole region and taking it over. The extremist Muslims will never give in to Americanization of their lands so they will be sent off to Concentration Camps/reservations set conveniently next to toxic waste dumps (I don't think we'll try the gas chambers again, bad for public relations) Maybe in a hundred years or so we'll let whoever's left run a few casinos or club meds on the Persian Gulf.

I don't think that's the kind of actions that started this country up. 200 years ago we were the land of vast resources being taken advantage of by the British Empire. We were the savages, the slave owners, the criminals, and religious fanatics ousted from Europe. Now we're the "policeman of the world." Well if this is true, I think it's time to give a call to internal affairs, if this country has the power to create another world war, we certainly have the power to prevent one. We need a Frank Serpico in charge, not a 12-step Born Again. We need someone to actually come up with some 20 year peace plan, not someone who talks in sound bites reminiscent of a Schwarzenegger film. Maybe we need some terrorists, on our

side. Better yet, maybe we need some music fans to boo Bruce off the stage.

And The Shit Rolls On

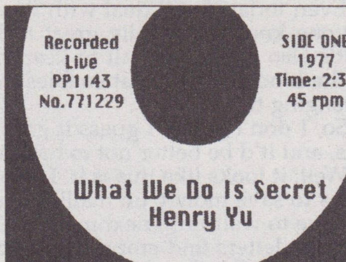


Well, this country, as we know, is not willing to give working people a decent living wage and this includes our newly discovered heroes, firefighters and police officers. And certainly they will ignore extending unemployment benefits and health coverage to the newly unemployed workers displaced by the events of September 11. But don't worry, because they certainly will not fail to protect the patent rights of large pharmaceutical companies poised to make billions of dollars in a time of national emergency. Firms such as Bayer, who manufacture's Cipro, the antibiotic favored to combat those spores produced by Anthrax. Health and Human Resources Secretary Tommy Thompson, who himself received large contributions from the pharmaceutical industry, has bravely decided to stand by Bayer, whose patent will not expire till the year 2003. Bayer will receive about a dollar a pill. Needing sixty pills a person for 275 million people, ahhhh, you do the math. This is the general mood put forth by this new bipartisan approach to aid corporate America. Not to leave out other major corporations: the Republican controlled Congress is rushing through a stimulus recovery package close to 100 billion dollars that will aid not only the insurance and other travel-related industries, but desires to give subsidies to General Motors (two billion dollars), Ford Motor Company (one and a half million dollars), IBM (one billion dollars), and on and on. The United States of America may not be able to protect its citizens from domestic and external terrorists but it sure knows how to protect its multinational corporations stockholders with its eight-digit salaried CEOs. Just recently retired US Air CEO chairman Gus Stockman will receive a 39 million dollar parachute that US taxpayers will pay for; isn't that great.

And for anyone who can stomach watching the news these days, notice how little information we are actually receiving. The right wing pundits insist that secrecy is important for the war on terrorism, but more and more the public is simply not being given the right to know. 800 predominantly Moslem foreign-born people were rounded up by the Justice Department in the days after the attack (one died in custody). Only one hundred and fifty remain in custody to date, most of these uncharged. Very little information has been disclosed except the desire to torture these uncooperative detainees or to turn these people over to a government that has no qualms about using torture. Can't we just return to normal? Attorney General John Ashcroft has reversed the longstanding Freedom of Information Act policies. One after another federal agencies are removing public data from their websites and are restricting admittance to their public reading rooms. The Energy Department has removed information about public health and worker safety. The Environmental Protection Agency has removed information concerning chemical spills. Anything to do with airport and other related transportation safety. Information about nuclear and other types of power plants has been removed and this threatens us as citizens. Journalists will not be able to obtain information concerning spills or accidents except if the government decides the public needs to know. How safe are the power plants, chemical plants, airports, bridges, tunnels in your area? Where are we heading with these new implementations? Also, Green Party USA Coordinator Nancy Oden was prevented by armed military personal from flying to a Chicago meeting of the Green Party, which is currently activating for a mass campaign against biochemical warfare, the spraying of toxic pesticides, genetic engineering and plans to continue the Green Party's involvement in the burgeoning peace movement. Blacklisting is becoming the new tool to prevent people from traveling to meet and form resistance about the way the government chooses to conduct itself in these times. As Benjamin Franklin once stated, "those who are willing to give up civil liberties for security, deserve neither."

mdcops@hotmail.com / new website: www.colera.org/mdc

Special Fuck Mr. St James Wood



Pier at Rave Up Records, Italy's finest punk reissue house, is pissed at ex-Radio Active Records honcho St. James Wood, and for good reason. He, like several other collector types, was fucked over by Mr. Wood's shady vinyl dealings. Wood's label released some punk's infamous releases during the KBD era, such as those by THE INJECTIONS, THE XTERMINATORS and THE EXECUTIVES. These were pressed in quantities rumored to be in the mere hundreds, and the existence of a handful of crudely made sleeves for these sleeveless releases have made frenzied collectors jump through hoops to track down the source, which is Mr. Wood.

Unfortunately, Wood is a drug addict of the worst kind. Last ish we reported on his latest incarceration, for a string of robberies that culminated in a Baskin-Robbins heist. In his dealings with collectors, he has been no more jake. Pier and others have been bilked of hundreds of dollars intended for copies of his rare Radio Active releases, without restitution to date. One of them had even called Wood's father in San Diego, only to have the elder Wood admit that the younger Wood was bad news, and not to expect to ever see the money. Longtime collector Mike Teo tracked Wood down in 2000 and managed to snag some of the aforementioned extremely rare picture sleeves for THE INJECTIONS 45. Unfortunately, the consensus is that these are new xeroxes of one of a couple of different sleeves originally made for the record. The collector world is a bit dogmatic about these things. An old xerox or mimeograph is cool if that's the way it was originally issued, such as that of THE (Maine) STAINS' *Feel Guilty* 45. A new xerox, even if made by the source, in this case Wood, ain't really original and shouldn't warrant the big bucks that Wood suggests.

So, while Wood languishes in jail as we speak, shed no tears for the man. And certainly send no cash.

Rave Up, in the meantime, continues its assault on the annals of punk by its release in September of a trio of smash records, including that lost 1980 studio session from THE INJECTIONS. Let's give them a spin, shall we?

DENNIS MOST AND THE INSTIGATORS were a Massachusetts band best known for their *Excuse My Spunk* 45, which is naturally included as the lead off to Rave Up #19, the *Excuse My Spunk* LP. While the title track deserves its status as a minor KBD record (decent proto-punk with cool drum fills that sound like the EMBARRASSMENTS' *Sex Drive* 45), it's the heretofore never released sessions mostly from '83 that provide solid entertainment, resulting in a pretty fuggin' fine record overall.

First, the history. The band was proto all the way, with the usual suspects providing inspiration: ALICE COOPER, NY DOLLS, STOOGES and 60s garage underneath it all. Then it's the look. Dennis Most in his various incarnations from the wild MC5 hair cum black t-shirt look to the short 60s mop with the paisley jacket—a decidedly non-punk mustache the only constant. The non-uniformed punk look: patchwork bell bottomed jeans and mirror shades further the credibility.

The credits for the post-KBD era '83 sessions look like the music will suck: acoustic guitar and synthesizer? Tambourine? One can hardly contain the excitement of a piano tinkle violating a potential punk killer (save maybe the TITS' *Daddy is My Pusher*, which uses it to grim effect).

However, "Penetrate" comes on and there's no question. This is driving punk rock that belies its instrumentation. All of the '83 sessions are better than decent punk, with standouts such as "I Hate Mel Torme," "Ad-Vice Grip," and "King of Sleaze." Dennis Most himself being the only constant among the different sessions, it's clear that he was the musical brains behind the band. While his liner notes are a bit thin (more info

about the specific sessions and the making of the 45 as well as the history of the lineups he played thru woulda been cool), Rave Up has done a nice packaging job on this solid release.

THE PENETRATORS, whose previous releases were already reissued by Rave Up earlier this year, has a new (old) outing on Rave Up (as Rave Up #20), an unearthed live set from Kenny's, presumably a club in their hometown of Syracuse, NY, circa 1980.

They were the epitome of anti-cool cool. Curtis, the black organ player looked like a reject from "What's Happenin'," with beret and rainbow colored suspenders (move over Rerun!); Paul took a John Cougar stance; Henry and Jack looked like Starsky and Hutch informants, and Spike like some distant cousin of Captain Stubing.

Toss'em together and you got not a garage band extraordinaire with classic songwriting that drips 60s garage punk. Hell, songs like "I (Like) Brooklyn" and "Sweet Soul Music" prove these guys can write. Top this with fuggin' decent live mix, a bit more bass injected than the usual tin pan live tape, and you've got a really hot live set that captures these guys in great form. Ranks up there with "All the World's A Stage" as far as live recs go. Essential all the way.

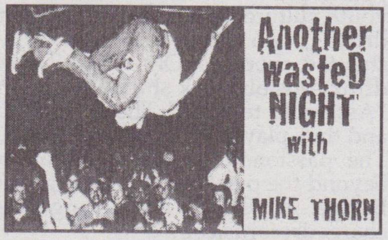
Which reminds me of my SPIKE 45 story. Back when KUSF (the U of San Francisco station) started doing record swaps (about 1991 or so), I saw the SPIKE 45 for $7 and thought it looked cool but had to ask my vinyl guru, Mr. Brian Devereux, about it. "Brian, I see this cool record over there that I need to ask you about. It's by this guy SPIKE and it has a cool crude drawing on the cover." Brian asked me where I had seen it. I should have known by the sort of fevered look that overtook him, because as soon as I told him, he walked over to the girl with $7 and bought it for himself. "Sorry, Henry," he apologized, as the fevered look began to subside and he returned to the real world again. "I *needed* that record." (A few months later, Brian managed to find a dupe to give me, so all was cool.)

After having done an article about Radio Active records in a prior MRR, I was eager to hear the studio session of THE INJECTIONS that Wood referred to as having been lost. Rave Up in the interim has managed to unearth these recordings, and along with the rare *Prison Walls* 45, has assembled their 21st and most recent release.

I gotta admit that I never figgered out why collectors proclaimed theirs the best of the Radio Active releases. I still think it's the least punk of the bunch (not counting THE INTENTIONS' pop 45), with it's mixed low strummy guitar and non-ass kick. "Prison Walls" is nothing more than a slightly more aggro "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" to me. Actually, I was always a bit more intrigued with "Lies."

The studio sessions are well worthy of seeing the light of day. First of all, I think of the band as being even less KBD than I did before. I mean, their music is sophisticated and intelligent, with hard hitting post-punk overtones. The entire B-side is really good, with several political punkers such as "CCCP." The standout track by far is "Panther Anthem," a great rant'n raver with the sporadic shout that kicks far more ass than the 45. The only tracks that are a little wimpy are "The Game" and "All The Good Men" both of which have a slight reggae feel to it. All I can say is Lou Scum coulda been a contender and it's too bad his genius bowed to the effects of drugs.

Email to henry@killedbydeath.com. Records you want me to rant or fuck over to 4309 23rd st, San Francisco, CA, 94114, all submissions receive some sort of mention.



I'm leaving for Europe in a few days so some of this may be old or even outdated news by the time it reaches you all, but as of this week, our friends in the Northern Alliance have made a decisive sweep into Kabul and the papers have proclaimed that the ruling Taliban are on the run. While there are reports from Pentagon analysts that it may be a retreat purely for the purpose of regrouping to fight again, a lot of folks are pushing around hints of the first victory in the so-called War on Terrorism. Never mind the reports of massacres at the hands of the Northern Alliance forces, and all the indications that our warlord friends may in fact harbor the same sort of tendencies towards human rights as the Taliban, our former friends and now seemingly vanquished foe. But in the minds of hawks like Mr. Bush and his henchmen, none of that matters. What does matter is the hope they have that they will be able to pull the strings of this new governing body in Afghanistan a little tighter, hence allowing precious oil to flow freely through a pipeline which begins in the oil-rich and fairly unexploited region near the Caspian Sea and cuts straight across Afghanistan. Control of this area has been a dream of the West since Alexander the Great stormed through the region centuries ago, and it seems that for the time being at least, the global hegemon which is the USA may have brought the Afghan nation under its umbrella of control, which the British and the Soviets empires failed to do. What also matters is that the Bush regime has clearly seized the opportunity which lies in Americans' fear and grief at the greatest travesty of my lifetime, an opportunity to push through the creepily named PATRIOT act, none of the provisions of which would have prevented what happened on September 11, but which certainly does a great deal to curb civil liberties. Bush's opportunism lies not only in his vicious right wing attack on civil liberties and smashing dissent against this "new war," but also in his kick backs to the wealthy in the form of the economic stimulus package which he is trying with all his might to ram through Congress. Thankfully, it seems Congress is spending a little more time on this than they did the PATRIOT act—which a great number of Congressmen admitted to not even reading but gladly lined up to pass with glee and no debate. It all disgusts me to no end. Sorta makes all those years singing about the crew stabbing you in the back and worrying about the vicious PC thought police seem silly, huh?

•

Was talking to my friend Paul recently as he was making huge amounts of tapes here at the old *MRR* house about how it seems when you used to buy a record it just came with tons of shit. Flyers, leaflets, reading lists... thick booklets with more than just lyrics and cute pictures of the band—but instead with tons of info, song explanations, and writings/essays that made you think. And whatever happened to poster inserts? That shit ruled. Now you're lucky to just get a lyric sheet and a street address. Are you just making another commodity for mindless consumption, or something that challenges and attempts to make a connection with those who listen to your record? I'm finding the longer I'm involved with all this nonsense (that's what my Mom calls it at least) called punk rock it's those connections with people that seem to matter more and more. Put some extra effort into it kids!

•

People in the Bay Area take what they have here for granted way too often. Take 924 Gilman, for example, people talk shit about it all the fucking time—and while there are problems with it, true, it is a totally amazing place that just proves what punks can do when they put their minds to it. People here just have it way too easy, cause most punx from other towns would literally kill for a place like it. So Bay Area folx, support it, and if you have problems with it, get involved with it and fix 'em. That's the amazing thing about the whole volunteer-run and membership-owned concept—it's your club as much as i t is anyone else's.

Man oh man do I hate age-restricted shows. How punk is that? Not even letting the kids in? Fuck that. Bars are for old people. I'm ideologically nineteen till the day I die. Bar shows are nine times out of ten soooo boring and lame, get creative. Shows on the street, in the park, at art galleries, record stores, warehouses, your basement—these are the shows that rule. Let the booze flow, let the punx come, and get fucking stupid.

On another tangent, mixed bills rule. Let's see some more of that—shall we? Hardcore bands playing with pop punk bands playing with spikey punk bands playing with neo-new wave bands—mix it up! More kids will come and you might figure out that you actually like (oh no! not that!) more than just one small genre of punk.

Endnotes:

1) *Maximum Rocknroll* 20th anniversary show will be towards the

end of March stay tuned for more info and the precise date–make travel plans now though kids cause it's gonna be a the best two nights Gilman has ever seen!
2) The *MRR* photozine will be out more than likely in March. We've gotten almost too many good photos, so you know it's gonna rule kids!
3) "...fuck you, fuck that, I won't give in..." Defiance.
4) Hey you wanna sell *MRR* through your distro at shows? Get in touch and we'll hook you up–we're especially looking for folx over seas who might be into doing this. Also bands going on tour, feel free to write us about taking a bundle with you to sell.
5) Mail is my best friend, so send me some! Care of me to the *MRR* PO Box. Email works and will get you faster response, but dammit, it's just so '98, 'ya know? mikethorn@mindspring.com

"That's Why I'm Working.....Working Every Day"

Combat Rock from France has four excellent CDs for you this month!

We'll start out with the debut CD from the Stuttgart,Germany street punk band, BITCH BOYS. Their CD is called *More Hits Than You've Expected*. The BITCH BOYS steam right into the punk rock with "On My Way" and "I'm Gonna Go" with good singing, good choruses and tasteful guitar work. The BITCH BOYS cover the DEAD WRETCHED song "No Hope for Anyone" before they kick into the fourth gear with the fast and furious "Bad Lieutenant" punk ditty. Gruff singing and crazy fast guitar parts drive this one over the top. This *More Hits Than You've Expected* CD is chock full of punk rock anthems. The BITCH BOYS crash into good tune after good tune. Listen to "No One," "Shotgun in My Car," "Drinkin' Song," "Alright," "Pub Action Boys," "Alive and Kickin'," "War on Wankers," "Too Late" and "Love Song." This is a consistently good punk CD with the band playing tight throughout. The singing is in English with the lyrics printed inside so you can sing along when the BITCH BOYS play a bar near you. Good shit!

The second Combat Rock CD ready for you this month is the posthumous BRAIN DANCE CD called *Last Will*. This CD is a compilation of all the BRAIN DANCE EPs, albums and compilation tracks starting with 1993's *Streets of Violence* EP on Helen of Oi! right through 1999's *Last Man Standing* seven inch on Combat Rock. Included are songs from the Helen of Oi! ten inch *At Full Volume* from 1994, the *Brainiac* LP from 1995 and the *Can of Worms* CD on We Bite Records from 1996. BRAIN DANCE left a legacy of good street punk and this compilation will bring a smile to the fans who followed them on their journey.

The third musical selection from Combat Rock is the *Se Soulagent* CD from the Quebec, Canada group ORDURES IONIQUES. This is the second album by these French speaking punks, and they provide a finely honed punk rock product with spirited bass and drum supplying the foundation for melodic male/female, point/counter-point singing. The band members are summoned to sing the harmonies and the whole mixture is crafted into a very smooth and palatable punk rock stew. The lyrics are printed in French inside and if you enjoy melodic punk with trade off female/male vocals and refined harmonizing, then this will appeal to you.

Disc number four out of the Combat Rock bunker is the advance promotional CD of the forthcoming Combat Rock/Knockout dual presentation of the OXYMORON CD *Feed the Breed*. Fuck yes!

OXYMORON have gained international acclaim as one of the hardest working, hardest rocking, punk bands in all the world. The recorded output of this band is consistently strong and if you have not seen these fuckers live then you better get off your ass and see one of the best in the business. On the *Feed the Breed* CD OXYMORON plow through "Hit the Road Again," "What's Going On," "R.I.P.," "Twenty-first Century," "Bullet Proof," "Psychopath," "The Day After," "Stereotype," "Alive or Dead" and "Under Pressure." This is another chapter in OXYMORON's ascension to the lofty heights of veteran punk rock heroes. These guys can still deliver the goods after all these years on the road.

Write to Combat Rock at 7 Rue Du Paquis, 57950 Montigny Les Metz, France, combatrock@free.fr.

Bass Riot Records and Bulldog Music from Prague, Czech Republic have an interesting new skinhead CD for you. The band is OPERACE ARTABAN and the CD is called *Pani Kluci*. The band sings skinhead music above a talented metal tinged guitar backdrop. OPERACE ARTABAN sing "Street Kids," "The Shadow," "King of the Street," "Wolfpack," "Skinheads," "On the Street," "The Tram," "Dumb or Proud," "The Masks" and "On the Clearing." The deep tough singing is appropriate. The churning guitar works. There is a tiny bit of keyboards on this CD, but it can be skipped without losing any of the feel for the music. All in all, the momentum is maintained throughout the project. The metal laced guitar work seems to meld with the course vocals on this CD. Write to Bass Riot Records, PO Box 83, 11001 Praha 1, Czech Republik; email: bassriot@email.cz; website: http://www.bassriot.kgb.cz <http://www.bassriot.kgb.cz/> . Or Bulldog Power Label, c/o Vladimir Cerveny, PO Box 48, 19921 Praha 9, Czech Republik; email: bulldog@vohy.cz.

Charged Records out of New Jersey, USA has three punk as fuck items for your perusal. The first punk band out of the chute is ANTIDOTE from the Netherlands with their screaming-ass, punk-fucking-rock, kill 'em all CD called *Go Pogo*. These motherfuckers just slay all the competition for fast chaos punk. the shit comes at you hard and fast, right from the onset! ANTIDOTE blasts through "State Money," "Punk Rocker," "Go Pogo," "No Nazis in Punk," "Be Blauwe," "What you Want Me to Do," "I Don't Like You," "Out of Control," "How Can We Live Tomorrow," "Unite Not Fight," "Nietsnut" and "Come Along." Fuck yes! This shit rocks so hard your dick will be in the dirt! Clearly these fucks are a punk force to be reckoned with! If you caught the ANTIDOTE show last year, with the CASUALTIES, ENDLESS STRUGGLE, THE VIRUS and THE AUTHORITY, you know that these punks play for keeps! Great!

The second punk hammer Charged Records is going to pummel you with this month, is the STRAP-ONZ and their CD "Can't Hold Back." These San Antonio, Texas punks have a raw and exciting punk sound with Sam (vocals) and Brad (guitar) laying down some top quality punk that would entertain everybody, MISFITS fans to SPAZM 151 fans. This is strong punk rock! Jonny and Chris furnish a solid backbone of bass and drum playing, giving Brad and Sam a chance to stretch out. The band members offer up some good choruses. The STRAP-ONZ wade right in and start kicking tush with "Kids Want a War." Next up is "Headache" followed by "Never Been Diseased," "Image," "Don't Wanna," "Old Man," "Warning," "Scene," "Revenge," "King of the Neighborhood," "Reasons to Hate" and "One City." The STRAP-ONZ play all around excellent punk with a sound that will charm punk rockers from New Jersey to Southern California. Whether you are a young BODIES fan or an old SOCIAL DISTORTION fan, you should listen to the STRAP-ONZ!

The third punk rock CD available from Charged Records this month is Minneapolis, Minnesota's ONWARD TO MAYHEM and their new self-titled full length CD. This is fast political punk with lyrics that promote social awareness amongst the punks. ONWARD TO MAYHEM would like to educate young punks about how media and society manipulate the youth culture through advertising and misinformation. This is driving, two fisted, loud and proud punk music with good shouted choruses. ONWARD TO MAYHEM believe you can drink sensibly, fuck shit up, resist the police state, rise up and "Assemble to Riot." These guys have some strong opinions and they play strong music to communicate with their charges. The passionate vocals and wall of punk guitar push this beyond the pale! Write to Charged Records, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829; www.chargedrecords.com <http://www.chargedrecords.com/> .

The WHISKEY REBELS from Sacramento, California USA are nearly ready to unleash a full length CD on you hapless fucks. These bad motherfuckers have a wicked fast street rock

and Oi! sound that is damn good! On this promo CD, THE WHISKEY REBELS pound out sixteen hard drinking, hard rocking punk numbers for you beer drinkers, skinheads and punk rockers. THE WHISKEY REBELS clock in at one hundred and ten miles per hour with scorching songs like "Invisible," "Sacto United," "Streets Gave You to Me" and "Let Freedom Ring." On the song, "Good Old Days," THE WHISKEY REBELS get that great blend of punk rock and American rock and roll not unlike THE DUCKY BOYS. Excellent!

After "Good Old Days," THE WHISKEY REBELS crank out "Final Call," "Sacto Pride" and "Roll the Dice." The singing and guitar playing on this upcoming GMM release really grabs you by the throat. THE WHISKEY REBELS continue the attack with: "I'm Not Guilty [By Reason of Insanity]," "Overcome," "Bad Sign," "St. Ides" (check out the back-up vocals on this one), "Mental Health," "Agrowishes" and "Summertime." This CD will be widely anticipated by skins and punks, not only in California, but all over these fifty states of our freedom. Look for a street date of January 20th, 2002 on Gimmee My Money Records, from Atlanta, Georgia, USA.

Leprock Records from Ireland has a five song mini-CD by THE GC-5 out now for your listening pleasure. THE GC-5, Mansfield, Ohio's punk rock darlings, set out in early 1996 to bring their brand of punk music infused with heart-felt politics to the bored teenagers of mid-America. After a couple of seven inchers on Transparent Records (Michigan), and a move to the rock capital of Cleveland, Ohio, THE GC-5 released a debut full length on Outsider Records from Long Beach, California in July 2000. The new GC-5 CD is called *Horseshoes and Handgrenades* and this one has four original songs: "Culture Wars," "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," "The Bottom Line," "Strings Attached," and you also get a REPLACEMENTS cover, "Bastards of Young." The lyrics on a GC-5 are quite a bit more involved than your typical punk head-banger band. Read through the words to "The Bottom Line": Coming out of the womb the world feels like a tomb/ We're heavily indebted/ From the cradle to the grave, we're always slaves/ Always tugging at credit/ See the misery and the poverty/ And how they exacerbate it/ While we're breakin' our backs tryin' to pay back/ Loans made to dictators/ And I don't know why we sacrifice our children/ But it follows from you premises/ They're just dollars and cents, they're just resources to expend/ Somewhere there's a bottom line more important than yours/ The financial vultures have built a culture/ That pits us against our brothers/ And we'll always bleed as long as greed/ Can hid under freedom's cover/ Their debt relief's a source of constant grief/ To those who bear it's burden/ While the money flows North, more than back and forth/ From the coffers of free trade's servants/ Little girl born in a cemetery/ All around her is dead and buried/ Born into a world devoid of hope/ Little girl born in a cemetery/ Knowing nothing of the burden she'll carry/ Your accounting owes her more than this."

The GC-5 combine "the drive and urgency of late seventies British punk, Chuck Berry guitar riffs, and the melodicism and bitterness of Elvis Costello with a working class ethic free of thuggishness and phony right-wing populism." Give the new CD a spin—write Leprock at Ballinclogher, Luxnaw, Co, Kerry, Ireland; email: info@leprock.com; website: www.leprock.com .

Until next month...

I'll see you down at the bar.

I have become a news junkie. Every morning I look at the blank screen of the television which seem to pull at me, luring me, as if to say, "you have to find out if something happened. Just think, you could innocently go about your day and not know about the catastrophe in the world." Funny thing is—does knowing really make a difference? Especially in this age of misinformation. I'm not really sure. But at this point, I'm an addict, and I can't stop following it all.

I know full well that the television news is not the best source for the Real Story. However, it does give you the gist of what They are telling us is happening. And I feel it's important to try and take it all in—from a multiple point of view perspective. For many days now I've been watching CNN—sometimes I watch it for minutes at a time, several times a day, sometimes it just gets left on for extended periods of time—sometimes I pay attention, and other times I don't. Erik has already gotten tired of my obsessive watching of the news. When I'm not watching CNN (or whatever other channel's news I can find at my weird hours) then I'm listening to NPR. And then I have a variety of sources to read as well. So all told in my day—I get bombarded with a lot of news.

It's been kind of eerie to find a lot of the things that I've been thinking about talked about on the news—everything from having an NPR reporter talk about the importance of getting those multiple perspectives, just after I write a column about doing such; to finally seeing a report that talked about how Hollywood and the Government are hooking up to work together—to get the creative writers in Hollywood to give the government creative ideas on how to approach this "new war" and to also get the Hollywood producers to make propaganda films. When this report came on—my mouth dropped and I probably dropped whatever I was holding at the time. I mean, this is just what I have been saying—but to have them admit it, the way they did, felt eerie. And it made me feel that my hunches are probably right in many other areas too.

I'm a conspiracy dork. As I process all this news—I feel that I constantly have a filter lens on—and I'm looking through it to get the angle that they are not telling us. I'm convinced that many of the reports are forecasting what is to come. When they throw out some of their "worst case scenarios"—that sound totally outlandish—I think they are actually, often, saying—this is what is coming, so get used to it; process it now so that once it becomes a reality it won't be so shocking. I mean, the radio was talking about how the US was completely unprepared for a biological attack back in August. I think they were even talking about anthrax (as a worst case kind of scenario) back in August. Makes ya wonder what they knew then...That is why I've been convinced that Hollywood is in on it with the government—to osmosis some of these outlandish ideas into our heads for the future. The insane future which is rapidly arriving at our doorsteps.

I'm also a bit of a sci-fi nut, so put that hand in hand with the books, movies and storylines that the creative people have been feeding us for years and I honestly believe most of that sci-fi stuff is real on some level. I really think that all that crazy stuff, especially the hi-tech technology stuff exists on some level. What a great way to get us used to these crazy ideas.

Recently, Beth and I were watching *12 Monkeys*. I wanted to get a new look at the conspiracy angle. I was in absolute heaven listening to those manic rants that make so much sense. It made me think a lot about how our society tends to label people crazy who talk the truth when the truth is something that society can't deal with. That is one of the big foundations of sci-fi stories too. It's interesting to think about. I have some good friends who have been diagnosed with head stuff and sometimes at the most manic—I think they make so much sense. And it reminded me of the situation in *12 Monkeys* where you have to assume that someone who comes from the future and tells you what is going to happen has to be "crazy" cause that is just too much to believe in. So anyway, Beth and I got to talking and I was telling her how much I eat all this conspiracy stuff up and she said that while some of it is interesting too much of it freaks her out and gets her down right depressed. I thought that was really interesting cause I feel so much the opposite. I get so excited. I feel a purpose, a fuel to my fire, that gets my brain juices flowing. And I told her how I approach it feeling that if I know what is really up (even if it's a fiction or just what I think) but if you think you know what is up then you essentially have the heads up—and if you have the heads up then it's a lot easier to take all the really crazy shit in when it goes down. Putting this into words, I feel like I sound like I total wingnut. But a few weeks later, Beth tells me that what I said gave her a whole new perspective and that she felt more

comfortable with all that going on and more able to deal than she had in a long time—and that made me feel somewhat validated in my ranting. And when we saw that snippet on Hollywood and the government's task force—that was kind of like proving my theory at the time.

I don't know what it all means. I don't pretend to have any answers. And I certainly don't feel that I have some inside scoop. I just try to process all that I read and all that I see and put it into some kind of sense. And since I don't believe politicians and the government, and I do think that all this insane technology really does exist—and that it's in their best interests to keep information away from the public at large—I let my mind wander quite a bit and I find that some of my worst nightmares are coming to pass. I was reading about how the FOIA (Freedom of Information Act) is being altered in our current situation—and how the "right to know" has for all intents and purposes been taken away. Of course this is just one of many small details of the rights and freedoms that we have gotten used to, and take for granted, being taken away during this "new war." Keep your ears open—and dig deeper to keep tabs on this kind of stuff. It's creepy and scary. Withholding information in the information age...they don't want us to know any more than they want us to know. And you can bet that it's the corporations who are benefiting from this sort of information withholding. 'Cause while we might be in the midst of all these other total insanities—the government continues to be incredible pals with huge corporations. Hear anything about this retro-active tax cut for top grossing corporations—which is going to be refunding tax money to these corporations in a guise of stimulating the economy? Are the victims and families of the WTC seeing the money that all these people have been donating to their funds? Not yet. And so far it seems that anyone who has gotten any help from charity isn't going to see any of that money either. Are the employees who were laid off from numerous jobs getting any kind of health benefits or extended unemployment benefits? Not likely. But the big corporations are getting tax cuts to stimulate the economy. ha. Think on all that—and get more of the information and facts cause this is just a mere rant on the premise and is far from the whole story.

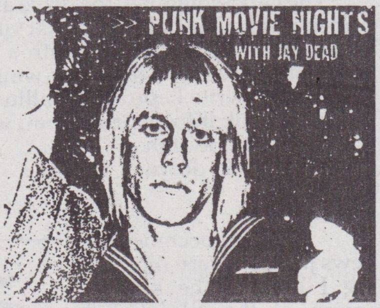
So right now I'm predicting that the postal system which so many of us, punks especially, rely on so heavily is going to go through some more drastic changes in the near future and some more drastic price increases. I think that water is going to become a really precious and valuable thing cause it's so easily a target for contamination. I think that they've started to show the WTC collapsing again on TV because the public opinion polls are starting to reflect that people are not in as much support of the actions being taken by the US leaders. I think that a lot of activists are going to be targeted as dissent becomes less tolerated. The funny thing of it is that most of our lives go on as normal—without anything really changing. And yet change happens so quickly, and we process it, and adapt to it so quickly, that almost before we can turn around and reflect on it all—we're living in a different time, a different era and a different world. I really don't think that the sci-fi world is so far out or so far away. In many cases I can see it coming quicker than we might want to admit. But anyway, as I said, I don't have any answers. More than anything—I am just eager for other people's thoughts and ideas and reflections. Not just on the 9-11 hullabaloo, or the anthrax scare, or the crashing economy—but because I'm so wrapped up in all of it—and paying so much attention all the time—there is a part of me that steps back wondering how everyone else is feeling. Are people feeling the fear that is being pushed at us to incite a fury for revenge, or do people see through that and remember pacifist roots? Do people feel that the fucked-up-ed-ness of the government and current politics is going to give punk rock a political kick in the ass and a call to action and statement of purpose or is everyone so sick of it all that it makes they just want to get drunk and forget about politics? Do people feel affected by all that is happening—or is it life as usual? And really what does life as usual even mean?

I think it's really interesting to see how people react, how much current events merge into peoples lives and conversations, how deeply they feel—compassion or inspiration or anger or even patriotism in all it's surprising displays. I'm still speechlessly fascinated at how everyone is still being encouraged to go shopping—but I think that it's obviously become more about keeping the economy from turning into a depression rather than the logic of fighting terrorism. Although I can't help but comment any time anyone I know spends a lot of money or purchases a lot of stuff that they are "fighting a lot of terrorists." I just can't help it. I think that is the most absurd thing I have ever heard. But they are scared—the government that is—I think they realize how many people are losing their jobs and how people don't have money to throw around, especially when so much seems to uncertain. I read something recently in the *New York Times* Magazine comparing our economy to Japan's—and basically saying how it's very possible that we could end up in a bad way. It also pointed out how the Great Depression essentially came about over nothing—meaning that there wasn't one big event which sparked it. I think it's kind of interesting when you look at how things have been going in the American economy. And how it's possible that we could end up in dire straights before we can even turn around and realize it.

But come on, how do problems with the economy have bearings on us—on punks—who are all about not making money or supporting the capitalist system? Does a failing economy really impact those who have little to nothing to start out with? I guess ultimately it depends on how far it goes or how bad it gets. I do think that those who are used to making do with little are that much prepared to deal with "hard times" though.

So I started this out by saying how I've become a news junkie. I feel like in many ways that is inappropriate—that watching CNN is not the "right" thing for me to be doing. Even a respected friend in NYC in the midst of the hullabaloo in September urged her friends, via an email, to turn off the television and stop watching CNN. But I have continued to follow it. And I subsidize that information with the radio, reading the *Nation*, *In These Times*, and the *Progressive*, even the columns in MRR. I'm not much of an internet person—but I'm sure there is good information at the Independent Media sites. *The Sun* has a great November issue that is all contributions based on reactions to the events of September. It's been really great reading cause the points of view are very diverse and they are coming from "real people"—also good writers—but not journalists. So even as I obsessively watch CNN—I look deeply into all that is revealed, even if that means my imagination fills in the rest. I've got the urge to rent out all my favorite conspiracies and governmental dramas...all that Enemy of the State hi-tech surveillance stuff is very much real, I'm sure—as much as I'm sure that the smoking man exists.

If you're so inclined, drop me a line c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632.



This month's column is going to be shorter than usual for various reasons, but mainly because I haven't received quite as many films or videos needed to actually comprise a column, and also because I've been preoccupied with helping to organize the first ever Rampaging Insane Depravity Fest that was advertised in last month's issue of MRR. I am also doing some other booking locally, and putting some records out again, which when I think of it isn't much of an excuse for not writing a longer column. So I'll stick with the first reason I gave for having an abbreviated column this month, not to mention the fact that I am not really discussing film in this issue's Punk Movie Night. Well, except for the fact that I'm interested in doing another virtual Punk Movie Night some time soon, and if you didn't get a chance to show your film at the last one, or even if you just wanted to attend, then stay tuned to this column for updates. Obviously you'll want to send your films in as soon as possible before every slot is filled. Now, here is an

end piece that I was going to include at the end of my new column, but instead I'll just throw it out there and hope that my point is not lost, and that I don't make more enemies than I have already.

You Can Judge a Booker by the Cover

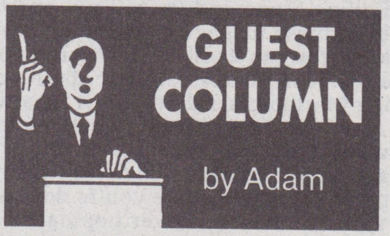
I just got home from a very cool DIY hardcore show. Max 625 really outdid himself by booking a line-up of ARTIMUS PYLE, EXCLAIM, JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS, IRON LUNG and BLOWN TO BITS for a Saturday night show at a little club located in one of Richmond, California's many poverty stricken neighborhoods. It's one of the East Bay's most crime-ridden cities (Especially for its size), so when you walk up to the club's door as the sun is setting in the west and you see punks pulling up on bikes, boards, and BART (The local commuter train) it doesn't take a genius to know who's who, and which punks are truly down for the cause. It was an interesting show to watch what was happening on stage with the bands, as well as crowd down in front of the stage, and it went a long way toward explaining why we love these types of shows, but also why we always run into roadblocks in terms of uniting the scene, especially the hardcore punk scene (which is the relevant scene, let's face it). For instance, as much as I appreciate the international quality at hardcore shows of these types, and the enthusiasm displayed by the punks who attend the shows, it would be nice if there was an equal amount of enthusiasm and energy put into the local scene as well. Aside from LIFE IS ABUSE (I'm talking record label and web site (L.I.A. hosts MP3s by local bands as well as band's on the label), and overall approach to the scene), what other local labels of note are in touch with and providing outlets for new, up and coming hardcore punk bands in the Bay Area? PRANK used to be that kind of label, but more recently I haven't seen that same dedication to the locals, although it's still a solid label that I personally support. If you take the support given to all the bands featuring members of WHN? away, then it gets even more depressing. This may seem unimportant to you if you live some place where there aren't any labels period, or even a decent venue to go and see cool DIY shows, but you can still take note for when that time comes when you eventually do, and what can happen to even the most fertile punk scenes. Dude, international solidarity rules, but it's also nice to have some place to come home to.

Quickly I have one last observation about the EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS show at Burnt Ramen, which I want to add wasn't a unique situation at all, but just an easy show to use to make the following point. There was a point during EXCLAIM's set when there was nearly a fight between some of the straight edge audience members and some inebriated members of a San Francisco hardcore band who happened to be recording at Burnt Ramen Studios on the same day the show was taking place. There was a disagreement about the manner in which the drunker SF hardcore punks were choosing to dance, which apparently didn't sit well with other members of the audience. It means something to not go along with the status quo when that's so much a part of your upbringing (Yes, I'm assuming quite a bit here) and pre-adult reality. That said, you have to understand that these decisions don't exclude us from having to maintain a certain level of objectivity in terms of how we perceive bands and punks that choose a slightly different look and lifestyle than our own. You have to be open to certain realities like the fact that a cleaner, often Caucasian appearance and middle class social status affords one certain privileges and influences a person's perspective. It even happens at shows like the one at Burnt Ramen. Earlier during the JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS set, a couple of 220 pound plus kids (One of the kids is closer to 250) who happen to be at every local thrash show were getting running starts, and then crashing into smaller members of the audience, male and female. There were some stern looks from one or two of the same folks who took action later on in the evening, but no one stepped up to try to control a situation where there was a very serious chance of punks getting injured, and possibly jeopardizing the club's future. Believe me, I know it's not easy, because when I reached out to try and slow one of these guys down I ended being carried with him and eventually underneath this massive sized, sweaty moron.

Easy or not, you can't allow that type of obliviousness to take place without being checked (As Alexander from MELEE was explaining after the JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS set), and then flip out and become aggressive with a guy who weighs 150 pounds, and his girlfriend, doing the same thing one set later. In my opinion. I mean, you could but it's just not gonna have the overall effect that it should have when sending a clear, united message saying: Hey, we are all in this together to have fun, not to hurt each other, and definitely not to make up for the fact that someone got cut from their varsity football team.

It is hard to know what some of us are about, especially when our lives and experiences are so different from one another, and sometimes we have to be a bit more patient and understanding of someone who feels like they have to drink to fit in, or have fun or whatever. Update: Ok, I just got home from a busy night of show hopping, one of which included the final local date for JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS and EXCLAIM, as well as the final Northern California show LIFE'S HALT (As well as SCHOLASTIC DETH & REAGAN SS). The show went off without a hitch, and both JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS and LIFE'S HALT were pretty devastating, and fun as hell. I like the intimate confines of the store they played in San Francisco, and well, I just wanted to report that there weren't any fisticuffs or any other reason to rant even more on the subject of the previous two paragraphs.

If you want your underground video or film shown here in the Punk Movie Night column, then send it and any other relevant propaganda to: Jay, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. You can read past columns at: www.wethepunx.com or you can purchase back issues from Thorn and Curry here at MRR.



Suck Me Marlboro

I know a lot of you punks think you're real fucking cool because you smoke. You rebels. Earlier this year I saw Lars Fredericksen and the Bastards with the Dropkick Murphys. (I know it's probably the coolest line-up in years. For five dollars you can see my ticket stub and suck my dick—postage paid.) Since Dropkick's guitar player couldn't play (I don't remember why: broken arm, leg, or possibly an anal cavity search injury from the local Seattle Police Department) Lars filled in as the guitarist for their part of the show. During the set, Lars smoked a cigarette, which was retrieved and lit by a roadie (DeeIiiYyy). His cigarette looked like a Marlboro, but I don't know for sure, so don't quote me on that (unless I'm right, in which case you can suck my dick again. The second time is free.) So I'm at this show when it hits me—buying Marlboro's is exactly like buying Nike shoes (another thought simultaneously occurs to me: RepubliCrat still isn't in the dictionary). Would you buy Nike's? (If you answered yes: close this zine, find the nearest gun and choke on a bullet. God bless the second amendment.)

What's wrong with Marlboro's? Let me inform you my dim-witted friend. Marlboro's are made by the Philip Morris company. This company has continued to lie about the dangers of smoking while profiting from the 400,000 deaths per year that occur because of tobacco. That's almost 60 times the number of people that died in the World Trade Center. (I believe that's the first WTC comparison in history.) Now, you and I both know that cigarettes will ultimately kill a person (sooner of later), but that information was not provided by Philip Morris. Even today, they deny that certain diseases are caused by smoking. Have you seen the warning label? It's a fucking joke. The warning label should read: "Smoking cigarettes will kill you." Philip Morris understands that addicts are often in denial about their problems, and if their customers saw an honest warning label, some of them may wake up to reality (this potentially means smaller profits). Philip Morris's only concern is profits. (They won't print that on the label either.) Besides omitting a truthful warning label, an accurate ingredient list is also absent from the packs. The only

listed ingredients are tobacco and nicotine, but up to 600 secret ingredients and additives are in each cigarette. Remember, they did everything in their power to prevent this information from reaching the public.

Who cares? I do. Philip Morris has huge amounts of power and money, but they don't take responsibility for their actions. Every year $50 billion is spent on medical care for tobacco-related illnesses. Philip Morris doesn't pay those medical bills. You and I do through our taxes and health insurance (if you can afford it). I'm getting screwed because somebody watched too many Humphrey Bogart movies, and Philip Morris is laughing all the way to the bank. (By the way, the increase in cigarette prices is only a lame attempt to deter people from buying them, not to pay for outstanding medical bills. Meanwhile, the black market cigarette industry is hotter than ever. Shocking.)

Philip Morris also tries to influence presidential elections. In 1996, they were the number one contributor in the federal election cycle. Of course this means nothing unless you understand that most people are easily influenced by well-targeted advertisement (yes, it's true). That's why every corporation has an advertisement team. Corporations wouldn't pay millions for a TV advertisement if it didn't work. As further proof of their belief in marketing, Marlboro was pushed onto the public with $94 million of advertisement in 2000. A large portion of this advertising is an attempt to mine fresh new succulent teenagers (!) because they are tomorrow's customers. All of this marketing has given Philip Morris a 50% market share in the United States. They control half of all smokers in this country (votes and money)!!

The most heinous of all crimes that Philip Morris has committed is their incestuous support of magazines like Rolling Stone and Spin. They purchase advertisement space from these magazines every month to reach the mainstream kids. You can thank Philip Morris for keeping magazines such as these in business. If that doesn't convince you to stop buying Marlboro's, I don't know what will.

Now listen, I want to make something very clear. I don't want cigarettes banned, and I don't want smoking to be illegal. If you want to slowly kill yourself and support big corporate business while you're doing it, fine. I'm 100% pro-suicide. The world is over populated and every little bit helps. Hell, I think it's a waste of state money when cops try to stop suicide attempts. (Why are these the only people the fucking pigs don't shoot? At least they have demonstrated some desire to die.) I want Philip Morris to print an honest warning label on the packs, pay for all tobacco-related medical bills, and to remove all advertisements from all sources. They have too much power, and they're abusing it. And keep buying those Oreo's kiddies, Philip Morris makes those too. (Ha, Ha, Ha)

—Adam "The Son of God" (My words are as sacred as the BIBLE's...cower in fear, peasants.)
c6928316@yahoo.com
Sources: CorpWatch and *Time Magazine*
Re-elect Ralph Nader!!!
Unrelated News: George Bush talked to Osama bin Laden last weekend on the telephone. Bush started the conversation with, "So, I hear you're a fag."

So, after 9-11—my ignorance of political history felt like a great big heavy American yoke around my neck. It felt urgent that I get rid of it. I also shared, with lots of others, the impulse to react. A week or so after the WTC attacks, I called up my good friend Gina, who has been far more political than I have for years.

"I'm really upset about this thing," I said. The TV news trumpeted in the other room. Gloomy shitworkers, worked into a state of nerves by long conversations about the domestic response to terrorism, moved like shadows in the background. Gina suggested that we form a study group, and we did, the following week.

The small group, which has met twice a month since that conversation, is an attempt to fill in the gaps in our historical understanding of political and military activity in the Middle East and Central Asia. The idea was to steer away from the more familiar, more thrilling conversations about threats to civil liberties in the US, and to concentrate instead on the political and economic factors abroad which led up to the current situation.

Five or six people attended the first study group. First, we made a list of topics or questions we wanted to address; things like:

• how did the Israeli/Palestinan conflict arise, and how does it relate to the current situation?
• why did the Soviets invade Afghanistan, and how did that conflict affect US involvement, the state of the government and economy in Afghanistan, and the fate of the Cold War?
• how did natural resources/economic factors in the region contribute to involvement by the US government and corporations?
• what has life been like in Afghanistan over the last centuries? What is its military history? What about its recent drug economy?

And so on. Then we divided up these topics between people, or pairs of people, to research between sessions. The results have been varied, depending on which sources students consulted and to what depth, as well as how much time they were able to devote to it. So far, I'm sure I've learned considerably more by dividing up the work this way, and arguing about it after it's been reported, than I would have on my own. A secondary benefit of this system is that in the process of reporting, we exchange information about source materials. Books on related topics are more easily found than they were a few months ago—though that's no guarantee as to their quality, or course—and some websites, like commondreams. org, have a wealth of well-written articles, as well as keeping a useful archive. We're also keeping an eye out for good, relevant videos to show for the group. In future meetings, we'll begin with a recap of current events for the two weeks prior, so as not to completely lose footing in the present while we dig into the past.

I'm passing on this DIY school recipe for because someone might find it useful. CNN's human interest stories about refugee families are not going to help us understand what's really happening. Knowing more can make you feel less helpless, which is a false comfort, perhaps, but as good as it gets.

••••

A 23 year-old punk rock boy interviewed in this issue, when asked what he is afraid of, says, "getting old." I'm not so afraid of that anymore. I fear plenty of things: like someone surprising me when I am cleaning my ears, causing me to shove the q-tip through my eardrum. But mostly, not unusually, I fear that people I care about will die, sooner than they ought to.

Boy scouts lurk within Americans; impulses to rush into burning buildings and save puppies; urges to be brave and loyal. Many a US-supported puppet government owes its existence to these values, as does many a whale-saving lefty activist group. I guess I have this affliction too, or at least I used to—my inner scout is not as eager as he once was.

Have you ever been friends with a junkie? I knew, even years ago, that trying to save one from killing himself was a bad idea, but that didn't stop me from feeling like I had to try. Looking through my journal from that time the other day, I came across a sort of a flowchart:

•Give me paychecks: $210.
•Every day allotment $10 H.
•Pay back debt every Friday $50.
•Rent to me $80 to hold every Friday.
•$10 to him.
•Food, beer, cigarettes every day.
•Then get him out A. plane ticket to Indiana, B. drive to woods for one week pill-pack treatment?
•While gone get things out of appt. and somewhere decent, store shit, close lease.

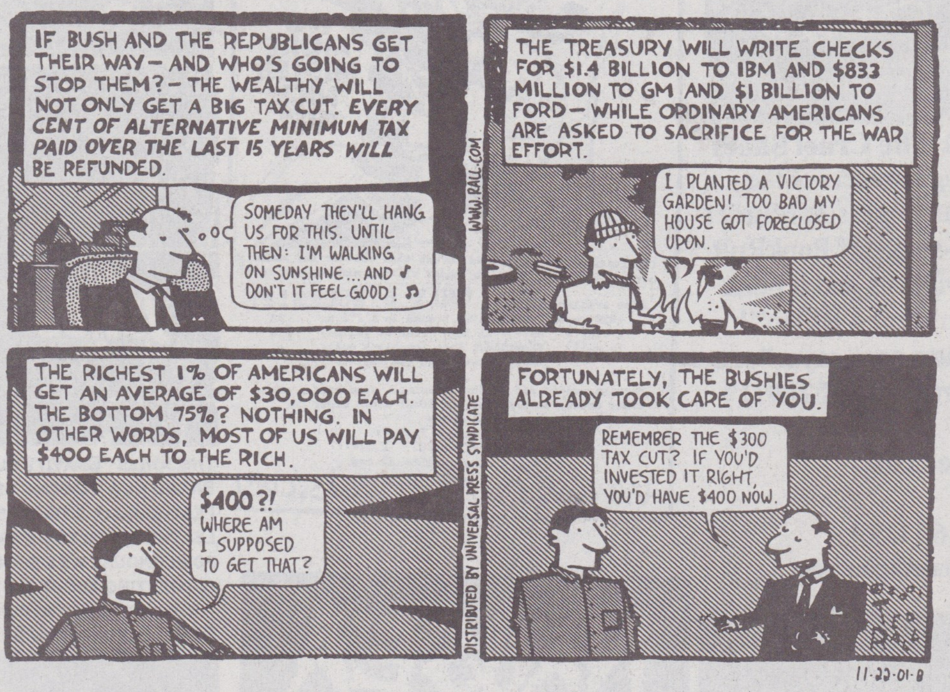
•Variables: Methadone? Downers? Alcohol?
•Result 1. Disorientation, 2. Threat of relapse."

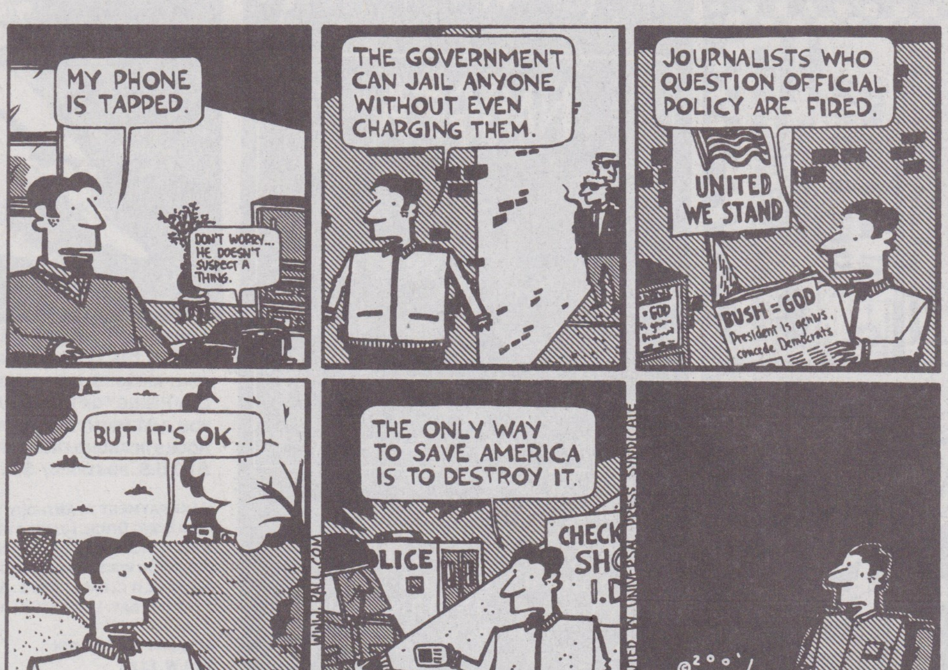
What a self-important fool I was, to think I could stop my friend from following the path he chose. The most I could do was bear witness to the way down. I attempted damage control, since my path of totalitarianism (see above) didn't work. I cleaned, cooked, left vegetables lying around his apartment like charms. Finally, I gave up trying to stop it, and just watched. I watched as all relationships and items of value disappeared from his life, until he was left with nothing but the leather jacket on his back. Then he disappeared. I ran into him months later, on a street corner in the city. His complexion was grisly, his eyes sharp, and his body, skin and bones. I don't remember if he asked me for money or not. I think I would have given it to him. We used to be pretty close.

My friend was lucky: he made it back from heroin addiction and is now doing fine, as far as I know—it's been years since we've talked. I wasn't there to watch the way back up, and I don't know how he did it. I'm sure he had help, but I also know he had to do it himself.

Last year I lost another friend from a heroin overdose. When I was trying to be a hero, he was clean, and it was this friend—who was older and wiser—who I consulted for advice. It's something everybody knows anyway. Don't beat yourself up, he said. You did what you could do. Nobody can change it but the junkie him or herself. If you want to kill yourself, you'll eventually do it. Platitudes, but true.

Here's more advice (duh): please, kids, stay away from this shit. *—contact me: arwenc@mindspring.com*





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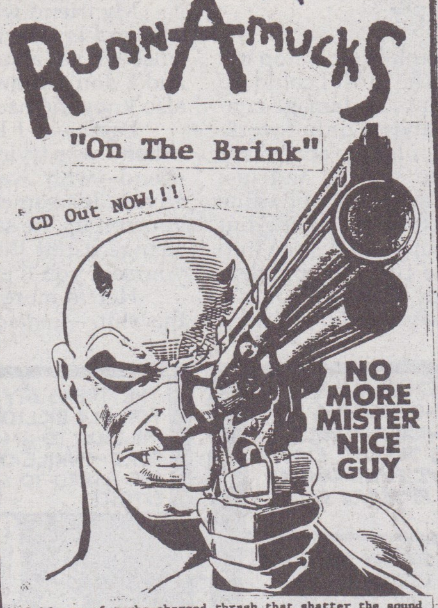

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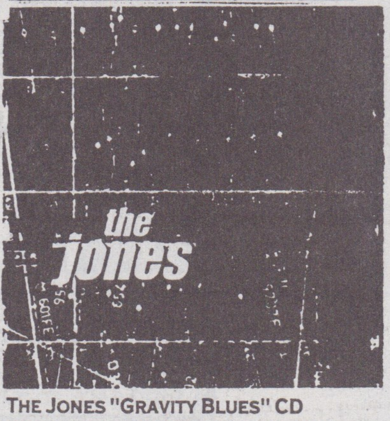

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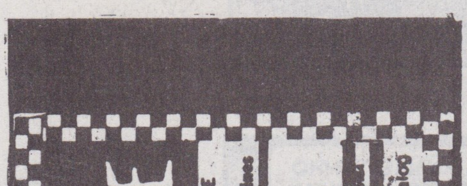

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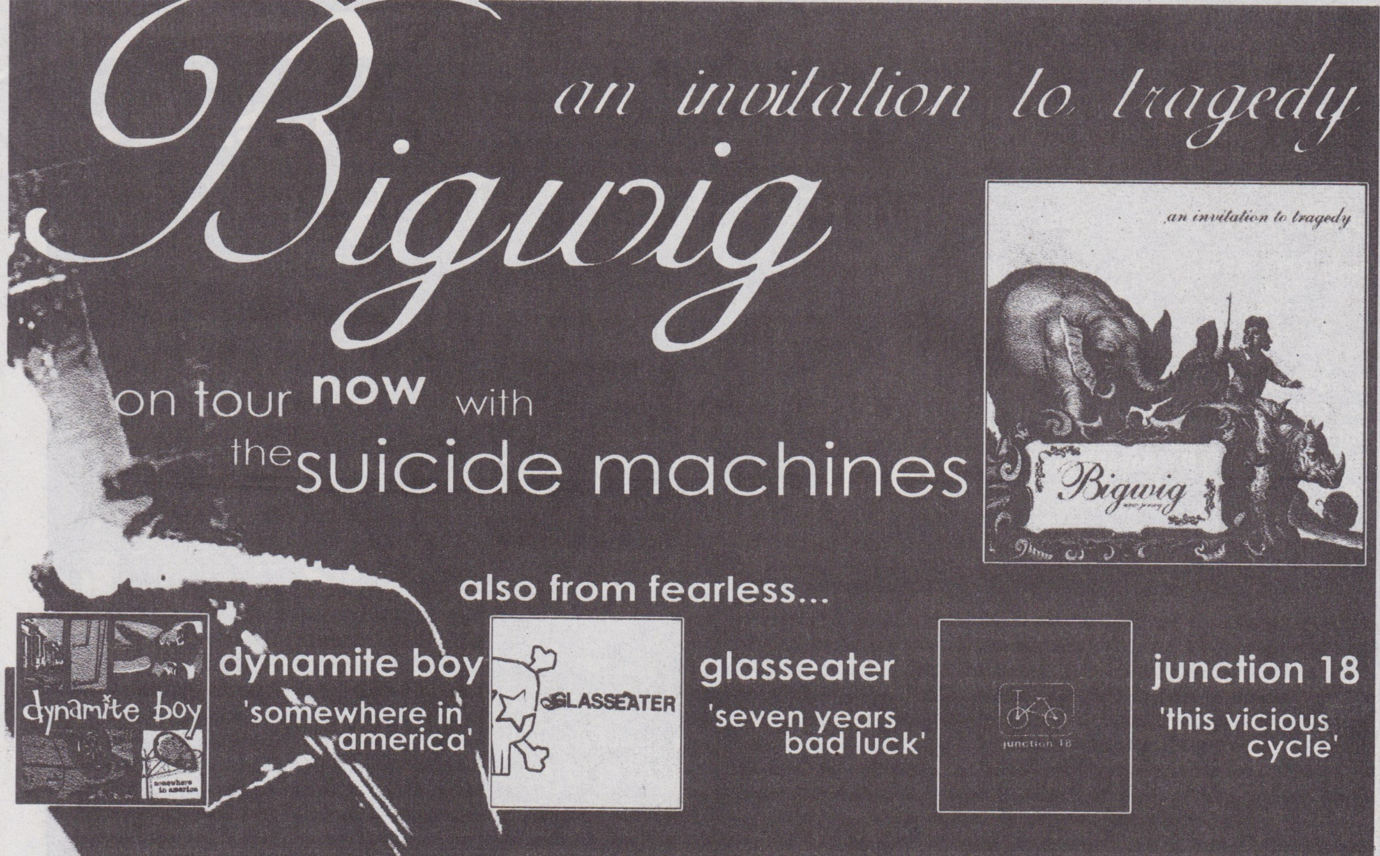
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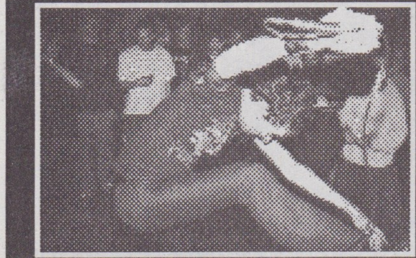

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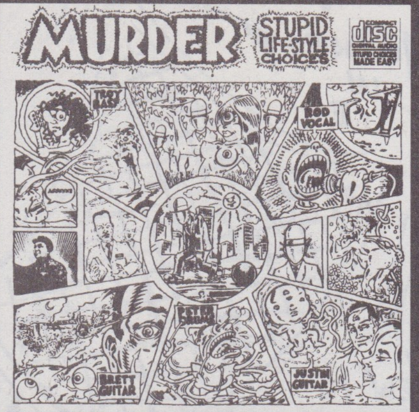

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MRR NEWS

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compiled by:
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What Will the Northern Alliance Do in Our Name Now?

By Robert Fisk
The Independent (UK); November 14, 2001

It wasn't meant to be like this. The nice, friendly Northern Alliance, our very own foot-soldiers in Afghanistan, is in Kabul. It promised – didn't it? – not to enter the Afghan capital. It was supposed to capture, at most, Mazar-i-Sharif and perhaps Herat, to demonstrate the weakness of the Taliban, to show the West that its war aims – the destruction of the Taliban and thus of Osama bin Laden's al-Qa'ida movement – were inevitable.

The corpse of the old man in the center of Kabul, executed by our heroes in the Alliance, was not supposed to be on television. Only two days ago, Alastair Campbell's 24-hour Washington-London-Islamabad "communication center" was supposed to counter Taliban propaganda. Now Mr Campbell must set up his team of propagandists in Kabul to fight the lies of our very own foot-soldiers of the Northern Alliance.

Was it not the US Secretary of State Colin Powell who assured General Musharraf of Pakistan the Alliance would be kept under control, that the United Nations' envoy, Lakhdar Ibrahimi, would be allowed to construct a truly representative government in Kabul to replace the Taliban?

General Musharraf had promised his support to the United States – at the risk of his nation and his life – in return for American promises that Afghanistan would be governed by a truly representative coalition. Pakistan's air bases, its very support for the "war on terrorism", was contingent on Washington's word that the Northern Alliance would not take over Kabul and impose its own diktat on Afghanistan.

Yesterday, the pictures from Kabul were almost identical to the videotapes of April 1992 when the pro-Russians and Communists were defeated. We saw the same jubilation by the non-Pushtu population. And within two days, Hekmatyar Gulbeddin began to bomb the city. The division of ethnic groups plunged the Afghan capital into civil war.

Yesterday, the Alliance was supposed to wait on the outskirts of the city while the Americans attempted to construct a workable coalition. But for the present, Afghanistan – without the Taliban – is a country without a government.

What on earth is going on? And what, for that matter, has happened to Mr bin Laden? Are we driving him into the mountains – always supposing he is not already there – or are we pushing him into the tribal areas of the North-West Frontier Province of Pakistan? For without a city, the Taliban themselves will melt back into their birthplace, the madrassa schools along the Pakistan border which created the puritan, obscurantist spirit which has inspired the rulers of Afghanistan these past five years.

The Northern Alliance is advancing, meanwhile, with all its baggage of massacres and looting and rape intact. We have so idolized these gunmen, been so infatuated with them, supported them so unquestioningly, pictured them on television so deferentially that we are now immune to their history. So, perhaps, are they.

General Rashid Dostum, our hero now that he has recaptured Mazar-i-Sharif, is in the habit of punishing his soldiers by tying them to tank tracks and then driving the tanks around his barracks' square to turn them into mincemeat. You wouldn't have thought this, would you, when you heard the jubilant reports of General Dostum's victory on Monday night?

Nor would you have thought, listening to the reports from Afghanistan yesterday, that the Northern Alliance was responsible for more than 80 per cent of the drug exports from the country in the aftermath of the Taliban's prohibition of drug cultivation. I have a ghostly memory of writing this story before, not about the Taliban but about the KLA in Kosovo, a guerrilla army which was partly funded by drugs and which, once its political aspirations had been met by NATO's occupation of the Serbian province went on to become "terrorists" (our former Foreign Secretary's memorable description) inside Macedonia. True, NATO's wheel of fortune moves in mysterious ways but it's not difficult to understand how our allies – praised rather than controlled – follow their own agenda.

Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan: "The Dagger of the Northern Alliance" Sharpened by the US

Spokesperson for the Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan, the oldest women's humanitarian and political organization in Afghanistan, Tahmeena Faryal said:

Despite the claim of the U.S. that only military and terrorist bases of the Taliban and Al Qaeda would be struck and that its actions would be accurately targeted and proportionate, what we have witnessed for the past many days leaves no doubt that this invasion will shed the blood of numerous women, men, children, young and old of our country...The U.S. and its allies were supporting the policies that helped foster Osama bin Ladin and the Taliban. Today they are sharpening the dagger of the 'Northern Alliance.' So many of those now involved in what has come to be called the Northern Alliance have the blood of our beloved people on their hands, as of course do the Taliban. Their sustained atrocities have been well documented by independent international human rights organizations such as Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch, and others. From 1992 to 1996 in particular, these forces waged a brutal war against women, using rape, torture, abduction and forced marriage as their weapons. Many women committed suicide during this period as their only escape. Any initiative to establish a broad-based government must exclude all Taliban and other criminal Jehadi factions, unless and until a specific faction or person has been absolved of war crimes and crimes against humanity. Otherwise, the people will again be plunged into the living hell that engulfed our country from 1992 to 1996--under elements now involved in the Northern Alliance-- and continues to the present under the Taliban. The continuation of U.S. attacks and the increase in the number of innocent civilian victims not only gives an excuse to the Taliban, but also will cause the empowering of the fundamentalist forces in the region and even elsewhere in the world.

Torture, treachery and spies; covert war in Afghanistan

By Jason Burke, Peshawar
The Observer UK; November 4, 2001

"Meanwhile, the CIA prepares for a next phase in its war on terrorism on the ground, and the issue of torture comes to the fore as a legal and political hot potato in Washington. Behind the scenes, reports from Washington say that the agency is now short of agents who know how to torture or to extract information. The CIA was amply staffed with people who developed torture expertise during the 'dirty wars' in Central and South America, but these agents have gone into retirement. Now the agency is trying to redevelop and retrain agents in rough interrogation techniques. Among them are the use of high-decibel music, and recordings of dying people and animals. One intelligence source told The Observer that former agents are being drafted back to advise the CIA on how to conduct 'interrogations involving an element of physical pressure."

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Thousands Protest Army School at Fort Benning

By Elliott Minor
Associated Press; November 19, 2001

Thousands of demonstrators marched outside Fort Benning Sunday to protest a former Army school they blame for alleged human rights violations against Latin American civilians. About 40 people were taken into custody.

During the annual funeral march to the front gate of the post, protesters carried signs reading "Imperialist Assassins" and created a memorial to the alleged victims of graduates of the School of the Americas, which was a training center for Latin American soldiers. Some stuck crosses through the chain-link fence.

"I wanted to bear witness to these deeds by SOA graduates – to take a stand against terrorism wherever it happens to be," said Ralph Armbruster, a social science teacher from Santa Barbara, Calif.

The crowd, estimated by police at 6,000 to 7,000, included senior citizens and veterans. The annual demonstration at the gates of Fort Benning commemorates the Nov. 16,1989, killings in El Salvador of six Jesuit priests, to which some of the school's graduates have been linked.

With the United States at war against terrorists and Americans riding a patriotic wave, organizers said it was more important than ever to protest the former school.

"We are fighting terrorism out there in other parts of the world, but here we are harboring and training terrorists," the Rev. Roy Bourgeois, who founded School of the Americas Watch in 1990, said Saturday.

The Army closed its School of the Americas in December after a decade of protests. A month later, SOA was replaced by the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation, which is operated by the Department of Defense. The DOD says the institute's new mission is to focus on 21st century challenges, not the bloody Latin American insurgencies of the 1980s.

School of the Americas Watch: http://www.soaw.org.

Thousands Call for End to War in London March

By Hannah Cowdy
Reuters; November 18, 2001

Chanting slogans and waving banners, thousands of protesters marched across London on Sunday calling for an end to the U.S. bombing of Afghanistan.

Demonstrators of different ages, religions and backgrounds chanted "Bush, Blair, CIA, how many kids have you killed today?" and waved placards urging "Stop the War" and "Not In My Name.".

The Stop the War Coalition estimated that 100,000 people attended the march, which they said was the biggest of its kind since the Vietnam War three decades ago.

"This is absolutely massive. We've never had such a variety of people coming together with one voice. This really shows that people do not support the bombing," said Stop the War spokesman Mike Marqusee.

Holding Terrorists Accountable? It Depends on the Color and the Cause...

By Tim Wise
November 4, 2001 / Znet (http://www.zmag.net)

Members of his terrorist organization and network have killed Americans, on American soil. Those inspired by his message have engaged in a mass atrocity: blowing innocent people out of their offices as the building where they worked crumbled to the ground. He himself has called for total war against the enemy in an effort to "cleanse" the United States. He has said that although innocent people will die in such an effort, "it is necessary, and because it is necessary, it is good." Seven years ago he warned of potential pending attacks when he wrote: "New Yorkers who work in tall office buildings--anything close to the size of the World Trade Center--might consider wearing hardhats to work..."

Osama bin Laden? Not even close. And unlike bin Laden, who is now a marked man despite little concrete evidence linking him to the attacks of September 11th, this individual has not been targeted for elimination by the United States government. No one is speaking of "bringing him to justice," or holding him accountable for the actions attributable to his associates and devotees.

And unlike bin Laden, whose whereabouts are unknown, the address of the person about whom I speak is well known. He is not in hiding, and doesn't move around. He's so easy to find that 60 Minutes' Mike Wallace simply sauntered up to his home a couple of years ago and had a chat with him. His phone number is (304) 653-4600.

His name is William Pierce, and he lives in Mill Point, West Virginia, with a P.O. Box at the post office in nearby Hillsboro. He is a longtime neo-Nazi who calls Hitler the "greatest man of our era" and advocates the liquidation of all non-whites in the U.S. His novel, *The Turner Diaries* (written under a pseudonym) apparently served as the inspiration for Timothy McVeigh's attack on the Murray Building in Oklahoma City, much the way we are told Osama bin Laden's words have inspired Islamic terrorism, even if he is not directly involved in the planning process.

In Pierce's book, white "patriots" blow up a federal building using the same materials as those used by McVeigh, packed in a truck like the one McVeigh used, at the same time of day as the one exploded by McVeigh. They then launch a race war, slaughtering non-whites, race-"mixers," gays, lesbians and Jews, before dropping nuclear weapons on Israel. McVeigh was, according to former soldiers who served with him in the Persian Gulf, obsessed with the book, and inspired by its author. In the days before the bombing he sent clippings of the book to his sister, explaining that "something big" was going to happen, and when arrested had copies of Turner Diaries' passages in his car.

Over the years, other followers of Pierce and members of his group, the National Alliance, have engaged in armed robberies, shootouts with law enforcement, and murders in at least a half dozen states. They have plotted to commit mass murder in multiple bombings, foiled only by premature detonation of the devices in question. The Order--a neo-Nazi gang that committed a series of robberies and killed Denver radio talk show host Alan Berg in 1984--was led by Alliance members, including Robert Matthews who left Pierce $50,000 in life insurance benefits after his death during a shootout with the FBI.

Pierce's weekly radio broadcasts regularly call for the elimination of anyone who isn't white, and his group encourages members to raid military bases in search of weapons and ammunition. Yet no one is calling for him to be brought in "dead or alive" as President Bush recently did regarding bin Laden.

While President Bush and media pundits warn of bin-Laden's associates "living among us," the National Alliance has at least 16 active cells nationwide, engaged in activity in at least 26 states, a membership hovering around 1,000, and thousands more listening to their shortwave radio broadcasts and reading the materials on their website.

On those broadcasts and the website, readers and listeners can see and hear Pierce call for "a racially clean area of the earth for the development of our people," with "no non-whites in our living space." They can hear him speak of the mass slaughter that he terms the "final cleansing," and the need to eliminate all Jews and race "traitors." For these latter groups he says, "we must hunt them down and get rid of them."

On August 15th of this year, Pierce broadcast the following message: "We really have become too civilized and have forgotten one of Mother Nature's most basic rules: Two different types of animal cannot permanently occupy exactly the same ecological niche. One eventually must drive the other into extinction..." "We must have exclusive possession of those portions of this planet which constitute suitable habitat for us...in order to obtain and maintain that exclusive possession, we must be prepared to kill, to annihilate, any and all competitors."

But despite the open support for mass murder, and despite the actual violence carried out by Alliance members and Pierce acolytes over the past two decades, few people are aware of this neo-Nazi terror network, nor does the President seem concerned about it. One gets the impression that in the eyes of American officialdom, some terrorists pose a threat to the country and others don't. Some terrorist actions result in calls for racial or ethnic profiling of those "fitting the description" and others don't. After all, when have white guys ever been profiled just because some white guys like McVeigh, or Pierce, or others of their ilk committed atrocities, advocated murder, and engaged in criminal activity? The answer is never, of course.

Profiling and war are things we offer to those who look different from us, speak differently than us, and are easy to identify without inconveniencing the dominant majority. Arabs, Muslims, and people of color generally, make easy targets. Not so white guys. Not so William Pierce. And homegrown white terrorists can't be as effectively used to justify huge military buildups, or new powers for the CIA, as a perceived foreign threat can. For an Administration desperately in need of an enemy to justify its desire for massive new military expenditures, only the dark, dangerous image of the outsider will do.

[...] While the media was quick to broadcast footage of select Palestinians celebrating in the wake of the World Trade Center attacks, they said nothing about the spirited discussions on National Alliance message boards, where members of the group were expressing elation at the day's events. Within minutes of the World Trade Center's collapse, Alliance members were logging on to the group's chat room boards to say things like: "the World Trade Centers (and) the Pentagon have had their noses removed from Jewish rectums and smothered in the heap of shit they created! I'm sure like me you are all jumping out of your skin with excitement right now!" Or this, from a member in New York at the time of the attacks: "...there is extreme chaos everywhere. Many people are helpless and in a state of panic. I am happy to have a reservoir of deep knowledge about this from all I have learned from the alliance...I AM STRONG, PREPARED AND IN CONTROL!!!"

Shortly after the attack, Billy Roper, the Deputy Membership Coordinator for the Alliance wrote: "the enemy of our enemy is, for now at least, our friends...we may not want them marrying our daughters...but anyone who is willing to drive a plane into a building to kill Jews is alright by me. I wish our members had half as much testicular fortitude."

Beyond merely pointing out that there are indeed white folks every bit as fanatical and dangerous as the members of al-Qaeda, and that indeed some of those were pleased with the most recent terrorist attacks on America, another point should be made.

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If, as is likely, the renewed emphasis on "Arab terrorism" or "Muslim extremism" results in heightened suspicion and profiling of those who are Arab, Muslim, or appear to be, the result may be that America will let down its guard to these other kinds of dangers. The Tim McVeighs and followers of Bill Pierce will fly below the radar of the nation's new security apparatus. No one will be looking for them.

This is not to say that such groups should literally be bombed, their members arrested, and those who look like them profiled. Just as such actions are ineffective and overbroad and authoritarian when applied to presumed Arab terrorists, so too would they be when applied to white supremacists.

But the inconsistency is worth noting, as is the danger that could logically flow from that inconsistency. If a member of the National Alliance, or some other group seeking to foment a race war wanted to commit a major terrorist attack, now would be the time to do it, as they would likely evade suspicion and detection, so busy are folks looking for danger with dark skin, long beards and a turban.

It is in this sense that any kind of racial, ethnic, national or religious profiling is an utter waste of time, and potentially capable of increasing the risks to innocent people, not to mention ethically unjust.

Terrorism has many faces, more than a few of which are white, just like those of most of the folks calling for war against Afghanistan. And yet never have they called for war against West Virginia. Nor did they call for war against Idaho when that state played host to the Aryan Nation's compound: a place that had nurtured and inspired Buford Furrow, the individual who shot up a Jewish Community Center in Los Angeles and killed a Filipino postman two years ago.

So when you hear the President speak of "bringing the terrorists to justice or bringing justice to the terrorists," just remember that although all terrorists are equal in the eyes of the law, some are more equal than others.

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Presidential Military Tribunals Order Threatens Fundamental Principles of Justice

November 15, 2001

Amnesty International is deeply troubled by the Military Order signed by President George W. Bush on 13 November allowing for the trial by special military commissions of non-US citizens suspected of involvement in "international terrorism." Since the attacks in the USA on 11 September, Amnesty International has been calling for anyone suspected of involvement in these crimes to be brought to justice in accordance with international standards for a fair trial. This sweeping presidential order bypasses those fundamental principles, in contravention of US obligations under international law, specifically the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, ratified by the USA in 1992. As such it is unacceptable and should be revoked.

Amnesty International is particularly concerned that the Military Order: is discriminatory by affording foreign nationals a lower standard of justice than US nationals; gives unfettered and unchallengeable discretionary power to the executive to decide whom will be prosecuted and under what rules, as well as to review convictions and sentences. This is inconsistent with the principle of the separation of the executive and the judiciary; expressly bypasses the normal principles of law and rules of evidence applied in the trials of people charged with criminal offences in the US courts; provides no right of appeal against conviction or sentence to a higher court, or access to redress for any human rights violations that may occur during arrest, detention or prosecution. Amnesty International believes that the Military Order creates a parallel system which violates fundamental principles of justice in any circumstances, including in times of war. For example, the 1949 Geneva Conventions, ratified by the USA in 1955, require that prisoners of war must be tried in courts which guarantee fundamental rights of fairness, including the right of appeal.

It is precisely in such times that the principles of fair justice must be scrupulously upheld. The suffering of the victims of the attacks of 11 September, their families, and the public at large, deserves no less.

WTO Back on the Slow Track

Mark Weisbrot,
AlterNet; November 16, 2001

"Free trade" ideologues scoffed at the Teamsters and turtles that converged on Seattle two years ago, protesting the WTO's disregard for the environment and labor. The WTO was the last best hope for the world's poor, they said.

But the rules of the WTO are, by any honest accounting, a net loss for the developing countries of the world. In fact, that is one of the main reasons for the lack of progress at the ministerial meeting just concluded in Doha, Qatar: these countries are beginning to defend their interests.

It is ironic but fitting that one of the major sore points between North and South was disagreement over "intellectual property rights." A compromise was reached at Doha, but it will by no means resolve this contentious issue. The WTO has presented itself as an organization dedicated to "free trade," yet its rules on intellectual property -- for example, patents -- constitute the most costly and dangerous form of protectionism in the world.

If we add up the cost of this protectionism to developing countries, it runs into the tens of billions of dollars annually -- perhaps even more. Even if the United States, Europe, Japan, and other rich countries were to open up their markets beyond anyone's expectations to developing countries' exports, it would not make up for their losses due to foreign intellectual property claims.

A growing number of prominent economists have begun to see this protectionism as unfair, and inconsistent with the free trade agenda that most of the profession supports. These economists include Joseph Stiglitz, winner of this year's Nobel Prize; Columbia University's Jagdesh Bhagwati; and senior economists from the World Bank.

From an economic point of view, monopolies created by patents or copyrights are analytically the same as the distortions created by tariffs or import quotas. The main difference is that patent monopolies raise the price of the protected product by many times more than a typical tariff. So it is only natural that economists would oppose rules that extend these government restrictions on international competition, especially in an organization supposedly dedicated to spreading the benefits of "free trade."

On the other side are trade officials from the United States, Switzerland, Japan, and other nations that are home to major players in the pharmaceutical industry. Much to their shame, these officials have sought to limit as much as possible the right of developing countries to increase access to essential medicines through generic competition.

The life-and-death consequences of this protectionism have become clear inthe last few years, as it became known that the anti-AIDS drugs that keep people alive in the US for $10,000 a year are available in generic form for less than $350. In the last three years, the US government and pharmaceutical companies have three times been forced by international embarrassment to abandon attempts to keep these generic drugs from people in developing countries -- some 36 million of whom have HIV or AIDS.

The most recent instance was a case at the WTO itself. In January the Clinton administration challenged Brazil's laws dealing with the manufacture and import of generic AIDS drugs. These laws formed an important part of Brazil's remarkably successful AIDS treatment program, which has cut by half the number of AIDS-related deaths there in recent years. The Brazilian government stood firm, and Washington dropped its case in June.

The compromise at Doha did not change the WTO's legal language on pharmaceuticals, but offered a political declaration that is thought to make it easier for developing countries to use generic drugs for health emergencies. But there is no saving a structure that is rotten at its foundations. Even if we were to fix TRIPS (Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights), there is still TRIMS (Trade Related Investment Measures) and the GATS (General Agreement on Trade in Services). All of this alphabet soup has the same basic function: to limit the development options available to representative governments, and subordinate the needs of developing countries to those of transnational corporations and banks.

It has become a truism that the WTO must go forward, because the poor and the weak need a "rules-based system" for international commerce. But that depends on the rules. There may be a way to make expanding international trade and investment serve the needs of humanity, but it will not be found within the World Trade Organization.

Mark Weisbrot is co-director of the Center for Economic and Policy Research (www.cepr.net), in Washington, DC.

World Service will not call US attacks terrorism

Matt Wells,
The Guardian (http://www.guardian.co.uk); November 15, 2001

The BBC World Service has taken a policy decision not to describe the attacks on the US as "terrorism". Mark Damazer, the BBC's deputy director of news, said the service would lose its reputation for impartiality around the world if it were seen to use such a subjective term.

While guests and contributors to World Service programmes may describe the deliberate flying of jet planes into the World Trade Centre as acts of terror, news correspondents use more neutral terms such as "attack". Mr Damazer, speaking in a debate about television coverage of September 11 at the Newsworld conference in Barcelona, insisted the decision was not intended to downgrade the horror of the event. But if the word terrorism was used there would be implications for the description of more subjective acts of terror such as those carried out by Hamas in the Middle East or ETA in Spain. He said of the attack on the US: "However appalling and disgusting itwas, there will nevertheless be a constituency of your listeners who don't regard it as terrorism. Describing it as such could downgrade your status as an impartial and independent broadcaster."

Tony Burman, executive director at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, said the US coverage of the crisis had failed to take account of the international perspective: "It's depressing to see the jingoism which is lamentably part of the culture and spirit of the coverage." He said US networks regarded the attacks on Afghanistan as a football match with Washington as the home team. Comparing BBC World coverage of the war with that of the US networks, he said they appeared to describe "two different wars".

More Q & A On Terror and War

By Michael Albert & Stephen R. Shalom

Published on Znet (http://www.zmag.net)

A number of folks feel that current events – particularly in the last few days -- have dramatically changed the logic and morality of what has been done in Afghanistan, calling into question much of the analysis and assessment that has been offered by critics of the war. Here are some of the questions we have been asked, and our brief replies.

1. You have expressed skepticism that Osama bin Laden was involved in the Sept. 11 attacks. Are you still skeptical?

Actually, what we and other advocates of democratic judicial values argued was not bin Laden's innocence, but that evidence regarding his involvement was not presented. On November 14 – more than five weeks after the bombing began – British Prie Minister Tony Blair declared that the evidence "now leaves no doubt whatever" that bin Laden was responsible. But isn't the evidence supposed to precede, not follow, the punishment? In any event, however, Blair's evidence even at this point is not decisive – the only real addition to Blair's earlier dossier are quotes from an unpublicized bin Laden video -- that Britain doesn't have a copy of, but has knowledge of, reports the Los Angeles Times (15 Nov.2001) – that are not given in context and fall short of an admission.

Bin Laden's guilt seems very likely, but the point is not to convince Blair or one allied government or another or even us, but public opinion in the Muslim world. Despite Washington's initial promise to present evidence publicly, it has yet to do so.

Not only did we never dispute the possibility that bin Laden was involved in some way, we instead offered an explanation of why he might very well have been involved, what he was seeking, etc. We suggested that his motive, were he responsible, was probably to draw the U.S. into a massive response, destabilizing the region, a result that still may occur.

More to the intent of the question, if, when a vigilante mob tries to lynch someone, it turns out that their suspect actually was guilty, that doesn't make the mob's actions any less vigilante. And this is true even if the mob doesn't kill a great many people (mostly victims, not culprits) in the process of going after their suspect, as has been occurring in Afghanistan.

2. Critics of the war have warned about mass starvation, genocide, and catastrophe. Weren't these warnings exaggerated?

No. Opponents of U.S. policy, ourselves included, indicated that human rights and aid organizations warned that the bombing could lead to a million or even millions of deaths. And we pointed out that ignoring this warning, regardless of whether the horror came to pass or not, was an absolutely devastating commentary upon our ruling and media elites, and on others as well. That remains exactly the case. We also urged that it was a priority to pressure the U.S. to stop the bombing, stop the war, and aid in averting this catastrophe. That is still the priority, in fact.

As to what damage has already been done, no one knows. What has happened, for example, to the large fraction of the population that has fled to the heavily-mined countryside? And many harmful consequences of U.S. policy will not be felt until later. What will be
the future effects, for example, of losses in grain planting that was disrupted in October? When eyes turn away, who will be there to assess it?

That a country embarks on a policy that puts a million or more innocent civilians at risk for political purposes is mass-scale terrorism. If -- and it remains a big if, regrettably -- the catastrophe is averted that will certainly be a reason to celebrate, but it will not be not reason to laud those who aggravated the prospects of disaster in the first place. Playing Russian Roulette is stupid -- even if you don't end up blowing your head off. Shooting a gun with a bullet in a random chamber at someone else is immoral, whether or not you end up committing murder.

At the current time prospects are still very unclear. Yes, the U.S. could cease hostilities and assist food distribution, thereby reducing the prospect of catastrophic starvation. But the U.S. seems intent on rejecting any military let-up, and any pressure we can bring to bear urging this course of action is no less a priority now than it was yesterday or last week. Aid agencies warned that the crucial factor was how much food could be gotten in place before the winter snows and that the bombing interfered with getting the food in. Whether enough time now remains and whether the necessary effort is made before the snow arrives remains the critical question.

3. Some have been critical of the U.S. food drops. But weren't these helpful until the war provided a means to get food in by land?

No. The food drops were pure PR, perhaps doing more harm than good. And while left critics of the war certainly argued this, they did so by quoting the World Food Program, the Red Cross, and others aid agencies, and even the Financial Times, all of whom issued scathing denunciations of this propaganda tool. Nothing has changed about that. What has now occurred is that the Northern Alliance has occupied Kabul, and what's left of the Taliban has retreated, it appears, to the mountains, virtually without a fight,
under the weight of the most powerful non-nuclear bombs ever created, perhaps with the intention of waging an ongoing guerilla war from outside the main cities.

The end to major fighting in the north may well have welcome humanitarian consequences. But what does that lead us to conclude about the morality of U.S. actions? Suppose the Taliban were to release, tomorrow, a proclamation declaring "we left the cities for the mountains so that the bombing would halt – not having us as a target – and the way would be clear for food aid to get to our fellow citizens. We have sacrificed our hold on power, to avert starvation among our people."

Would we take that seriously? It would be true that their having left the field of battle created the conditions mentioned in the question. It would be true that it was a choice on their part, and that they could have instead fought on, leading into the winter, etc. Nevertheless, we would deduce based on our knowledge of their past policies that they made the choice out of their own strategic concerns, not out of concern for those suffering hunger. When the U.S. claims to care about the Afghan poor, we should not relinquish our critical faculties, just as we wouldn't were the Taliban to make the claim.

Note, incidentally, that it was not the case that U.S. planners "knew" they could force the Taliban out of the northern cities before winter. Every indication suggests that the Taliban retreat was as much a surprise to the Pentagon as to everyone else. Just two days ago
Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld was warning that though victory wouldn't take years, it would take months (which, he observed, meant that he had 23 months in which to operate).

4. Do you still think we're targeting civilians in our bombing?

We never thought or stated that the bombing was targeting civilians per se. We did say that the direct violent affects on civilians were predictable. U.S. military planners know how often their smart bombs, not to mention their dumb bombs, miss, and how often their cluster bombs fail to detonate, thereby spewing futuredeath traps across the land.

But the real issue, from the beginning, was not the hundreds of civilians killed by bombs, horrible as that is, but the tens or hundreds of thousands, or maybe more, who might succumb quietly out of camera range. Some will be victims of the destruction of what little civilian infrastructure there is in the country: for example, electrical transmission from the power station at the Kajaki Dam has been knocked out, creating (according to UN officials) the risk of massive flooding and crop failures (Independent, 8 Nov. 2001). Some will be driven into the landmine-infested countryside. But the potentially most disastrous effect of the bombing -- as we always maintained, and as various aid agencies have warned -- has been to put huge numbers of people at risk of starvation. And this remains the case.

And we said that the latter was the most abominably heinous aspect of the project -- beyond that it was undertaken outside the law, indeed specifically to delegitimate the law, and to maintain military credibility, and to propel a "war on terrorism" whose purpose to no small degree is to organize domestic fear in pursuit of elite agendas of financial redistribution from poor to rich and draconian social reaction against civil liberties.

5. There's been lots of criticism of the Northern Alliance. But haven't they proven pretty effective?

Criticism of the Northern Alliance has been not that they are incompetent soldiers, but social monsters, slightly different in kind from the Taliban, but small improvement morally. Nothing in the past few days changes the historical record of the Northern Alliance, and indeed, the first sketchy reports of executions and looting in cities newly fallen under their control suggests that their thuggish practices continue. As RAWA, perhaps the foremost organization fighting for the rights of women in Afghanistan, announced as the Northern Alliance entered Kabul, "The retreat of the terrorist Taliban from Kabul is a positive development, but the entering of the rapist and looter Northern Alliance in the city is nothing but dreadful and shocking news for about 2 million residents of Kabul whose wounds of the years 1992-96 have not healed yet. Thousands of people who fled Kabul during the past two months were saying that they feared coming to power of the NA in Kabul much more than being scared by the US bombing."

Moreover, while they are no doubt capable warriors, what has occurred has little or perhaps even nothing to do with their battlefield abilities, since there was no battle. The Taliban essentially withdrew without a fight, apparently choosing to cede the cities to continue the struggle from the mountains, depending on how much there is left to them, under the onslaught of the bombing.

6. Since the anthrax probably has a domestic source and since the crash of American Airlines Flight 587 probably was accidental, don't your concerns about creating more terrorists seem a little alarmist?

Not at all -- unfortunately -- since people who are newly pushed to desperation by current policies, by the starvation, by the other continuing policies in the region, all now highlighted and aggravated, do not overnight manifest their commitment via terrorist attack, of course. The assessment of this miserable and depressing prediction against actual outcomes is in the future, not the present. It is not unlike when critics warned back in the 1980s that supporting bin Laden and the Mujahideen would have horrible future blowback ramifications. To say a week or two, or even a year or two after that prediction that it was proved false would have been a bit premature, obviously.

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7. And your worries about uprisings throughout the Arab and Muslim worlds (including nuclear-armed Pakistan) -- weren't these too rather exaggerated?

We and other critics said that the policies undertaken in Afghanistan and proposed for the rest of the world risked such destabilization. They did, and they still do. Does anyone think that Pakistan's stability is assured as the battle moves to the southern Pashtun region of Afghanistan, a region with many cross-border ties to Pakistan? And if the U.S. decides to expand the "war on terrorism" to some new defenseless venue, say the Sudan, or perhaps a not entirely defenseless venue, say Iraq, the prospects of general social dissolution in the region will enlarge, again.

Numerous surveys in Arab and Muslim nations show extremely high levels of opposition to the U.S. war, even in supposedly friendly states. Most people are not inclined to heed bin Laden's call to holy war, but as the U.S. pushes its dictatorial allies to join Washington's holy war, instability is likely to spread.

8. Isn't it time to celebrate the demise of the Taliban and return to healing our country, setting aside all the negative talk about U.S. criminality, and all the opposition to U.S. policies?

If the Taliban were finished as a social force, that would be something worth "celebrating" in that the Taliban is a horrendously reactionary and violent organization impeding justice by its very existence and practices. But, regrettably, it is quite possible that they are off planning their next actions, not disintegrating.

As to setting aside criticisms of the U.S., nothing could be less constructive.

First, to continue to criticize and more importantly raise dissent to pressure an end to bombing and undertaking food aid in all endangered regions is paramount. The alternative is too horrible to even entertain.

Second, addressing the just grievances of people throughout the Middle East and the world regarding U.S. foreign policies is necessary both on behalf of those who suffer the impact of those policies, and also to eliminate the cause of support for terrorism against the U.S.

And third, the events in NYC, Washington, and Afghanistan, we are told by our government, auger a larger project, a war on terrorism, whose character, as we can already see, is to be quite like that of the Cold War. It will, if it actually transpires as intended, marshal hate and fear through manipulation and misrepresentation into support for policies that further enrich and empower the already rich and powerful. Everyone, at some level, knows this. The average American is not surprised that corporations and the government seek to use fear of terror to redistribute funds upward by means of regressive tax reforms and boondoggle military spending, to gut public programs, to stifle public debate by calls for patriotism from the media, and to restrict rights by draconian legislation.

But not as commonly understood is that active dissent can curb these trends and can foster opposite ones on behalf of the poor, of those who work, and of those who need civil liberties. And dissenters continuing to dissent and to make known the power of dissent, are thus absolutely essential, in this, now as at any other time.

Bush Clamping Down On Presidential Papers Incumbent Could Lock Up Predecessor's Records

By George Lardner Jr.
Washington Post Staff Writer
November 1, 2001

The Bush White House has drafted an executive order that would usher in a new era of secrecy for presidential records and allow an incumbent president to withhold a former president's papers even if the former president wanted to make them public.

The five-page draft would also require members of the public seeking particular documents to show "at least a 'demonstrated, specific need' " for them before they would be considered for release.

Historians and others who have seen the proposed order called it unprecedented and said it would turn the 1978 Presidential Records Act on its head by allowing such materials to be kept secret "in perpetuity."

Under the order, incumbent and former presidents "could keep their records locked up for as long as they want," said Bruce Craig, executive director of the National Coordinating Committee for the Promotion of History. "It reverses the very premise of the Presidential Records Act, which provides for a systematic release of presidential records after 12 years."

Other critics voiced concern about the impact of the order "in the post-September 11 world," with its wartime atmosphere.

"The executive branch is moving heavily into the nether world of dirty tricks, very likely including directed assassinations overseas and other violations of American norms and the U.N. charter," said Vanderbilt University historian Hugh Graham. "There is going to be so much to hide."

Bush is expected to sign the order shortly. The proposed order, dated Oct. 29, grew out of a decision by the Bush administration early this year to block the release of 68,000 pages of confidential communications between President Ronald Reagan and his advisers that officials at the National Archives, including the Reagan library, had wanted to make public.

Relying on an obscure executive order that Reagan issued just before leaving office, White House counsel Alberto R. Gonzales prescribed a series of delays so that Bush could decide whether to invoke "a constitutionally based privilege or take other appropriate action."

The papers in question, some dealing with Reagan-era officials who now have high posts in the Bush administration, were to have been disclosed last January under the 1978 law, which said that the documents could be restricted at the most for 12 years after Reagan left office.

The new executive order would replace the 1989 Reagan decree and cover not only confidential communications between a president and his advisers but, as Graham put it, "almost anything in the White House files."

For 12-year-old documents that are not covered by "constitutionally based privileges" but are subject to requests under the Freedom of Information Act, the order states that the archivist "must withhold" them if possible.

For records that might be privileged as state secrets, confidential communications, attorney-client communications, or "deliberative process" materials, a requester must establish "specific need" for them "as a threshold matter."

A former president would then review them and tell the archivist whether they should be withheld or made public. The incumbent president or a designee would then look at them to see if he or she agrees with the ex-president's decision. Unless both agree they should be made public, the records will remain secret unless "a final court order" should require disclosure.

"Absent compelling circumstances," the incumbent president will concur in the former president's privilege decision, the draft order states. But if the incumbent president does not agree on a former president's decision to grant access, "the incumbent president may independently order the archivist to withhold privileged records."

The order would work "like a one-way ratchet," said Scott Nelson, an attorney for the Public Citizen Litigation Group. "If the former president says the records are privileged, they will remain secret even if the sitting president disagrees. If the sitting president says they should be privileged, they remain secret even if the former president disagrees."

Home Grown? If anthrax is domestic, likely suspects abound

By Johnny Angel , *LA Weekly*
(http://www.laweekly.com/ink/01/50/new-angel.shtml)

The fact is, the far right in America is consistently underestimated as a potent force. David Neiwert, a former MSNBC analyst and author of the 1999 book In God's Country: The Patriot Movement in the Pacific Northwest, believes the Department of Justice and its head, John Ashcroft, simply don't understand domestic terror, possibly because they'd prefer not to know. "When Ashcroft says the far right isn't organized, it shows how little he knows about it," said Neiwert. The fringe right "look to William Pierce, the author of *The Turner Diaries*, say, but not for leadership — more as an information clearinghouse."

Besides, the right wing has a historical fascination with bio-terror, and anthrax in particular. Lancaster, Ohio, microbiologist Larry Wayne Harris serves as a case in point. Harris was arrested in 1998 in Henderson, Nevada, and charged with carrying enough anthrax to "wipe out" Las Vegas. Three years before that, Harris was arrested at his home with three vials of freeze-dried Yersinia pestis, an organism that causes bubonic plague. During that arrest, Ohio police discovered a certificate stating that Harris was a lieutenant in the Aryan Nations, a white-separatist organization founded in prisons and based in Hayden Lake, Idaho.

Terror expert Neiwert points out that the small scale of the anthrax campaign so far seems tailored to the "leaderless resistance" concept espoused by many radical-right organizations. "The concept of which is not unlike [that of] al Qaeda — the idea of individual cells," Neiwert said. "There could be six or seven people in a terrorist cell with the person who sent it not being the person that made and milled the anthrax itself."

If that's the case, then the domestic war on terror could be headed down the same path as the international search for bin Laden — in the words of Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, "It's like looking for a needle in a haystack."

The Empire wants war, not justice

By Sean Healy
Globe Interactive

Among all the words the Bush administration has used to describe the September 11 terrorist attacks -- "atrocity", "outrage", "act of evil" -- one phrase has been conspicuously missing: "crime against humanity".

It's an odd absence. International law defines a crime against humanity as an act committed as part of a "widespread or systematic attack against any civilian population, with knowledge of the attack". That would certainly seem to cover terrorists flying civilian aircraft into crowded office buildings in order to kill thousands of innocent people. Perhaps its absence in official lingo is down to the Bush administration's desire to avoid treating the terrorist attacks as "crimes" and rather to treat them as "acts of war".

If someone has committed a crime, evidence is collected and presented -- but much of the "evidence" against Osama Bin Laden hasn't been made public and what has been seems highly circumstantial. If someone has committed a crime, they're arrested -- the cities and countries that they live in aren't (usually) bombed and Special Forces assassinations squad aren't sent out after them. If someone has committed a crime, they're brought to trial -- they're not declared "Wanted: Dead or Alive", as Bush has declared Bin Laden, with a heavy and obvious lean towards "dead" being the preferred option. But if they're acts of war, then the normal rules and procedures don't apply and far wider agendas than "bringing the perpetrators to justice" can be pursued -- which is exactly what the US war machine is doing right now in the Middle East.

But perhaps the US administration's motivation for not calling the terrorist outrages "crimes against humanity" extends beyond simply wanting broader operational parameters for this present war. Because the United States has sought to frustrate and sabotage international efforts to create the very machinery which could prosecute and try such crimes. That machinery is the International Criminal Court, long a goal of international jurists and human rights lawyers and now almost a reality -- but facing the very real prospect of being demolished by the US administration.

The statutes of the International Criminal Court were established by the Treaty of Rome, negotiated by a July 1998 conference attended by officials from 140 countries. The treaty specifies that the court would be an independent judicial body to prosecute the gravest crimes under international law: genocide, war crimes and crimes against humanity. Under the rule of "complementarity", the ICC would only try cases when national courts were unable or unwilling to do so -- such as might occur if the accused was a high-ranking member of a country's government.

Up until now, there have been international tribunals to hear such cases -- such as the present trials of accused Balkan war criminals in the Hague or the trials of those accused of the Rwanda genocide. But these have been ad hoc, set up by the United Nations for a specific purpose only. There is also an International Court of Justice, but it can only try cases between two countries. The ICC, in contrast, would be permanent and would try individuals. Cases could still be referred to it by the UN Security Council, as with the existing tribunal system. But investigations could also be instigated on the application of a state party to the treaty or by the ICC Prosecutor, meaning that it wouldn't necessarily be constrained to investigating what the major powers told it to investigate.

As a treaty-based organisation, the ICC would not be beholden to the United Nations or any other international body, although it would only be able to investigate crimes in countries which aren't signatories to the Treaty of Rome if asked to do so by the UN Security Council. The court itself would be made up of 18 judges, elected to non-renewable nine-year terms by a two-thirds majority of treaty parties; no two judges can be from the same country. The Prosecutor would be elected in similar fashion. Like the International Court of Justice and the Balkans tribunal, the ICC would be based in the Dutch capital, the Hague. To come into force, the treaty needs 60 countries to ratify it. At present, it has 139 signatories (signing a treaty is the intermediate step before ratifying it) and 43 ratifications. But while human rights lawyers are hopeful that the 60 ratifications will come soon, an International Criminal Court may prove to be still-born if the Bush administration has its way.

The United States backed the establishment of the Balkans and Rwandan war crimes tribunals -- but a permanent body is something different entirely. Successive administrations have stridently opposed any form of international justice system which might, even conceivably, challenge US "sovereignty", US primacy or US capacity to act as it alone sees fit. A permanent International Criminal Court might not simply be "victor's justice", as ad hoc, Security Council-established tribunals will almost invariably be. Even more worryingly for the world's last remaining superpower, the ICC might conceivably launch what the US ambassador for war crimes calls "rogue prosecutions": that is, prosecutions of pro-Western war criminals (Pinochet) or US soldiers who commit war crimes (Calley at My Lai) or even senior US officials (Kissinger). Then US president Bill Clinton opposed the Treaty of Rome when it was first negotiated. The United States was one of only seven nations to vote against the treaty at the end of 1998 Rome conference, as against 120 nations in favour. In his last few days in office, however, Clinton changed his mind and signed it -- officially because he believed the chances of influencing the final outcome were greater if the US was a signatory, but reportedly only in order to leave a diplomatic headache for his successor.

The chances of the treaty winning the current president's endorsement or two-thirds Senate support required to ratify it are exceedingly narrow, however. George Bush has sent his lawyers out to find ways to "unsign" the treaty -- so far without success: there are mechanisms to pull out but they're only open to countries which have ratified. The administration is also considering a global "un-ratification" campaign.

The US, as a matter of course, generally refuses to ratify international treaties of any type, seeing them as a potential threat to its "sovereignty", and will usually only become signatories to them. Many international treaties work without US ratification, however, because the White House signals that it will cooperate with the treaty's enforcement.

That is unlikely to be the case with the ICC. On the very eve of the terrorist attacks, September 10, the Senate passed an amendment to the Commerce, Justice, State and Judiciary Appropriations Bill which bars any further US participation in negotiations about the court and obstructs government cooperation with it. Earlier legislation bans any US funding for the court. Potentially even more damaging to the ICC are attempts by the Republican far-right, led by veteran Senator Jesse Helms, to pass legislation, the American Servicemembers Protection Act, which would direct the President to refuse to cooperate with the ICC in any way.

Helms' attempts to have the bill passed as amendments to a September 10 vote on US payment of its UN dues and to a September 26 bill on defense department appropriations both failed. But backers of the bill are vowing to reintroduce it at the earliest opportunity and say they have the President's backing. The bill would ban US troops from serving on UN peacekeeping missions unless given immunity from ICC jurisdiction, would prevent any US government agency from helping the court in any way and would block military aid to any non-NATO state which ratifies the treaty. The ASPA even goes so far as to authorise the President to send in the marines to free any American soldier or official taken into ICC custody-- leading international jurists to dub it the "Hague Invasion Act".

Now the reason why bin Laden is not going to be brought before an international court for "crimes against humanity" becomes somewhat clearer. The Empire wants to reserve the right to commit such crimes of its own in the future (against Afghanistan certainly, but even conceivably against the Netherlands) and won't brook interference.

Welcome to Joey Ramone Place? Street Name Change in the Lower East Side to Honor Punk Rocker

Various news sources

It's official! The corner of East Second Street and the Bowery in the East Village, in New York City, just a few steps fromlegendary punk haven CBGB, will be known as Joey Ramone Place, after a request for an honorary street sign was approved by the local community board.

Twenty-year-old Staten Island resident Maureen Wojciechowski brought the proposal to Community Board 3's attention in October and was asked to come back with a petition signed by local residents and businesses supporting her plan to honor the late punk icon, who died in April. On November 7, she returned with more than 300 signatures and left with a unanimous decision by the board's Public Safety and Transportation Committee in favor of the homage.

The street sign will be erected within a year, likely on a date significant to Joey Ramone's life, such as his birthday. The date will be determined by Ramone's family and the Department of Transportation, according to a DOT spokesperson.

Latin America Discusses Possible Legalization of Abortion

Feminist Daily News Wire
November 13, 2001

The Mexican National Institute of Health is sponsoring a three-day regional conference for health officials from twenty Latin American countries to discuss the possibility of legalizing abortion. More than 250 health officials who are attending the conference, which began yesterday, in Cuernavaca, Mexico, will hear leaders speak to both sides of the issue. Protestors gathered outside and called on President Vicente Fox to banish conference participants from the country. The World Health Organization (WHO), however, encouraged conference participants in Mexico to seriously consider proposals to legalize abortion in their countries.

WHO estimates that 80,000 women die annually from botched, illegal abortions, a great proportion of them from Latin American countries. Reproductive rights advocates, however, believe that this estimate is far too low. WHO representative Alex Mundigo also highlighted the need for women to have a voice in deciding abortion policies. "Abortion needs to be discussed in a public forum so that women, who represent more than half the population, become the ones who decide the fate of legislation dealing with abortion," said Mundigo.

A PRIMER ON LEGISLATION AND EXECUTIVE RULINGS SINCE SEPT. 11 /OR/ WHY YOU HAD MORE FREEDOM ON SEPT. 10

As I finish this article, some legislation I have included has yet to be passed and signed into law. While it is possible that some of these proposals will be rejected, I am including them here because they illustrate the disgusting level of opportunism that is currently occurring in the wake of Sept. 11. Unfortunately, some of these proposals may be law by the time you read this.

The tragedy of Sept. 11 and the resulting "war" against terrorism has been a tremendous boost to President George W. Bush. Up until that tragic day, Bush had done little to solidify the support of the American people behind him and this newfound support came from little more than being in office at the right time. The terrorist attacks brought shock and uncertainty to most Americans and seemed to have them clamoring for the comfort of patriotism and devotion to the good old U.S. of A. This meant rallying behind the president, no matter what. Suddenly Bush was in a position to make decisions and direct policy with very little open questioning of his leadership or motives. Public opinion was largely that a true citizen must suppress criticism and dissent in the name of unity and love of country. As Bush repeated many times, "You are either with us or with the terrorists."

Bush has apparently learned the same valuable lesson his father, former President George Bush, Sr., learned during the Gulf War: waging war is one hell of a way to rally public support. While the elder Bush's large approval ratings eventually failed to win him re-election, the current president seems to have learned from his father's mistakes. Rather than riding his unprecedented public support for too long, the younger Bush was quick to take advantage of his position while his political opposition was weak and the public was distracted by a flurry of patriotism and fear.

While enjoying the highest approval ratings of any U.S. president in history, Bush has largely had the Democratic Party in complete subservient support. Any member of Congress who dared to challenge Bush and his agenda risked being branded "partisan" or even "un-American." With public support solidly behind the president, Congressional representatives remained wary of threats to their reelection campaigns should they speak out. As a result, the capital has been a love-fest where "bi-partisanship" is the buzzword of the post-Sept. 11 age. With Washington in such amiable spirits, Bush has seized upon the opportunity to charge ahead, pushing for anything he could get.

BLINDED BY FEAR AND PATRIOTISM: THE RESOLUTION TO AUTHORIZE THE USE OF MILITARY FORCE

Sept. 18 was the first sign of Bush's new reign in Washington: Congress overwhelmingly approved a resolution giving Bush open-ended authority to use military force. Bush was authorized to attack any nation, organization or person that he determined was involved with terrorism. The Senate voted 98-0 to approve the measure with little debate. The only member of the House of Representatives to take a stand against the measure was Barbara Lee (D, CA). Her vote of conscience resulted in accusations of being "anti-American" and "cowardly." Any other members of Congress who may have doubted a rush to military action remained quiet. Afraid to appear weak on terrorism and risk attack by the public mob mentality or incur the wrath of voters at re-election time, these "representatives" completely overlooked the irresponsible nature of this resolution.

What the Congressional lack of foresight and courage created was a president with tremendous power but little oversight to ensure that this new authority is not abused. This resolution is a dangerous step away from the system of checks and balances integral to our democracy. Bush was given the power to wage war on whomever he deems worthy, with no time limit and no requirement that he ever return to Congress for additional authorization. As the Center for Constitutional Rights stated this resolution "eviscerates Congressional control over the use of force and puts the power of war into the hands of one man, leading us quickly from democracy to one-man rule."

DEMOCRATS HIDE AS THE PENTAGON BINGES: CONGRESSIONAL BUDGET NEGOTIATIONS

(PENDING CONGRESSIONAL NEGOTIATIONS AS OF NOV. 21, 2001)

After the strong show of political support on the resolution to authorize military force, the Bush administration and the Republican Party wasted no time charging ahead with budget negotiations begun long before Sept. 11. However with the new atmosphere in Washington, previous Congressional opposition to the huge defense spending proposals made by the Pentagon had evaporated almost over night. The Republicans took advantage, and what had been a relatively modest allowance in the impending budget as little as two weeks before, suddenly became a military budget of unanticipated size.

Due to Congress' newfound generosity, the Pentagon was suddenly looking at a windfall increase of $33 billion above and beyond the originally proposed budget of $329 billion. This meant that congress has proposed boosting the Pentagon budget by almost 10% with little debate. This new, bloated military budget is expected to fund new weapons systems from the Pentagon's long-standing wish list, but very few of these weapons will be effective against the terrorist attacks that motivated Congress' generosity. Unfortunately, the current political climate ensures that there will be little resistance to Pentagon spending at levels not seen since the Cold War.

The obvious winners of this renewed Pentagon budget windfall will be the defense industry. With this sudden flush of money, weapons systems destined to be abandoned are once again viable and the money will soon be rolling in. War is big business. As the economy faltered and the stock market plummeted following the Sept. 11 attacks, the top eight U.S. defense contractors saw their stock values skyrocket.

Missile defense is certain to be the defense industries biggest moneymaker. The Republicans have sought the development of missile defense since President Reagan proposed it in the 1980s. A fortune has been thrown at the research and development of this system, but it has yet to be proven as a workable system. Many critics argue that missile defense is out of reach of our current technology and threatens international stability. This criticism comes from the fact that the development of defenses against a nuclear missile attack violates the Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty, signed by the U.S. and the Soviet Union in 1972. This treaty establishes limitations on defenses against nuclear attack, thereby diminishing the necessity to continue developing bigger and more destructive weapons to counter the other sides defenses. This situation laid the groundwork for other negotiations that reduced the quantities of nuclear weapons in each side's arsenal. However, by developing a new system to defend against a missile attack, the U.S. may render the offensive capability of Russia's current nuclear arsenal ineffective, as well as that of the Chinese and the North Koreans. The result could be a build-up of nuclear weaponry, increased tension, and destabilization.

Nevertheless, due to pressure from the Bush administration and Republicans, this year's budget was to include more money for missile defense. Prior to Sept. 11, the Democrats had mustered enough support to curtail the spending on the system from the proposed $8.3 billion to $7 billion. It was looking likely that a Democrat-proposed amendment to the budget would also place tight restrictions on testing and development of missile defense when it would threaten to breach the ABM treaty. However, after Sept. 11, congressional Democrats lost their nerve. Afraid to look weak in the face of terrorist attacks, Democrats abandoned their effort to slow the development of missile defense. In fact, some Democrats admitted that if the Republicans pushed to restore the additional $1.3 billion they had asked for, they would be likely to support it!

CORPORATE GIVEAWAY #1: THE AIR TRANSPORTATION SAFETY AND SYSTEM STABILIZATION ACT

Another of the early successful pushes by Congressional leaders and their corporate benefactors won passage of the Air Transportation Safety and System Stabilization Act. This act gave $15 billion to the private airline industry to compensate for losses due to the closing of U.S. airspace following the terrorist attacks. It appears that political leaders and the airline industry have developed a close relationship in recent years. The Air Transport Association, an airline industry lobbying organization, spent $62.9 million lobbying the Federal Aviation Administration, president, and Congress from 1997 to 2000, and contributed an additional $10.9 million to federal election campaigns in this same period. It appears that their efforts certainly paid off. While United and American Airlines announced job cuts of 20,000 each and Boeing announced it would lay-off up to 30,000 more, these companies took the government hand-out, but made no attempt to reduce corporate salaries or to keep employees on the job. Last year, Boeing CEO Philip Condit received $18,697,991 in total compensation, but you can be sure he didn't give up a cent to help his laid-off employees. And, you can be sure that Congress did nothing to require him to do so either—just as they did nothing in 1995 when he received a 14.6% pay raise and a $3.3 million windfall while firing 25,000 workers.

FEAR & DESPERATION: THE RAPID EROSION OF AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES

Public fear has opened the door for the Bush administration, the Justice Dept., law enforcement, and intelligence communities to seize upon as much new power and oversight they can. Laws and restrictions which no one would have dared ask for prior to Sept. 11 are suddenly acceptable proposals, discussed in the media and in political circles. Critics charge that many of the Bush administration's recent proposals appear to be taken directly from a longstanding wish list written by the FBI and other law enforcement agencies and requested without much consideration as to if they will really prevent terrorism.

Despite the efforts of Attorney General John Ashcroft to push for many of these requests, the case has yet to be made that current law enforcement powers are inadequate or that changes would greatly improve the security of U.S. citizens. In fact, Ashcroft told the House Judiciary Committee: "I cannot say to you if we had enacted [these changes in law] in August, we would have curtailed the activities in September, nor can I assure this committee that we won't have terrorist acts in the future." Nevertheless, Ashcroft and the Bush administration have been eager to charge ahead.

Perhaps the largest assault on civil liberties by Ashcroft and the Justice dept. since Sept. 11 has been the detention of "suspects" related to the terrorist attacks. Over 1,100 individuals are known to be held by the authorities as part of the government investigation. Law experts and defense lawyers say this roundup represents an unprecedented use of federal power to detain people for secret reasons. To keep these individuals locked up, the government has used a strange mixture of immigration, criminal, and grand jury law, combined with the wartime national security powers. As frightening as the historical precedent is, prosecutors have even cited a rarely invoked Civil War-era sedition law in the case of a student being detained in New York. This law, established during the Civil War, was based on the Alien and Sedition acts of the John Adams administration. Adams used this law to target critics of the government in the 1790s. The Civil War-era law was used after World War I to convict anarchists, and in the 1950s to prosecute communists.

Despite inquiries from many advocacy groups, the government refuses to list the names of those held, the reason for their detention, charges filed, their location, or even why this information is being kept secret. This means that some individuals are currently held by the government with no one knowing they were taken or where they are being held. Certainly, this is a civil rights violation and also infringes on the right of those held to get proper legal representation.

These detainees are being treated in ways easily deemed unconstitutional and illegal under normal circumstances. Many were taken into custody and moved to facilities around the country without access to lawyers. Those prisoners who have received legal help complained that they weren't told why they were detained. Since most of those held are immigrants, many have been detained for any immigration violation the Justice Dept. can find. When unable to use the immigration excuse, the government has made the detainees material witnesses. It is far easier to arrest someone as a material witness than as a suspect because the police do not have to show probable cause or criminal wrongdoing and do not have to charge them with a crime. Since there are no charges, the Justice Dept. argues that these individuals are not entitled to know anything about why they are held.

If the government truly had any evidence against these detainees, they would charge them, but instead they are held on suspicion of proof. This is a fundamental shift in how we administer justice in this country and a frightening step away from the civil protections previously guaranteed to us. Furthermore, the secrecy used to hold these individuals could be used to hide the excesses of law enforcement as they trample civil liberties.

Bush has become so desperate to get information out of these detainees that he has authorized the monitoring of their calls and mail—including communications with their lawyers, which is normally protected—to be monitored at all times. This new rule effectively suspends the 6th Amendment guaranteeing the right to effective council. Apparently, such surveillance is a response to the government's inability to get any information from the detainees. (Could they simply be *innocent*?!) This lack of success has apparently spawned rumblings of a desire by the FBI and the Justice Dept. to utilize torture as a means to make these detainees talk. Shocking as it seems, there has been discussion of sending detainees to other countries where torture is a more acceptable means of interrogation. The justification by media and politicians for resorting to torture has been that there is a "ticking bomb" in this country and we must utilize torture to get information quickly and save American lives. Such an argument is highly suspect: it has been used in Israel for years, long after torture had become common practice when dealing with any suspect.

The newest, and perhaps most frightening sign that the Bush administration is increasingly frustrated in their search for those responsible for the attacks of Sept. 11 is the executive order establishing military tribunals. This means that Bush plans to try accused terrorists in a secret court judged by a panel of military officers, and without the same guarantees and protections of a civilian court. A tribunal allows a more flexible standard of evidence and conviction would be arrived upon with a 2/3 vote. In fact, the president alone decides who will come before these secret courts, and the military prosecutor and judges would report to him as commander in chief. In a military tribunal, the prosecution need not prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and hearsay and evidence civilian courts would deem illegal may be permissible, Lastly, there is no right to appeal a military tribunal decision to any other court. "With the flick of a pen," *The New York Times* charged, "Mr. Bush has essentially discarded the rulebook of American Justice incorporated into the Constitution."

The establishment of a military tribunal is sure to erode the very principles the government seeks to protect. Former U.S. Secretary of Labor, Robert Reich stated, "The president is by emergency decree getting rid of rights that we assumed that anyone within our borders legally would have. We can find ourselves in a police state step by step without realizing that we have made these compromises along the way." Civilian courts have proven themselves capable of trying terrorist cases while still protecting defendants' basic rights. However, Bush has allowed his frustration with the legal complications of pursuing terrorists to lead him to a dangerous and rash decision. Reliance on secret tribunals to pursue Bush's brand of "justice" displays a lack of confidence in the nation's democratic institutions. Furthermore, the use of a secret tribunal will ultimately undermine America's image throughout the world by casting doubt on the credibility of its verdicts. Senator Patrick Leahy expressed concern that the use of a military tribunal could send "a message to the world that it is acceptable to hold secret trials and summary executions without the possibility of judicial review, at least when the defendant is a foreign national."

With any luck, Bush's plan to use these anti-democratic tribunals will be challenged before they get off the ground. Almost immediately, senators from both major parties have expressed dismay that the Bush administration was bypassing Congress to unilaterally expand his powers. Shortly after Bush's announcement that he was forming a tribunal, members of the Senate demanded hearings on the plan and Attorney General Ashcroft is expected to have to appear before them. As Senator Leahy exclaimed, "I don't know when in the

last 20 years, I've heard so many members of both parties come up and say, what the heck is going on?"

The Bush administration seems to be operating under the assumption that the public is fully behind them and willing to support them, no matter what, in the name of the "war on terrorism." According to the administration, "it's a new reality," the old rules, old legal and law enforcement cultures do not apply any longer. They argue that things have to change to prevent further attacks and to prosecute the terrorists in ways befitting their acts. How these changes infringe upon the rights of normal, non-terrorist Americans doesn't seem to be their concern.

FREEDOM IN RAPID DECLINE: THE USA PATRIOT ACT

The jewel in the Bush administration's efforts to curtail civil liberties in the name of fighting a "war" on terrorism is the "Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism" Act, or the U.S.A. P.A.T.R.I.O.T. act (no, seriously!). According to the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), this act is a wide-ranging piece of legislation that gives "enormous, unwarranted power to the executive branch unchecked by meaningful judicial review." The stated intent of this legislation is to prevent terrorist activity. But critics like the ACLU claim the reality is that these new powers could be used against American citizens who are not under criminal investigation, immigrants within our borders legally, and those whose First Amendment activities are deemed by the Attorney General to be threats to national security. As *The Nation*'s John Nichols stated, "Rare are the moments in American history when a Congress has surrendered so many cherished freedoms in a single trip to the altar to immediate fear."

The truth is that Congress hardly considered the ramifications of the PATRIOT act. Despite the fact that many items written into this legislation had been rejected by Congress almost yearly since the Oklahoma City bombing of 1995, it was signed into law in near record time. Originally, Republicans in the House Judiciary Committee attempted to force passage of Ashcroft's proposed legislation package in just 4 hours with no hearings and no debate. Attorney General Ashcroft placed immense pressure on Republican leaders in the House to sabotage alternative legislation adopted by the House Judiciary Committee. The Bush administration, angry at delays caused by Congressional debate over passage of the anti-terrorism legislation, placed pressure on Congress by claiming their delays were going prevent the government from stopping another terrorist attack.

Ashcroft's new vision for the Justice Dept. will focus not on prosecuting terrorists, but on disrupting their activities. This essentially turns the Justice Dept. into a domestic CIA that is certain to abuse its power and infringe on the rights of all Americans. Due to public anxiety and pressure from an over-eager Attorney General, Congress has shirked their obligation to protect the Bill of Rights.

Some of the more frightening portions of the PATRIOT act do the following:

- Permits the Attorney General to incarcerate non-citizens based merely on suspicion and to deny re-entry to the U.S. of non-citizens for engaging in free speech. This act gives virtually unlimited authority to the Attorney General, non-citizens with arrests, indefinite incarceration and deportation with little or no evidence and little or no opportunity for meaningful review.
- Vastly widens law enforcement's ability to conduct secret searches without probable cause. One provision would greatly expand the circumstances in which law enforcement agencies can search homes and offices without notifying the owner prior to the search. Having to serve a warrant prior to a search can be easily avoided by showing that there is "reasonable cause to believe" that providing notice "may seriously jeopardize the investigation." If a person is not home, and the police have received permission to do a "sneak and peak" search, in which they can enter your house, look around, leave, and may never have to tell you they were there.
- Minimizes judicial supervision of telephone and internet surveillance by law enforcement authorities in anti-terrorism investigations and routine criminal investigations unrelated to terrorism. Internet surveillance that captures e-mail addresses a person has sent mail to, and web sites they have visited will now be allowed with minimal certification. No evidence that the person being monitored is involved in criminal conduct is necessary. Such surveillance requires a judge's approval, but the law mandates that the judge must approve every request. Furthermore, the judge is not required to evaluate how the order was carried out or to ensure it was not abused.
- Grants FBI access to sensitive medical, financial, mental health, and educational records about individuals without having to show evidence of a crime and without a court order. Under this provision, the government can collect information on anyone by simply alleging that the information is sought as part of an investigation of international terrorism.
- Creates a broad new definition of "domestic terrorism" that could result in the targeting of people who engage in acts of political protest, subjecting them to wiretaps and enhanced penalties. Terrorism is not a term of legal precision but of politics, and therefore is applied indiscriminately. Since this act gives the Attorney General and Secretary of State the power to personally designate domestic groups as terrorist organizations, their whims and biases could greatly influence which groups will be targeted. The definition that resulted from negotiations between the House and Ashcroft is: "To qualify, crimes or conspiracies must be 'calculated to influence or affect the conduct of government by intimidation or coercion or to retaliate against government conduct." In other words, an unruly blockade of the WTO could bring the full force of the anti-terrorism law as easily as could a bombing. *The New York Times* reports that some senior career officials at the Justice Dept. and in the FBI have complained privately that Ashcroft may go too far weakening rules that bar investigations of people and groups based solely on their political leanings.
- Integrates foreign intelligence-gathering and law enforcement in ways forbidden since the 1970s. This act puts the CIA and other agencies back to work spying on Americans by empowering the government to shift the primary mission of the FBI from solving crimes to gathering domestic intelligence. The Treasury Dept. has been charged with building a financial intelligence-gathering system whose data can be accessed by the CIA. The CIA would, for the first time, have the authority to influence FBI surveillance operations inside the U.S. The FBI is now able to obtain evidence gathered by federal grand juries and criminal wire taps. Since these agencies are now working together, that means that grand juries are accessible by CIA. Grand juries have nearly unlimited power to gather evidence in secret, and until now had restrictions on the sharing of this evidence.
- Continues the alarming trend of 'court-stripping'- removing authority from the judiciary in times of crisis. This act treats the judiciary as an inconvenient obstacle to executive action rather than an essential instrument of accountability by mandating that judges give the police search warrants when they ask for them.

Members of Congress tried to justify their inability to protect Americans' civil liberties by saying that some of the most controversial surveillance sections of the PATRIOT bill are necessary in the war on terrorism, but will expire in 2005 to ensure that they are not abused. However, the sections allowing the CIA access to grand juries and law enforcement's right to perform "sneak and peak" searches will remain permanently. The result of Congress' weakness is a dramatic shift in the government's approach to the way balance is maintained between domestic security and civil liberties. The protections established after the abuses of the Watergate era are once again erased, opening the door to large-scale investigations of U.S. citizens for "intelligence" purposes. Surveillance becomes a mode of governance rather than a limited and accountable tool of criminal investigation and we are less free as a result.

FREE TRADE FOR VICTORY!: TRADE PROMOTION AUTHORITY
(PENDING CONGRESSIONAL VOTE AS OF NOV. 21, 2001)

With the war on terrorism just beginning, Bush has started to push his free trade agenda harder than ever. In the name of this free trade mantra Bush has been advocating the re-authorization of Trade Promotion Authority (formerly known as Fast Track Authority) as a means of fighting terrorism and combating the economic recession. Under Trade Promotion Authority (TPA) congress gives up the right to amend trade deals negotiated between the Bush administration and foreign governments and is only allowed to approve or defeat the agreements.

President Clinton used TPA to negotiate the North American Free Trade Agreement, which Congress foolishly passed with little debate. The result was the opening of national borders and mass job

flight to cheaper labor in Mexico. The Department of Commerce concedes that at least 360,000 jobs have been lost in the U.S. under NAFTA. Private research groups estimate that the total may be twice as high. They attribute the bulk of lost income felt by most Americans to a 20-year effort to open trade, such as NAFTA was written to do. The public outcry over the passage of NAFTA was so strong that Congress rejected two subsequent requests to extend it, but Bush entered office determined to win re-authorization of TPA. Bush's goal is to negotiate an expansion of NAFTA to the Free Trade Area of the Americas, a 34-country trade agreement that would add Central and South America to the current agreement that covers Mexico, Canada and the U.S.

The Bush administration and members of Congress have gone so far as to argue that the passage of TPA is essential to their fight against terrorism. U.S. Trade Representative Robert Zoellick has lead this charge, saying the U.S. should "counter terror with trade." A Bush aide summed up the administration's position, saying that trade "promotes the values at the heart of this protracted struggle."

The reality is that TPA represents a major abrogation of Congressional prerogatives. It sweeps away the "advise and consent" role of the Senate and leaves decisions of immense importance to Bush alone. TPA eliminates the ability of Congress to amend or moderate anti-worker, environmentally damaging, and undemocratic components of trade deals. In the last decade, agreements negotiated under TPA have undermined important environmental regulations here in the U.S., left American labor vulnerable, and protected the right of corporations to relocate abroad where they can avoid even minimal labor standards. This is the reason corporations have made TPA a top lobbying priority and have funneled millions of dollars in contributions to members of Congress in the past decade.

Treaties like NAFTA and FTAA place a nation's fundamental regulatory structure up for review by unaccountable elites. The voice of the American people is all but ignored and the principles of democracy this country was built upon is abandoned. The reality is that FTAA leaves corporations unaccountable to national and transnational democratic forces and will encourage the very xenophobia and fundamentalism that fuels discontent, rage, and terrorism. Passage of this bill is no way to fight terrorism.

TPA was in serious political trouble prior to Sept. 11, but Bush is currently trying to brow beat Democrats into supporting its passage by piggybacking it on patriotic fervor. If the Democrats lack of principle and will since Sept. 11 is any indication, Bush may very well get his wish. However, organized labor and other organizations are leading the battle to prevent its passage and some Democrats appear to be waking up and joining the fight.

CORPORATE GIVEAWAY #2: THE ECONOMIC STIMULUS PACKAGE

(PENDING CONGRESSIONAL NEGOTIATION AS OF NOV. 21, 2001)

Washington has been bracing for the impact of an impending economic recession for much of the last year, and there has been a great deal of debate in political circles as to how to deal with this issue. The economic fallout of the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11 has only rushed the arrival of the recession as the airline and tourism industries - and much of the rest of the economy - have slowed as a result of uncertain times. Under the guise of stimulating the economy, the Bush administration and much of Congress has jumped at the chance to push legislation of questionable value as a stimulus to the economy, but certainly in the interest to Washington's largest political contributors.

On Oct. 24, the Republican-lead House of Representatives passed, by a razor-thin margin, an economic stimulus package sure to please their corporate political contributors. This package is shockingly blatant, giving the vast majority of the economic benefits from the $100 billion bill to corporations and the wealthiest 30% of Americans, and is surely exploiting the tragedy of Sept. 11 to force long-sought tax cuts. So outrageous is this proposal that many in the Republican Party resisted voting for it, until heavy pressure was placed on them by the Republican leadership. *The New York Times* stated, "If the House has its way, the government will give more in tax breaks to corporations over the next year then it will spend fighting terrorism."

This House of Representatives proposal, among other things, would:

- Repeal the Alternative Minimum Tax (AMT) which was established in 1986 to make sure that corporations could not escape paying federal income taxes through the use of loop holes and write-offs. However, this bill would not only end this form of taxation, but would retroactively refund the taxes paid by corporations under this tax law over the years. According to the Congressional Research Service, this means that immediate rebates of hundreds of millions of dollars would be paid to a select list of giant corporations, including $1.4 billion to IBM, $832 million to General Motors, $671 million to General Electric. Official claims are that this change in tax policy would cost $24 billion over ten years, but critics say it is likely to cost two to three times as much due to increased tax sheltering not reflected in this official estimate. According to Citizens for Tax Justice, profitable corporations who will receive $7.4 billion in immediate rebates are also major campaign contributors, giving $45.7 million dollars to federal elections since 1991. The fourteen largest beneficiaries of this tax repeal gave $14,769,785 in soft money to the national committees of the Democratic and Republican parties in recent years.
- Double the largest corporate tax loophole under current law—accelerated depreciation—at an estimated cost of $109 billion over the next three years.
- Make it easier for corporations with "tax losses" to apply for refunds of taxes paid in the past, at a cost of over $10 billion over the next three years.
- Allow an expiring current-law tax shelter for multinational corporations which allows them to shift taxable profits off-shore to become permanent at an estimated cost of $21 billion over ten years.
- Cuts the capital gains tax rates, which, according to *The New York Times*, would give 80% of the benefits from this cut to the top 2% of American households. This cut could very well cut taxes by $10 billion in 2002 with 3/4 of that savings going to the top one percent of households.
- Cut taxes for the richest one- percent of Americans, giving them an average income tax cut of $27,000 in 2002. Forty-one percent of the tax cuts would go to this wealthy elite. Meanwhile, three out of four taxpayers would receive zero tax reduction.

Members of Congress who stand in support of this corporate giveaway claim these tax cuts would reduce the recession-induced pressure placed on employers to lay off employees. They argue that giving the money to business interests will result in increased investment in equipment, and as a result, new jobs. Critics would argue that since the wealthy are least likely to need, and therefore immediately spend new money, it makes little sense to give them money as a means to stimulate the economy.

Privately, Republican leaders say they crafted this outrageous economic stimulus proposal in hopes of improving their bargaining position with the Democrat-lead Senate. Of course, this doesn't mean they would be unhappy to see all these cuts passed into law. Amazingly, this proposed legislation is so repulsive that even the Bush administration is distancing themselves from it. Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill, no foe of corporate tax cuts, called the bill "show business" for "constituents."

Senate Democrats have released a proposal in response to the Republicans proposed economic stimulus package. While far from perfect, this proposal is more centered on providing assistance to the bottom of the economic ladder. The Democrats propose putting $66.4 billion into the economy this year with increased unemployment benefits, subsidies for health care premiums and one-time cash payments for low-income workers who did not qualify for last summer's tax rebates. They also plan to push for an additional $20 billion in investments into the national infrastructure and domestic security. There are, or course, also many pay-outs to contributors in this Democratic bill, but nothing as unfair and one-sided as the Republicans proposal. Unfortunately, it is the weak and fearful position from which the Democrats negotiate this bill with the Republicans that will probably ensure the bill to be heavy on tax cuts and giveaways for the wealthy.

Time and space restraints have prevented me from getting to all I had promised to cover in the last issue. If you are interested in these other topics- the media's reaction to the war, how we on the Left should approach recent events, etc., watch for my columns in Heartattack zine, or e-mail me. Comments, questions, feedback:

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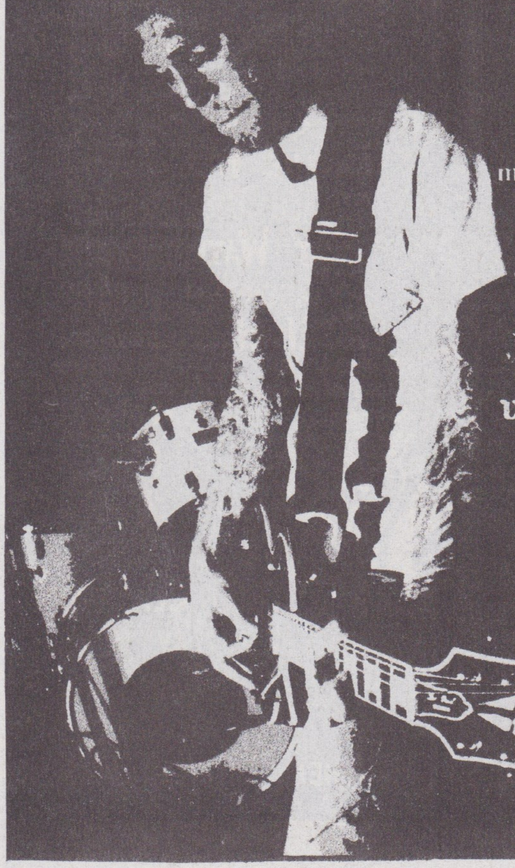

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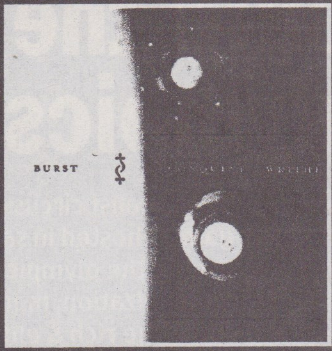

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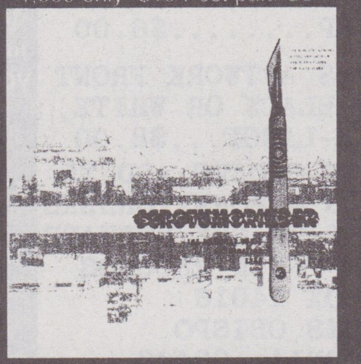

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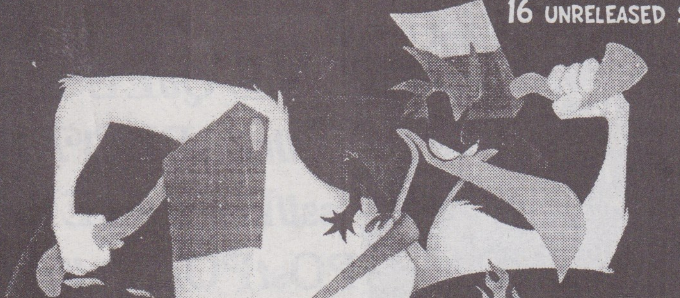

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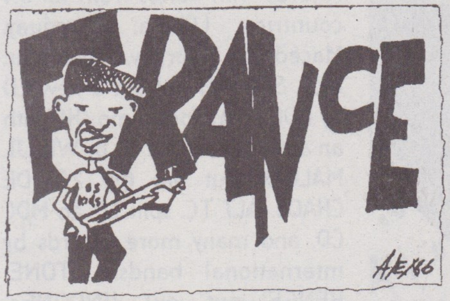
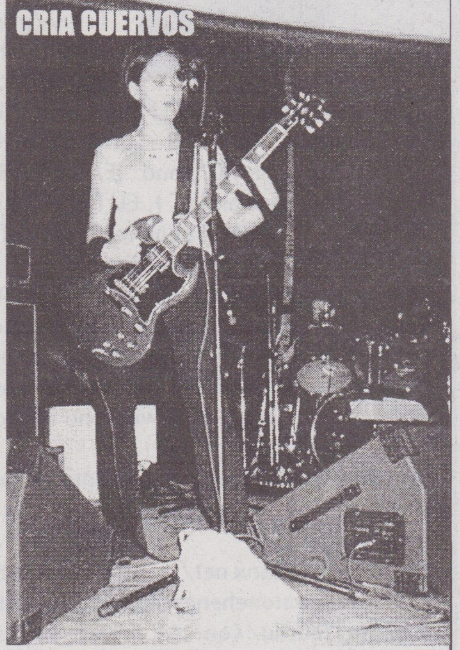


Bands: In case you're not aware yet, here is a list of all the bands that split up in the last two years: KURUMA BAKUDAN (experimental HC, several records out on BAD CARD), SEASON (heavy emo/HC, EP out on STONEHENGE), MELMOR (original powerful punk with a violin and Celtic influences, one EP out on MASS PRODUCTIONS), ZABRISKIE POINT (punk-rock, several CDs out), ASIDE (HC/crust), SOAR (emo/metal, CD out on STONEHENGE), MASS MURDERERS (punk), ÖPSTAND (thrashcore, discography CD/LP out now), JEAN SEBERG (thrashcore), EPSILON (positive melodic HC), BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL (emo/HC), REVOLUTION TIME (punk), AN ATTA (emo-HC, ex-ANOMIE), PRIMITIV' BUNKO (crust!, a few EPs out), DIPSOMANIE ('82-type punk), EMMA HO (grind), UNEVEN (HC), HEADWAY (NYHC then...Jazz!), IRONIX (100% punk), NCA (punk), WHAT'S WRONG (I guess). Many of the individuals involved have started new bands:


CRIA CUERVOS

Ex-ALCATRAZ, ex-PEU ETRE and ex-SEASON members have teamed up to play in a pretty melodic emo band called AMANDA WOODWARD (one demo-CD out). Some FINGERPRINT/UNDONE ex-members play in ANANDA now (heavy emo/metal, three CDs out on OVERCOME). SCRAPS' bass player has joined a crust band in Belgium with the people from Nabate. COCHE BOMBA are back, and still playing fastcore. A discography CD is out on BAD CARD. RIGHT FOR LIFE play fast NyHC (one LP, one miniCD, one split EP out; one new CD in the works). NOTHING TO PROVE play positive HC, and are more and more emo-influenced. One ex-member of PITFALL and BRIDWELL HOSPITAL plays in SECRETOS DEL CORAZON (melodic emo with French and German members). Ex-FILTHY CHARITY and SUBSTANCE OF NOISE have started a more crusty band with political lyrics and a drum machine. KOCHISE (two LPs out) are still around although they don't often play live, or record anything. But KOCHISE's bassist has started a band with two members of AHORCADOS called CRIA CUERVOS, who play tuneful punk-rock with social lyrics, they already have a demo-CD and one mini CD out. She also plays in a country-punk-rock band called TURTLE RANGER. SUBMERGE (featuring ex-members of DISCORDE) is an emo-metal band, they have two EPs out.

KOCHISE

ATTENTAT SONORE are the oldest-running French punk band, they have lots of EPs and tapes out (the latest is a split 7" with NEGATIVE I.Q. (Oi-core)). Speaking of NEGATIVE I.Q., they have a brand new EP out on BORD DE SEINE, a skinhead label from Paris. Actually, ATTENTAT SONORE are not the oldest French punk band since LES CADAVRES have decided to get back together. Same goes for OBERKAMPF and LES PORTES-MENTAUX!! PROTEX BLUE play pop-core with ska influences, they have a bunch of CDs and split CDs out. SIX PACK used to play popcore, they put out two CDs in the mid-90s but changed their name to WEI-JI (mini CD out now on SANJAM). DISBEER play pure dis-core and have a couple EPs and CDs out on PANX. LEGITIME DEFONCE (punk/HC) have two albums out on Panx, and a third one came out a few months ago, but since I haven't heard about them in a long time, they probably split up. STEROIDS (raw punk) have an EP out on PANX, a CD compiling their two demos, one split EP, and a new album out on MASS PRODUCTIONS. TOXXIC TV are a band that mixes HC and punk with a lot of other influences, the result is tuneful melodic HC with reggae bits, mosh parts, whatever. They already have two CDs out and appeared on many compilations. DISRUPTIVE ELEMENT (old style pk/HC– one EP and one miniCD out) have changed their line up but are still around.

Ex-ASIDE members play in SHORTCUT, a fast HC band with two vocalists. MURDER ONE (fast NYHC, ex-INNOCENT BLOOD) had line up problems but are still around. Some of them also

play in a grindcore act called THE MAD TRASHERS (one split EP with UNHOLY GRAVE out). Ex-UNLOGISTIC people play in H2 OIL, a melodic emo-HC band from Paris. VÖMIT FOR BREAKFAST hail from Saint Etienne, they're France's most well known power violence act. CLOUDBURST (ex-NEVER SCORNFUL) play original heavy & metallic HC with social lyrics; some members play in ACRIMONIE, an original emo-metal band with a DIY attitude (CD-demo and 10" out). THE INFORMERS, starring ex-BRIGADES vocalist's Vlad, play melodic HC in the vein of MC4, with sociopolitical lyrics (One CD, one EP and one mini-CD). SUMMER DAY IN JUNE (typical French emo-core) probably split up. I haven't heard about them in years. J'AURAIS VOULU play typical French punk-rock, they have one EP and one LP out on LIMOLIFE. 20" DE CHAOS play metallic crust with dual vocals, they have a split LP with a Greek band out on MALOKA. WAITING FOR BETTER DAYS play French emo style, they have one miniCD and one split 10" out (with ROMEO IS BLEEDING, who play noisy-emo-metal). ELEVATE NEWTON'S THEORY play a mix of emo and rock (one CD out, and one split EP).

HIPPIES OF TODAY

There's a "huge" redskin scene in France these days. I don't know why, there's basically no more boneheads around, but there's never been as many redskin bands: BRIGADA FLORES MAGON have two CDs out (oi), ACTION DIRECTE (oi/ska) and YA BASTA (left-wing ska) have a split EP out, BARRIKAD (oi) have one home-burn CD out. LES PARTISANS are a famous punk-rock/ska/oi band with leftist lyrics, who remind me a bit of La Souris Deglinguee, Redskins, etc. They have tons of records out, some on famous labels like Mad Butcher (and they also feature the ex-drummer of PARIAPUNK, a mid-eighties punk band). More reds: SONS DE LA LUCHA (oi-ska), BOLCHOI (oi), EMBUSKADE (ska), etc.

Newer bands include: CUMSHOT (grind/thrash), TO LEARN (ex-SLAMFACE, HC/emo/metal), AZRAEL (typical French emo, one CD-demo out), BACCHUS TEMPLE ADDICTS (ex-MASS MURDERERS, 100% drunk-punks), LIX LIVIA (crust), HIPPIES OF TODAY (fast chaotic HC), FACE UP TO IT (ex-ÖPSTAND, ex-JEAN SEBERG; thrashcore), WEDA (fast-HC with an emo touch), REVIVE (old school), VALUE DRIVEN (NyHC old school SxE), BURN HOLLYWOOD BURN (emo-metal), NEVROTIC EXPLOSION (punk-rock), BODA (tight melodic HC, two CDs out), etc.. That's it for bands. Of course there's more, but these are the ones which put out records. Read zines if you want info on more unknown ones, OK?

Zines: there are basically no zines in English around here, but I'll drop a couple names: EARQUAKE, France's biggest and more regular punk/Oi/HC zine (in French–over 70 issues out!). EXOTIC UNDERGROUND is a zine dedicated to punk-HC-metal-underground scenes from countries that you didn't even know existed. I'm sure if there were a scene on Mars, Fred (who also runs DARBOUKA RDS) would be the first to know about it. Two other zines are worth checking out: WE'RE GONNA FIGHT (HC/punk) and NEW WIND (old school and metal HC), they're both great and written in English, write me for address-es!

Labels: PANX recently put out a new DISBEER CD. DARBOUKA and TIEN AN MEN put out records with bands from far-off countries (China, Paraguay, Macedonia, Turkey, Myanmar, etc). SANJAM put out a new CD by BODA (melodic emo/HC with an attitude), and a CD by WEI JI. MALOKA put out the 20" DE CHAOS/ALT T.C. split LP, an MDC CD, and many more records by international bands... STONEHENGE put out UNDONE's, ALCATRAZ's (jazzy emo) and FINGERPRINT's discographies as well as records by AMANDA WOODWARD and the Autonomy series (benefit EPs featuring four French bands each). Also check out SMALL BUDGET/SHARK ATTACK (ska/punk mainly: Xiola blue, PROTEX BLUE...), LIMO LIFE (punk-rock; J'AURAIS VOULU), REVOLUTION (HC/crust), MOLAIRE (emo/HC/noisy), CHAOS CITY CORE (crust/grind/punk), BAD CARD (HC/crust/etc (COCHE BOMBA)), MASS PRODUCTIONS (punk and garage: MELMOR, MASS MURDERERS, NEVROTIC EXPLOSION...), MURDER (thrashcore (Dahmer, Mesrine)), RATBONE (crust/HC/grind: JEAN SEBERG, HHH), WALKED IN LINE (punk-rock and HC), EL TRASGO (HC/crust: ASIDE, MURDER ONE....), RURAL (punk-rock), FIGHT 45 (punk), etc., etc.

Distros: I'll just drop a few distro names (the biggest and most reliable). Panx, Bad card, Boisleve, Punk as fuck, Murder, Le rebouteux, Sanjam, Overcome, Maloka, Stonehenge, Emergence, Walked in line, New wave, Mass productions, Burn out, Zoop, Kanivo chaos, Guerilla front, Karamekos, El Trasgo, Ratbone, etc... (if you wanna deal with one that doesn't appear on this list, write and ask me first).

Websites: the biggest and most interesting ones are those: from there, you can follow the links and find out about our whole scene!

http://www.panx.net/, http://members.aol.com/rafdiy/, http://www.stonehengerecords.com/, http://www.multimania.com/fourdu/(on old French bands), http://perso.club-internet.fr/mankind/, http://www.chez.com/maloka/

Politics: People interested in politics, antisexism, antiracism, anticapitalism, whatever, should contact the hardest-working organization in France: Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon cedex. People interested in animal rights can check out: www.vege-

tarisme.org/vegasso
And now onto some personal plugs. (Did ya really think I was doing this for free ?!?) I quit with my zine, the INTERNATIONAL STRAIGHT-EDGE BULLETIN (in English), but I still write for many many zines worlwide (reports, interviews, reviews and columns). Available from me: New Days Rising (punk-HC compilation, 8 international bands (Attentat sonore, Cojoba, DDI, Frammenti, Affluente, Invazija, Zlodziejе Rowerow, Smudos)) and Reconstruction (French Hardcore compilation, 26 bands from 1998!), Skeezicks discography CD (German classic and fun posi-core from 1987) and Agent 86 (USA punk-HC, three vinyls on one CD) and Petrograd's new album (Luxembourg DIY pop-punk) and HHH (Spanish thrashcore 1985-92) and MDC (re-release of the two first LPs on CD), Anomie (French emo-HC, discography CD). Coming next: international fast-core compilation (10 bands/10 countries). I also run a big NON-PROFIT punk/HC/SxE/crust distribution with hundreds of records from around the globe, send a stamp!

For more info on French stuff and for contact addresses don't hesitate to write me. We also wish to help travellers. We can put you up, show you around, etc. But only punk/HC people please.

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·Darbouka and Exotic underground c/o Fréderic Brahim, 17 rue de la forêt, 67340 Menchoffen.
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·Stonehenge c/o Christophe Mora, 21 rue des brosses, 78200 Magnanville
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·Le Silence de la rue, rue Faidherbe, 75011 Paris (record shop)
·Bad boys, rue Kléber, 75011 Paris (record shop/collector items)
·Monster melodies, 9 rue des déchargeurs, 75001 Paris (record shop)
·Plus de bruit (35 rue de la Rochefoucault, 75009 Paris (record shop)
·Librairie Publico, 145 rue Amelot, 75011 Paris (anarchist library)

Addresses in Lyon:
·La gryffe, 5 rue S. Gryphe, 69007 Lyon (anarchist library)

Addresses in Dijon:
·Maloka, 61 rue Jeanin, 21000 Dijon (anarchopunk collective)

Addresses in the Basque area:
Patxoki, 23 bis rue des Tonneliers, 64100 Bayonne

Scene report for Olympia, Washington.
By Timothy Radar

For years now *Maximum Rocknroll* has been the place of unknown bands, or minimal towns to get their faces on the radar of the global punk scene. In the era of mass media, mass marketing, and self-indulgence, the scene report section has served as the written equivalent of local public access to the punk scene. And while there are some Scott and Garys or Spud TVs out there, for the most part it seems to be the Wayne's World of punk rock.

Olympia has been a well known town on the radar of the nation punk and indie scene for years, turning out bands like BEAT HAPPENING, UNWOUND, BIKINI KILL, KARP, and hundreds more. But more so, it has been the easy stop between Portland and Seattle for touring bands for years. For this reason it is good to know what you are getting into before you enter the town. And for this reason I will talk about this part of the scene rather then the bands that play here all the time.

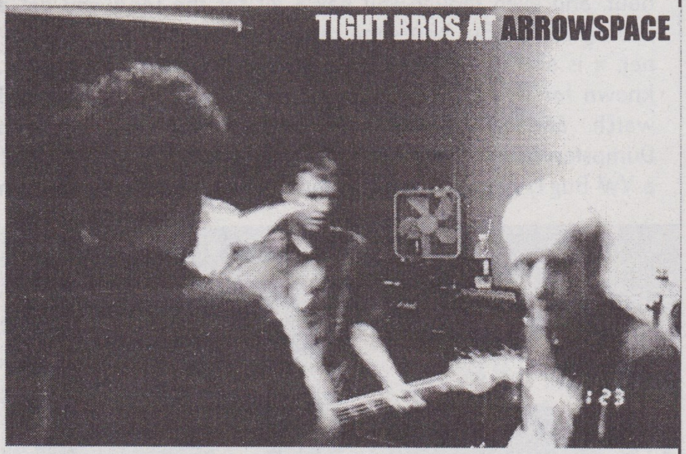
Food for thought. There are only two places in the United States where you can get truly good Mexican food: South of LA and the Bay Area. As Olympia is neither of the aforementioned places, stay clear of the Mexican food here. With this said you are left with limited places to eat in the downtown Olympia area, so here is the lowdown. If you crave meat and a greasy spoon atmosphere, you won't be let down by the Spar, which boasts to be the oldest restaurant in town, has a decent happy hour, and even though you pay a lot for the food, you get a healthy return. But here's the caveat, while being a decent dinner, it is also the head of the Olympia Downtown Association, known for its rather un-laid back approach to neighborhood watch, and strong arming punk-run businesses such as Dumpster Values into uncomfortable positions (like the back of a VW Bug). For the time and money I suggest driving east on'

THE STATE

fourth till you hit the infamous Rib Eye, across the street from a house Kathleen Hanna once lived in. The best value, the best food in Olympia by popular vote, and possibly the best Thai food in the area, goes to Mini Saigon, which is conveniently vegan, cheap, and next to one of the older venues in Olympia, the Midnight Sun.

There are things. Although Olympia isn't the flagship of good tourism in the Northwest, there are interesting things to do. Like tour the brewery, that's right, Olympia beer used to be brewed in Olympia. Wow. And you can tour the Miller plant that once housed the Pabst plant that brewed, you guessed it, Olympia. Or, try this on. Olympia is the state capitol—you can go to the capitol building and push your crust punk, screamo/political bands' agenda on those who make the policy "the law makers." If you are stuck here on a Monday night, there is the lovely tradition of "punk rock bowling" at the westside lanes every Monday night. That's right, the skinheads might not go bowling, but the punks do. If you have money, or are trying to make money and you have 1. Records, or 2. Clothes, or want 1. Records. Or 2. Clothes, go to Dumpster Values and Phantom City Records—both are locally/punk owned and operated. So if you're going to steal, go to the mall! And if you are going to shop, go to the PUNK MALL!

Pay to Play. Although it is tuff to get a show in Olympia without knowing someone to promote it locally, there are still places to play, all of which can be easily looked up in the phone directory. So what if you never got to see Beat Happening or you are ashamed you haven't seen Fugazi. At least you can see or play where they have. The Capitol Theater (backstage), run by the Olympia film society, now has the proud honor of being the oldest all ages venue in town for bands to play. I remember when touring bands and local bands would pack the place every weekend night. Sadly, in the past few years the good shows there are fewer and farther between, but with new man-


TIGHT BROS AT ARROWSPACE

agement this may change. The Midnight Sun (360) 561-3078 has recently changed hands, but continues to bring high caliber acts like low, dub narcotic, karate, and many younger, local bands within its walls. Le Voyeur is the new place for cheap (free) shows in town. While it is rather easy to get a show there, the downside turns out to be that they never charge and touring bands never make money... in sad news, the Arrowspace has closed, which leaves the Midnight Sun to be the best place to play in town.

So your show didn't turn out so well. Well, don't fret, it turns out that Olympia, being a working class town by nature, has a plethora of great watering holes to fill up you gullets with alcohol. In fact, this week I took Henry Gravity of Portland on a good ole bar hop that went down the main drag of Fourth

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Avenue. While Ben Moores and The Reef seem to be the hippest places to be (they also serve the stronger drinks) there are plenty of other bars to dull any mid-tour pain. Remember that Washington is the capitol of suicides! Here's a short list of the better places downtown: Ben Moores, Thekla, The Reef, le Voyeur, the Eastside, Mccoys, the Fourth Ave Tav, Charlie's, the Columbia House (Clancey's on the sign). All fine drinking establishments. And for those of you who "don't drink, don't smoke, cause you know you can cope," you have two options, sit in the dinner at the Reef eating french fries and drinking coffee, or drive yourself somewhere else because the town is unfriendly in two facets: one, it is a drinking scene for the most part. Two: the town doesn't really open up to you unless you are here for a long while, or if you happen to meet someone interesting... say at a place like a bar.

End notes. As I have not seen an Olympia scene report since 1994, I feel obliged to make this little list of bands or businesses that have gone under in the not so recent påst as well as new ones. The broke up band list: BIKINI KILL, KARP, FITZ OF DEPRESSION (twice actually), SOME VELVET SIDEWALK, EXCUSE 17, THE SERUM GREYS, THE VALENTINE KILLERS, BEHEAD THE PROPHET N.L.S.L.., LORDS OF LIGHTSPEED, GODHEADSILO, THE RICKETS, THE MURDER CITY DEVILS (both bands with that name actually), MOCKET, OLD THYME RELIJIUN. The following important places have been closed. Golden Oldies (used records for 20 years), Positively Fourth Street, the Arrowspace (long time cheap venue), Dancing Goats (great late night coffee.) State Tri theater (the dollar theater) a honorable mention goes out to these new bands: The GUILTY TEACHERS (ex REVLONS), SUNLAKE (ex ARCH VILLAINS), TRACY AND THE PLASTICS (ex MEME AMERICA), BLACKMAN WHITEMAN DEADMAN (ex NERVOUS SYSTEM), the POLARBEARS (not really new but gearing up again (ex SOME VELVET SIDEWALK).

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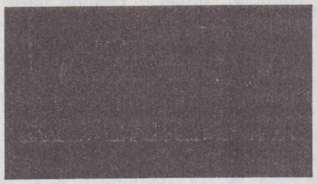

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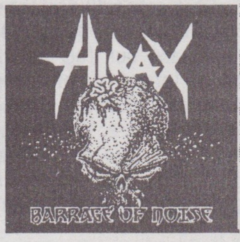

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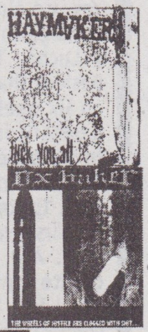

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redencion 9.11

MRR: How long has Redencion 9-11 been around?
Joao: Since 1997. We've had a few line-up changes, specifically bass players—we're always changing bass players for some reason. Right now the line-up is made up of Se Kyu on guitar, Patricio on drums, Alejandra on bass, and me on vocals.
MRR: What possessed you all to do a band like this?
Satan! We all came from other bands, and we wanted to keep playing. We just got together and rehearsed for the entire summer of 1997. We came up with the name in March, two weeks before our first show. We like making noise and dancing around—it's an adrenaline rush. Also, we wanted to do a band, musically and conceptually, that would be new and original for us.
MRR: Why don't you explain the name of your band?
That's a long story; I'm kind of tired of doing it by now. Redencion means "redemption," 9.11 means September 11th. On September 11th, 1973, a democratically elected socialist government was violently overthrown by the military, a military that was being puppeted by the conservatives, businessmen, and Richard Nixon's government. Our name basically means "Redemption September 11th," which for us is a way to cleanse ourselves of a 17 year-long dictatorship that destroyed our families, our culture, and our basic human rights. We, in some way, are the direct children of Pinochet's dictatorship. We were born during the first years of the regime and grew up with constant curfews, blackouts, street protests, violence, media censorship, etc. We need to free ourselves from that part of history so we can look into the future with at least a bit of optimism.
MRR: Aren't you guys releasing some stuff in the USA soon? Planning a tour?
Yes, we already released a split 7" with a solo folk project called Homage To Catalonia on a label from Washington, DC called Amor y Lucha. That label will someday release our full length CD. Besides that, we've contributed songs to lots of compilations: one on Six Weeks Records called *South America In Decline*; also one for a benefit for the Angola 3 called *May All Be Free*. We're supposed to be appearing in two other compilations, one on 105 Records from Albany, NY and one on Fist Held High from Wisconsin. We want to tour for two weeks, during the last week of January and the first week of February 2002.
MRR: Are you worried about the problems your name might create for you?
Oh, I just recently thought about it. I hadn't really noticed the connection up until a few weeks ago. I don't think people are going to make the connection that easily. After watching the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, on the morning of September 11, courtesy of CNN, a lot of people that I usually communicate with thought we'd be happy about it—you know, because of how the US government financed and supported so much killing and violence in Chile during the military regime. But actually, I was very shocked and sad to see that so many thousands of innocent people were killed. We thought a lot about changing our name after that, but it would be pointless—we're kind of already known by that name here in Chile—plus, it's a strong name, it's easy to remember, and it also makes people think about what the hell we mean by it. It's almost like a slogan. Of course there are always a few people that think we named ourselves after the 911 emergency number. What scares me is the difficulties we might have sending our stuff through mail into the USA because the postal service or customs might think we're some pro-terrorist group. Or maybe people will lynch us if we do shows in the US.
MRR: Where do you stand politically, as a band?
I don't think we stand anywhere specifically. We're not political activists—maybe we are by default, but we're not consciously. We're a band: we're people who channel our ideas and feelings through music and through our work and ethics based on Do It Yourself. None of us are regular attendants at political meetings, nor are we militant in any party. But we are very open and faithful to the idea that every person must have and exercise the equal right to do whatever they please, as long as it doesn't involve hurting others. We feel closeness to anarchism in terms of day-to-day living and believing that no one has the right to determine someone else's existence, and that representative democracy, as we know it in our westernized society, is a big lie. Our freedom, culture, and identities as Latin Americans are constantly being tampered with by the neoliberal policies that favor globalization and capitalist expansionism. The defense of the right to private property has been, for a long time, stronger than the defense of human rights and freedom. Our lives are constantly and gradually being changed in favor of corporations and their interests. But let's be realistic, there's not much we can do but create a community and learn with others about ways to go around the system and live comfortably without exchanging our freedom. I don't believe that a major "revolution" against a system that goes back 500 years and has been in constant growth is going to have any positive long term effects.

I personally believe in practical actions: I believe in building networks and forms of economic and cultural exchange through DIY. Not only for the punk community, but for everyone—people have to realize that politicians and governments are not going to change their lives for them, and that they can't always depend on traditional forms of income. I think an effective way of changing that is practicing the collectivization of work, trading goods and services among a community instead of always depending on money. For example, if on the same block where you live there's, I don't know, a TV technician, and you know a lot about gardening, say your TV is busted, traditionally you would go ask the TV technician to check your TV and charge you money to fix it—but maybe instead you can ask him to fix your TV and offer him a free garden maintenance, or to mow his lawn once a month. The possibilities are endless; you can go on like that, trading services or leftover goods that you're not going to use. Some communities here in Chile have chapters of an organization called "Comprando Juntos" which is a community based group that collects money from a particular neighborhood and buys food in bulk at very cheap wholesale prices and then gives each home a share. It's much cheaper to buy ten kilos of beans between eight or ten families than have each one buy their one overpriced kilo at the supermarket. Things like those inspire me in making life easier.

The good thing about trading goods or services is that you don't have to quit your regular jobs or sacrifice your regular sources of income, but you save yourself a whole lot on costs. Besides, it's a really good opportunity to bond with your neighbors. I think that things like these are going to change people's minds, not endless and dull political discussions and theory. I agree that some theoretical background and knowledge of history is necessary though—if not, an action like the one I described before could end in social exclusion and excessive localism, like those anarchist farms that separate themselves from society and exclude others. Society needs to be changed, and that means taking part of it, participating with the people, not hiding in some idealistic bubble. That's so hippie.

MRR: So as a person who lives outside of the USA, how do you perceive everything that has happened since September 11?

OK, I have to say again that I was very shocked and sad when it happened. And I can't blame people for "calling for blood"—I mean, honestly, if any of my loved ones were on the planes or in one of the buildings, I'd be spitting fire right now. But there's a lot of things I can't figure out about all this: we all know the US government loves finding scapegoats for their problems—this time it's Osama bin Laden's turn to play the demon; a few years ago it was Saddam, and before that it was the Ayatollah—but I don't buy into this whole "we can't find him so we bomb Afghanistan" scheme. I mean, please, the guy was personally trained by CIA agents during the war to liberate Afghanistan—so was the entire Taliban, actually. George W. Bush is just using this as an excuse to overthrow the Taliban regime (which am not in favor of either) to then install a US-friendly puppet regime, like they have done with most of the Middle East. This is not a war to honor the thousands of firemen, cops, janitors, secretaries, and suits that died in the bombings—this a war to gain further control over one of the most conflicted territories in the entire world. After Afghanistan they'll find an excuse to bomb some other country in Southeast Asia, maybe Iraq again, who knows. It's all in the need to invade other nations with McDonalds, Disney, and Johnson & Johnson's. I feel really sorry for the friends and families of the victims, and I also fear that this will bring on more innocent deaths and most likely more terrorist attacks in US territory.

MRR: What has been the general reaction in Chile?

Shock, mostly. But people here forgot about it fast. I think the general opinion is that we are all tired of wars, we're tired of hearing about the USA bombing small third world countries. Probably because we already know what that's like. People here were very sad about all the casualties, but consider that we've had similar situations or other catastrophes and nobody in the USA has ever cared. The US government has never apologized for the thousands of people killed here so they could continue controlling the copper and communications industries. We've never heard of people in the USA leaving flowers at the Chilean embassy in Washington, DC. Actually, now that I recall, a very violent terrorist attack occurred in DC a few years after the military coup here in Chile. The socialist government's ambassador, Orlando Letelier, was assassinated along with his secretary, an American citizen by the name of Ronnie Muffin, by car bombing. The assassins were Chilean military intelligence agents and an anti-Castro Cuban. In spite of that, the US government continued to support Pinochet, even though many American citizens were also killed by the hand of the Chilean military. So, yeah, we support the victims' families and understand their pain, but we still have a lot of issues to deal with before we torment ourselves for the sake of another country.

MRR: Considering the history of Chile, terrorist acts that have happened, and what the Chilean government has considered terrorism, what is your opinion on the US government's current war on Terrorism?

Like I said before, the US government couldn't care less about its people—all of this could have been avoided. I mean please, I don't believe for a second that air space control and USAF radars didn't notice that four planes were missing from their normal routes. By the way, have you noticed how nobody mentions the fourth plane that was supposedly shot down or that crashed before reaching its destination? Now, the concept of terrorism itself is very tricky—governments consider anyone who is anti-government to be a terrorist, even if it's just theoretically. So, "America's War on Terrorism" could quite easily be redirected into a war on domestic "terrorists," which by FBI standards probably involves very different groups, ranging from defenseless college activists to right wing militias, Aryan nation to Animal Liberation Front, anarchists, Nation of Islam, etc. The same thing could easily repeat itself here.

MRR: What kind of effect do you think it will have on the future of USA? On the world?

I don't know what the future holds, but what I do know is that economically, here comes worldwide recession! The dollar value here has risen like never before, and prices are going up for everything. I see a lot of inflation, unemployment, and I see more wars.

MRR: Can you tell us a little about how you think this new war will effect Chile?

It already has affected us economically and psychologically. Everyone's paranoid now. I think it will also serve as an excuse for the authorities to crack down and repress anti-government or radical left wing groups with more violence.

MRR: Is there a relationship between the DIY punk and hardcore scene in Chile, and people who are active in grassroots political struggle?

To some extent, yes, a lot of people from bands or zines are active in movements like the Conscious Objectors (Anti-Military Service), Political Prisoners Support Groups, etc. But I couldn't really say if there are— they're not visible.

MRR: How do you think DIY punk differs in Chile (or South America in general) from DIY punk in Europe or the USA? What kind of difficulties do you all, as a band, face in touring Chile, South America, or anywhere else for that matter?

I don't think it differs much with Europe, especially Eastern Europe, which contains mostly very poor countries, but compared to the USA, France, Germany, and other countries like Spain, Great Britain, Sweden, etc. we're a thousand years away. Scenes here are much more separated and antagonistic, there's a lot of "Americanism" in some scenes, a lot of trends and consumerism. We don't have a strong DIY community or network like in the USA and Europe. Very few squats, very few "punk" spaces, etc.

Bands here rarely have their own equipment, recording is expensive, so is releasing tapes or CDs, and extensive touring is impossible unless you have a lot of money to lose. At most you can go to Argentina or Brazil and travel around, but to go from country to country is very hard and expensive. There is very bad distribution — people who don't pay you after they ask for material on consignment. Audiences are small; people don't have the money to buy your records, etc. Need I say more?

MRR: What music or other forms of art have inspired you and what are you into these days?

Well, this could take a long time. I think the band that has inspired us the most musically and politically is and will always be FUGAZI. I like a lot of the local bands from Santiago these days also. TRUE NORTH's LP (from Gainesville, Florida) hasn't left my turntable for months. In writing I've always felt touched by non-punk or at least non-traditional punk bands like JOY DIVISION, BIRTHDAY PARTY, MICHAEL GIRA, GANG OF FOUR, and writers like George Orwell, Paulo Freire, the Marquis de Sade, and the films of Ken Loach, Goddard, Scorcese, Jim Jarmusch, Spike Lee, etc. The influences and inspirations are endless.

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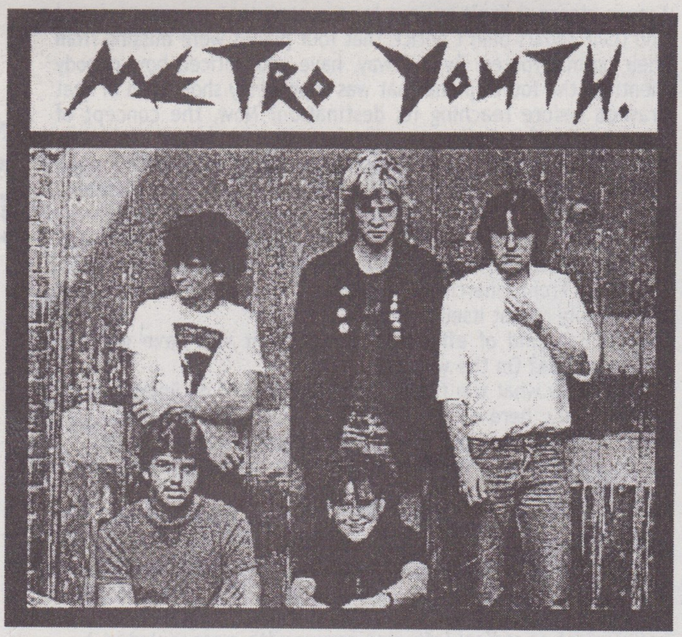

THERE'S TOO MUCH ON MY MIND:

the Story of Metro Youth/Sanction

by Lance Hahn

"I never looked to them for politics; I just liked the punk rock noises that they made."
Rich Cross, bass player for Metro Youth / Sanction

Exeter was a hub for punk rock activity in the '80s. The home of numerous bands and probably even more fanzines, the city developed its own unique scene of bands combining influences from several different generations of punk rock. It was at school there that Nigel and Rich first met and began playing music in the band XLR8.

Rich, "The four original members of Metro Youth were all at the same school, Hele's School in Exeter, Devon. Three of us were in the same class. We'd all started there in 1977, and pretty quickly realized that we were all drawn to and excited by the music of the Pistols and the other bands that we started to hear about. We all listened to the late-night John Peel program on Radio One (the only national music show where this music found an outlet to begin with) and swapped tapes and shared records and started to read the music press. There was a punk rock 'in-crowd' that we were never really accepted as a part of, but we just got on with our stuff regardless, and there wasn't much in the way of animosity, at least from other school punks.

"Nigel was the first to make the move to start a band, and once I'd found out that he got himself a drummer and guitarist (neither of whom were at Hele's), I realized I'd need to buy a bass guitar if I was going to become a member of XLR8. So I bought one, for forty quid. That's the only reason that I ended up playing bass—whatever it took to be in the band. We all piled into Nigel's garage in what must have been late 1978 or early 1979 for a few rehearsals, but—literally—none of us could play a note or hold or beat. I'd bought the first Clash songbook, which we all tried to decipher, but we couldn't work out how to make chords on the guitar, or how to match them to notes on the bass. I remember we did this very spartan and weedy version of 'Police and Thieves' and that we wrote a crappy 'Borstal Breakout' rip-off before we realized that this was going nowhere."

XLR8 were more of a whim than a band and soon dissolved. But for Nigel and Rich, it was a way of testing the water. It gave them their first taste of musical creativity. Instinctively, the process intrigued them. With the end of XLR8, they decided to find more likeminded people to form their next band, Metro Youth.

Rich, "XLR8 packed up, and within a couple of months Metro Youth came together during a series of rehearsals in Easter 1979. We were all either 15 or 16 at the time. I was 15 myself."

Like many bands of the time, Nigel and Rich were drawn together more by their desire to create and be part of a growing youth movement that was largely (if only in lip service at the start) based on encouraging everyone to participate. The DIY ethic started with the idea that you could just pick up your musical instruments and make an interesting noise without years of training. As a beginning block, this concept could be used to infuse DIY ethics into all aspects of the process of popular music. As a basic pretense of punk, the anarcho bands took it a step forward seeing it as a way to affect life and culture.

They rounded out the band with schoolmates, Andy and Tim. Eventually, Andy became the drummer, Tim the guitarist, Rich on bass and Nigel the singer.

Rich, "We learnt to play our instruments through trial-and-error and experimentation. It is absolutely true that, when we started, none of the original four members of the band could play anything—at all. We knew nothing about guitar tuning, yet alone song structure or key shifts. For the first few weeks, everyone in the band tried their hand at everything—drumming, guitar, bass and vocals. We all just moved around, and started making a horrible racket afresh each time. What eventually got us moving (like so many other bands since the dawn of rock-'n'roll) was working out cover songs, by playing along to records that we liked. The first recognizable songs to emerge from our cacophony were things like 'Mongoloid' by Devo, 'Where Were You?' by the Mekons, and 'Law & Order' by Stiff Little Fingers. Looking back on it now, what began to turn things around was the emergence of Andy's natural talent as a drummer. Once his technique started to reflect that, my dead-simple bass playing helped to give us a solid rhythm section, and the confidence to start writing our own material. It's become something of a cliché, but it's no less true for that—one of the hugely important things about the emergence of punk was its message that you could be a part of it if you got stuck in, and its insistence that enthusiasm and commitment was what mattered. It's very clear to me, looking back on it, that the fact that we couldn't play really didn't concern us at all. We just were not put off by that. We wanted to play, and knew that it would come together somehow if we picked up those instruments and got on with it. After that, our ability to play developed almost beyond recognition in the couple of years that followed."

As teenagers, the band was a little too young for the first generation of Exeter punk bands. Metro Youth's inception happened during a lull in the area's underground music scene. Not having much of a connection to the rest of the Exeter punk scene, the band developed independent from any notion of what was going on around them. Uninfluenced by bands and musicians in their area, they were forced to take their own path from the development of their music to the selection of a band name.

Rich, "When we started we didn't really know a lot of other local musicians. There had been a spate of 1977 Exeter punk bands, including the Scabs and the Fans, but we only knew about them by reputation, really. There had been a couple of other short-lived bands at our school, but it was only later that we really connected with the local scene, such as it was.

We talked and talked about possible names for ages, and, for a time, different versions of 'Victimize' and 'the Victims' were in the front running. Eventually, 'Metro Youth' emerged as the name that everyone disliked least. I'm reminded; re-reading one of our old fanzine interviews, that drummer Andy came up with it. I suppose, not very subtlety, we were identifying ourselves as 'urban youth,' which, considering we lived in a small town in the rural southwest, was an odd choice. I didn't like it much then, and I can't say I like it any better now!"

With the line-up of Metro Youth resolved in 1979, the band began an intense period of rehearsals to develop their set and their individual musical styles. This started during their schooling at Hele's School and continued until they were all signed up at Exeter College. Practicing for several weeks in the typical "suburban garage," the band was eventually forced by noise complaints to soundproof their living room and move their base of operation.

The band's first live performance came in August of that year at the St. Thomas Methodist Church Hall. As might be expected, the first gig was a shamble of failing equipment and nervous technical inability. Despite that the crowd, having been through a musical drought, were eventually won over and reacted wildly. This was a great dose of encouragement to the band.

But as time went on, the band began to be kept at an arm's length from many in the punk scene. Their growing association and influence from political bands like Crass and Crisis was the cause of some scrutiny from the more traditional punk luminaries of Exeter.

Rich, "The first time that I can remember being aware of the existence of 'punk' was reading the headlines about the Pistols in the tabloid newspapers on my paper round in 1976-77. But it wasn't until I heard the music that I really started to sit up and take notice. I read the British music weekly *Sounds* each Thursday, and it was in there that Garry Bushell wrote the first ever national music press report about Crass, announcing the imminent release of *The Feeding of the 5000*. The record and Crass sounded amazing, so I sent off to Small Wonder and had a copy of the first pressing of *Feeding* by the following week. I can remember that it took me a few listens to get into the whole of it, but that I loved 'Do They Owe Us A Living?' from the first time I heard it. There were a handful of incredibly significant punk records that sounded like no one else had ever sounded before, and changed what you thought about punk. *Realities of War*, the first Discharge EP would be one, and *Feeding* was definitely another. Next, I bought the *Reality Asylum* single, and started to get more and more interested in the anarcho side of punk."

The dawn of a new decade was still a difficult time for new music outside of London. Finding venues for their music, the band took it upon themselves to set up their own events rather than waiting for a promoter to call (a call many bands waited for that never came). This was combined with the grass-is-greener mentality of many music scenes towards its local bands.

Rich, "Gigs were always extremely hard to come by. Our first gig, in a church hall in 1979, was pretty shambolic, until the encore when we started to pull

things together at last. Once we'd got a grip on our nerves and had a few shows behind us, we played some pretty good gigs, I reckon—including a No Nukes benefit at the university; a headlining slot at the Rougemont Festival in an Exeter park; and the major support slots that we got. We had a small local following, but it was hard to build anything because the scene was so weak. There was never an 'anarcho-punk' scene in Exeter, at that time. But remember, Metro Youth was not in the straight anarcho-mould anyway.

"What was certainly true was that Exeter punks had little enthusiasm either for local bands, or for bands that they didn't already know. One example of that would be the reception that the Ruts got when they opened for the Damned at the Routes club in Exeter in 1979. Metro Youth people knew Ruts songs because we'd taped the sessions the band had done on the John Peel show and couldn't wait to see them. But this was in the days before their Virgin signing and to most Exeter punks turning out to watch the Damned they were unknown.

The Ruts did blistering versions of classic songs like 'Sus,' 'You're Just A,' and 'Babylon's Burning,' and other numbers from what would become their first album, and most of the audience just stared at them in blank indifference. Our lot clapped and cheered but the Ruts went down pretty badly overall. Of course, then a smacked-up Malcolm split his head open on a cymbal and had to be hospitalized at the close of 'It Was Cold,' but that's another story… The Ruts played again, at the same venue to a fuller crowd once 'Babylon's Burning' had charted, and that time the place went wild—on hearing the same set. That sort of mentality made it hard for local bands, and not just Metro Youth, to win a hearing. As for trouble at our gigs, there were only a few instances of that, and—Whitstone apart—nothing major. I later encountered much more trouble at various Crass, Poison Girls and Flux gigs. There's nothing quite like being punched in the side of the head to the sound of 'Fight War, Not Wars'! Exeter itself wasn't too bad a place in terms of street hassle or violent hostility towards punks, at least by comparison with other places we got to know."

Whitstone Community Centre was a 20p ride from downtown Exeter. Metro Youth selected it as a venue for organizing a three band punk gig at a remarkably cheap door price of 30p. Unfortunately, a group of media-brainwashed punks took it upon themselves to trash the hall and physically attack band members who tried to stop the destruction. Being stuck with a very large repair bill from the hall, Metro Youth were nearly forced to sell off their musical equipment to get out of this overnight debt.

Rich, "The Whitstone gig exposed our naivety big time. It had seemed obvious that self-organization was the way to go—no one in town would let us book a punk show, and all local punks were moaning at the lack of any action. We hired the Whitstone Community Centre, a few miles out of town, booked a bill of local punk acts and laid on transport there and back. Tickets were 50p (inclusive of the coach fare) and we pretty much filled the bus on the night. The Centre had tried to cancel the booking at the last minute, once they'd learnt that Whitstone would be full of 'punk rockers,' but we gave all the guarantees under the sun and they finally relented. In our naivety, we hadn't given much thought to 'security,' and in the end, we just couldn't protect either ourselves or the building from the attacks of a minority of the audience, who trashed as much of it as they could, attacked us when we tried to intervene, and who had no interest in what any of the bands on stage were doing. That night ended any illusions we might have had that punks felt an innate 'common cause,' were automatic allies or all looking for the same thing. We felt let down, betrayed and well pissed off. The other bands on the bill were sympathetic, including the Drop (who we became good friends with, and who wrote great songs like 'Arcadia' which never got recorded before they split), but my recollection is that we were seen as 'the organizers,' and pretty much left to get on with it."

Undaunted, the band still persevered and remained committed to the DIY approach to organizing gigs and recording demos. The first ever demo, featuring soon to be discarded songs such as 'Arson,' was recorded at Catharsis in 1979 (all known copies have since gone missing). Next up was a professional recording session at Exeter's ESR studios. The results were largely positive with support slots for the Bodysnatchers at St. George's Hall and two dates with Tenpole Tudor in Portsmouth and Exeter. These gigs made deep impressions with the band and people who saw the gigs.

In a 1981 interview for "Obnoxious" fanzine, the band reflected on the gig with the Bodysnatchers:

Obnoxious – Did the Bodysnatchers treat you okay when you supported them?
Andy – NO! They didn't speak to us at all.
Rich – Start again, they arrived four hours late for a start; by the time they'd set up and sound checked it was about five minutes before the place was due to open and we hadn't tuned up or anything, so we had to sound check as people were coming in. Then the lead vocalist of Bodysnatchers said to Nigel you can do two songs then walked off and that was it. They weren't interested or anything, just another support band to them.

The following issue of *Obnoxious* ran this review of the band's gig with Tenpole Tudor:

There wasn't a bad atmosphere this evening and it was a pretty good turnout, surprisingly the audience was mainly made up of punks and there weren't many rock-a-billies… This was the biggest gig Metro Youth have played since supporting the Bodysnatchers in 1980 and they were on top form… (they) began the new set with "UK 79" an old Crisis song, they carried on with "Equality" a rhythmic riff with a lot of drum punch. They carried on with things like "H Bomb," "H Eyes" a great Ruts cover, played nearly to the exact style, and then one of my favorites "Brutalised"… They were very much together tonight, so if you missed them that's your fault.

Rich, "We were a small, local band, struggling to find an audience and get outlets for our work, and The Bodysnatchers show was a chance to play a big local gig with a proper PA and light set-up. We were really excited about it; because it marked a step up for us—the chance to play to an audience of a several hundred, rather than a few dozen, with the possibility of a useable live recording taken from the mixing desk. I have to say that we weren't that interested in the Bodysnatchers. I seem to remember that we thought they were OK, but I'm sure we didn't own one of their singles between us. We were a pretty straight down the line '77-style band at the time, and hardly the ideal support for them. The fact that we got offered the gig is a reflection of the poverty of Exeter's local music scene in 1979—an up-and-coming all-female ska combo, and Metro Youth were the nearest thing there was in the way of a possible support act. I don't remember them saying a word to us all night. Tenpole Tudor, who we played two support slots with in 1981, were much more friendly and interested, Eddie Tenpole in particular."

But the band still considered their best gig to be with The Gift at their rehearsal space, Catharsis.

Catharsis was an old warehouse on the south side of Exeter that the band moved into in 1980. The rehearsal space soon also became their main base of operation and ad hoc recording studio. During this time, the band added Heather (Heff) on saxophone to broaden their sound. This crucial move completed the picture that most people think of when they think of Metro Youth. Having seen the band open for the Bodysnatchers, she added a Lora Logic type element to the music and also reinforced the band's increasingly political outlook.

Again, they talked about Heather's joining the band in *Obnoxious* fanzine.

Obnoxious – Do you think having Heather on sax has helped musically?
Rich – Yeah (laughs). Seriously I think it has.
Nigel – I think the sound has quite a lot of depth to it.
Heather – I've got grade eight clarinet. You can throw that in if you want.
Rich – Now we've got more songs with sax in and it is very healthy.
Heather – I think it could be quite interesting because I'm not quite as punk minded as the rest of the band are. And I like all sorts of different music.

Aside from the sax, Heather added backing vocals that were especially prominent in their live set. Her vocals were especially reminiscent of Exene Cervenka's on tracks like "Boys In Blue."

The band could now reach out beyond the '77-style format. Their inspirations were expanding and that exponentially affected the development of their music.

Rich, "We always listened to a massive range of stuff. The original Metro Youth foursome didn't have that many records to start with, but we all raved over the original *Live at* and *Farewell to the Roxy* albums, and loads of the early Small Wonder releases, as well as *Bollocks* and the first Clash LP. We all loved the UK Subs, Stiff Little Fingers and the Ruts too. As well as that, we were variously into people like X-Ray Spex and 999. We also rated more consciously political bands like Crisis, the Pop Group, the Gang of Four and the Au Pairs.

Our tastes were pretty diverse. Nigel, our vocalist, was really into reggae artists like Black Uhuru, Misty in Roots and Linton Kwesi Johnson. Tim, our guitarist, loved trashy stuff like the Anti-Nowhere League, and bubble-pop like the Rezillos. Drummer Andy liked bands liked the Damned and the Stranglers. He liked all kinds of bands (punk and not) who were really proficient at what they did, and could play their instruments. At the time, our saxophonist, Heff, really liked Lora Logic, and I know that that was a big influence on the way that she wrote for our songs. I was very much into the anarcho thing, but I never saw it—in musical terms—as an exclusive thing. I would buy Conflict and Cockney Rejects singles at the same time. I liked Sham and the Upstarts. I never looked to them for politics; I just liked the punk rock noises that they made. I treated them very differently to the way that I approached anarcho-punk."

It was also at this time that the band started a working relationship with Len Gammon. While the band never had an actual manager, Gammon was a big booster of Metro Youth and helped out over the next year or so with many of the details and responsibilities that go along with keeping a young band moving.

Rich, "Len Gammon helped out Metro Youth in a number of different ways, but in no way was he a manager for the band. We never had a manager. Metro Youth would have been opposed to the idea in principle, and Sanction would never have entertained the idea for a minute. Len ran the Catharsis rehearsal studio, put on a gig for us there in March 1980, and engineered our first ever four-track recording (the only one I don't have a copy of). He also put in a lot of 'good

words' for us around the place. We all liked Len. Catharsis was used by pretty much every local band around 1979-1980. It was an old warehouse on the banks of the River Exe on the edge of the city center. It was pretty tatty and basic, but there were few noise restrictions, and we liked playing there. It's where "Brutalised" was worked out! The funny thing about booking Catharsis was that you could never get Len to answer his phone. When you did manage to book a session, there was no guarantee that you'd be able to rouse Len at his flat when you went round to pick up the key. You might get a rehearsal, you might not."

At Catharsis, the band quickly worked out a blistering set that they recorded there in the space as their second demo tape. Recorded right to four-track, the demo included the classic punk songs "Red Rifles," "No Tomorrow," and "Brutalised." All three tracks sound unbelievably fresh even today. While each one is a sing-a-long in its own way, the music is sophisticated and overflowing with excitement. The punchy rhythm section and imaginative but understated arrangements keep each song moving and creates a safe backdrop for the stretched yet tuneful vocals as well as the incredible sax playing. The Lora Logic comparison shows up the most on "Brutalised" while more avant-garde influences are more evident on the other tracks. Listening back on it, it's a shame these three songs were never released as a single as they really compliment each other.

Rich, "As Metro Youth, we did those three studio recordings—one at ESR and two at Catharsis. On top of that we had two live tapes, taken through the mixing desk at our two largest St Georges Hall gigs. We distributed versions of all of them to fanzine editors and the like, and a couple of tracks from the live stuff were taken for various benefit compilation tapes. The Catharsis tapes were way better than the ESR one, even though we knocked out the Catharsis ones on a stripped down four-track while the ESR session was done in a professional studio. Inevitably, the Catharsis recordings captured the immediate, raw, undoctored noise. The ESR tape smothered and neutered all that edge. We didn't know enough at the time, I think, to recognize how much we'd been mugged by the production on the recording."

"Brutalised" would be the track that actually created a tangible link between Metro Youth and the anarcho scene around Crass. On hearing the track, it was chosen for inclusion on the second *Bullshit Detector* compilation.

Rich, "It should be said right up front that the scene wasn't just found in London. That was true even of what Crass themselves were doing. By 1981-1982, Crass Records had signed artists from as far a field as Rochdale, in the north of England (Andy T), and Dunfermline in Scotland (the Alternative). Crass's interests weren't restricted to some narrow London 'scene.'

But, more than that, anarcho-punk, as a movement, established important bases way beyond London, and across the country. Strong local anarcho-scenes sprang up in places as far apart as Bristol in the southwest, in Birmingham in the west midlands, in Sunderland in the northeast of England and in Dunfermline, around what the Alternative were doing. Anarcho-punk also found an important footing in Belfast, in the north of Ireland, around the Anarchy Centre (which both Crass and Poison Girls played at).

Of course, loads of important stuff was centered on London, but don't get the impression that London was where anarcho-punk stood or fell. Our knowledge of things like the Anarchy Centre, the early London anarcho-gigs, the anarcho-squat scene and all kinds of other things only came from record sleeves, anarcho-handouts and bits that we could glean from the national music press. Our knowledge of what was going on elsewhere around the country came from fanzines, letters, visits and visitors. To us, stuck in Exeter, where things were so sluggish, what was cracking off elsewhere always sounded really impressive and exciting, but a world away from where we were.

"You have to remember that prior to the impact of punk, there was no network in place for the distribution of independent records and publications. Seminal punk records like SLF's 'Alternative Ulster' and the Ruts 'In a Rut' took ages to circulate as far Devon. The distribution deals just weren't in place. It was really difficult to get hold of stuff. A lot of the time you read about bands whose stuff you had no chance of getting hold of. The first time that I went to the Rough Trade shop in London, sometime in 1981 or thereabouts, I couldn't believe that they had—as well as this amazing collection of punk vinyl—folders stuffed full with punk fanzines, that you could browse through and pick from. That was a revelation to me. To realize how large and diverse the fanzine movement really was, and just how many titles there were. There were a smattering of gigs in Exeter and in Bristol (about seventy miles north), but we felt completely off the beaten track in many ways."

The success Metro Youth could have received on the release of the compilation never occurred, as it wasn't released until 1982, after the band had split. The band's delight at making the final selection for *Bullshit Two* was somewhat marred, on receiving the advance copies of the record, by two disappointments: first, that Crass had selected the weaker of two possible mixes of the song from the tape, and, second, that an unwanted fade out had been imposed on the end of the track.

Says Rich, "Don't get me wrong—we all felt that it was a real achievement to be included, we were really happy about that and grateful to Crass for the opportunity. It's just that, if we'd have been asked, we'd have made different decisions about both the mix and the ending."

In 1981, the band added established local musician Brian on second guitar to fill out their live sound and to take over a lot of the lead guitar work.

Rich, "Listening now to some of the live and studio recordings, I'm struck by how much better we got, and how quickly. With Heff and later Brian joining in 1981, the situation changed. Heff was already an accomplished clarinet player and saxophonist. She'd even been a participant in the BBC 'Young Musician of the Year' competition one year. She picked all our stuff up by ear, and kept her sax parts pretty fluid and improvisational. She was good enough to do that and have it work. Brian was a talented guitarist, who we'd got to know from various local bands he'd played in. Tim, our existing guitarist, was an effective riff-pounder, but he was more than happy to play rhythm guitar to Brian's lead."

But this six-piece line-up was short-lived. After a few gigs, both guitarists split the band effectively ending Metro Youth. Their final gig was on December 3rd, 1981.

Rich, "Metro Youth came apart at the end of 1981, at the moment when things were going better than they ever had for the band. We had a whole bunch of gigs set up for early 1982, but Tim, our original guitarist, was moving to Plymouth to go to art college, and our new lead guitarist, Brian, decided for personal reasons to pack in playing music completely, and we failed to persuade him to stay. There really weren't any personal tensions in the band. If we'd have kept one guitarist, I'm sure we'd have carried straight on, but, losing both, we just stalled!"

The end of the band, however, didn't diminish the remaining four members interest in DIY or the music scene. Through 1982 they continued to be involved with fanzines and promoting gigs while playing music was put on hiatus.

Like many individuals and bands involved in the DIY culture of the anarcho punk scene of the time, the members of Metro Youth were involved with their local fanzine scene both as supporters as well as contributors. Metro Youth's successes were used to help support others like the printing of *Obnoxious*, *Never Surrender*, *Catalyst*, and *Radical Hedgehog*.

Rich, "Phil Hedgehog was, at that time, a young anarcho-punk from the Forest of Dean (just west of Bristol) who started writing to us after buying an *Obnoxious* fanzine at the massive 1981 CND rally in central London. Over the next couple of years, me and him became the best of friends, and he came to stay in Exeter a fair bit. Phil, who never became a member of Metro Youth or Sanction, was—and remains—a brilliant cartoonist and graphic artist, supplied loads of cartoons and drawing for *Catalyst* fanzine, which me and Heff produced between 1982-84, and did all kinds of illustration work for Sanction. He was very much involved with what we were doing. Phil also produced his own fanzine *Radical Hedgehog*, which, with its entirely hand drawn contents, was pretty much unique in fanzine circles at the time. Phil was one of the organizers of the second Exeter Crass gig in September 1984, and contributed the spoken-word track 'Radio Times' to *Bullshit Detector 3*."

Obnoxious was a local fanzine that supported Metro Youth from the start. The fanzine's editor, Clem Page, was able to print the zine's four issues with the help of the band financially and in terms of distribution.

Rich, "*Obnoxious* was an Exeter-based anarcho-punk fanzine, put together by the then-fourteen-year-old Clem Page who we got to know when he approached us for an interview. Clem was seriously talented and articulate for such a young kid, and various members of Metro Youth got involved helping him out with his fanzine, and him with *Catalyst*. Me and Heff, in particular would write things, help out with interviews, print pages, but it was always Clem who edited the thing.

Despite his appalling spelling and hit-and-miss typing skills, he did pull together quite an impressive fanzine, particularly with the later issues. It sold pretty well at local gigs and demos—relatively speaking—local fanzine print runs would be in the low hundreds at that time. It's not much of a surprise looking back on it now that Clem, who was very advanced for his years in many respects, suddenly took off in a new direction, almost overnight, abandoning his punk and anarcho interests. Nothing we said could convince him that it didn't have to be 'all or nothing,' and he quit our circle and scene completely. Of the fanzines of the time (1980-1982) *Obnoxious* certainly held its own."

Rich and Heff eventually started their own publication with *Catalyst*. Leaning more towards politics, the fanzine pooled the resources of other underground publishers they met along the way.

Rich, "Me and Heff put together the first issue of *Catalyst* fanzine in early 1982, with help, from the very beginning, from Phil Hedgehog. We also met with and swapped materials with Higgs who published *Never Surrender* in nearby Bideford. Phil Hedgehog began to produce his own fanzine *Radical Hedgehog* in Coalway in the Forest of Dean from 1983, and we had regular contacts with other southwest fanzines editors, including Tim, who we'd known from Exeter Youth CND, who went on to produce *Children of the Revolution* in Bristol where he settled.

But we were also in contact with dozens and dozens of other fanzine producers across the country, and we put a lot of effort into that 'postal network' of producers. We'd send out 'swap' copies to names on a list, and then pick out a handful more from the reviews sections of those zines and do the same again. We got to know quite a few fanzine editors pretty well, and visited them or had them come to stay with us. Some of the better fanzines were really excellent.

Why did fanzine culture seem so important? I suppose we felt it was equal-

ly as important as the music—another forum for the message, another conduit to people, another voice for what we saw as 'the movement.' It was also something that anyone could do to get involved. If you didn't have enough friends to form a band, you could put out your own fanzine by yourself—handwritten in block-capitals if need be. If you could only afford to print 30 copies, then fine, do exactly that. Fanzines were another expression of the DIY ethic. After a time, many titles tended towards the formulaic and ritualistic, and the law of diminishing returns started to set in. But by best of the early 1980s titles—works like *No New Rituals*, *Acts of Defiance*, *Kind Girls*, *Joy of Propaganda*, *Cool Notes*, and loads of others—were very effective for a time."

Over six issues, *Catalyst* covered political issues from an anarchist perspective as well as the occasional band likeminded inclinations.

Rich, "*Catalyst* fanzine was a political publication from front to back. We did do features on music, but it was a pretty straight down the line anarcho fanzine. Quite a lot of the early issues were all but illegible, and, reading them today, chock full of semi-literate sloganeering and 'stream of consciousness' stuff. They got better. We could only afford a few photocopied pages, and the rest had to be run-off on hand-cranked duplicators using wax-covered stencils punched out on a typewriter. The quality of the finished print was crude at best, and scrunched-up and ink-splattered at worst.

Things did improve with later issues, and our design and writing skills picked up as well. We would have features on companies like Rio Tinto Zinc, actions like Stop the City, law-and-order issues in Northern Ireland and—something which became the overriding priority for us—the struggles taking place against the deployment of Cruise and Pershing nuclear weapons in western Europe in the mid to late 1980s. We wrote a lot about actions we took part in, air bases we visited, peace camps that we stayed at, and the strategies and tactics of 'non-violent direct action,' including blockades, fence-cutting, and occupations at places like USAF Greenham, Alconbury, and Molesworth.

We might also include an interview with Dirt or Conflict, but we'd also have regular 'punk *really is* dead' features, slamming the state of 'the movement,' railing against the limitations and blind spots of its politics, but also urging on that movement to realize what we saw was its very real potential. The last *Catalyst* was produced in January 1984, and a few months after that I joined the collective producing the fortnightly *Peace News* magazine in Nottingham, and so left Exeter for good."

Their involvement with *Bullshit Detector Volume 2* helped pave the way for them to set up gigs in Exeter for Crass. The first came shortly after the split of Metro Youth.

Rick, "We ended up organizing the first Crass gig by accident, really. Patrick, one of the local promoters from Stagger Lee, had been putting on a series of punk gigs in the city. Stagger Lee had given Metro Youth support slots in the past, but we were becoming more critical with how Patrick, as an individual, was putting gigs together. We were red-hot on the question of anti-commercialism and the DIY punk ethos, increasingly defining ourselves by anarchist politics, and were very concerned to hear that Patrick had got Crass to agree to play live in Exeter in 1982.

"To cut a long story short, we were very concerned that someone with no interest at all in the politics would be organizing and potentially profiting from the Crass gig. All our correspondence with Crass up until then had been through the PO Box in London, but Anna-Joy David, a YCND organizer, had given us Crass's home address at a meeting held to launch a YCND group in the city. We wrote to Crass at Dial House to warn them of our concerns with Patrick, and a few days later Andy Palmer rang me up and asked if we'd be willing to put the gig on ourselves instead. We said OK, although we'd never meant to offer ourselves as alternative organizers!

"That first gig was put together mainly by me, Heff, and Graham, a local CND organizer and activist, with various friends and other CND people helping out on the night. The second gig in 1984, I only agreed to organize after a visit to Dial House to talk through my concerns about Crass's live performances in late 1983—a front-to-back rendition of the *Yes Sir, I Will* album, which me, Phil and other friends had endured at a hideous gig in Birmingham that December. I had major criticisms of the route Crass were taking live, although I completely understood the frustration that led them in that direction.

My view was that *Yes Sir, I Will* was a stunning record (and that's still my view today), but—performed in its entirety—it just did not work live. The short version of the story is that Crass decided to rework their live performance (though not because of what I said to them!) for what became the final tour, in the spring of 1984. In light of that, I agreed to put on the gig. This was then put together by me with help in the week of the gig itself with anarcho-punk mates, from Peterborough, Newcastle and Phil Hedgehog. So neither were really Metro Youth or Sanction gigs. The first was a split benefit for Exeter CND and the magazine *Peace News*. The second was a joint benefit for Alconbury and Molesworth peace camps."

The first Crass gig became pivotal both for Rich and his crew as well as for Exeter. One night of support for Crass helped clear the air and unified as well as validated what many in the scene had been doing for some time.

Rich, "There's a lot I could say about both those gigs, but I know that Crass thought of both of them as examples of successful shows, and were really pleased both we how we put them together and with how they went off on the night. Crass and the brilliant PA crew that they used both times, run by the talented engineer and mixer Paul Tandy, were incredibly efficient and well organized from the moment that they arrived, getting the gear set up and transforming the insides of the hall (decked with banners, TV and projection screens) and sound-checking in the matter of a couple of hours.

That sense of focus and concentration was completely understandable, but it meant that it wasn't really until later in the evening that they had the time to relax and chat with us a bit more. I can remember feeling a little put-out at the time, initially, that they weren't more friendly and interested in what we were about from the off, but I think, if anything, we were being a bit over-sensitive and not making allowances for how much work they had to get done to get the thing ready.

"In the end, Crass were pleased with how we had organized the evening, and seriously happy to be fed and watered and looked after properly. I think at a fair number of gigs they had gone hungry and neglected, and were left trying to pull things together themselves on the night. They even beat us to doing the washing up, and Andy took 'our' recipe for home made soya milk back to Dial House with him.

Crass did entirely 'take over the event,' and I think that was what partly surprised us to begin with. But that was the way of working they had developed. That's what the experience of being on the road, trying to put on the kinds of shows that they were doing, had taught them was necessary.

Crass sent us handwritten 'contracts' for both gigs, which might surprise some people. I'm sure that came from a combination of being ripped off by promoters and let down by inexperienced and overwhelmed young punks. Crass gigs were pretty large events, and when we were pulling together the first one me and Heff were just eighteen. Our experience of organizing up until then had been pub gigs.

Both gigs I can safely say were absolutely electrifying, although I spent both evenings charging about everywhere sorting things out, so I didn't get to see all that much in the way of interrupted performances. We had arranged security staff (paid and volunteer) for both nights, but we did it in a low-key way, as agreed with Crass—and frankly, there weren't enough people to call on if things had turned seriously ugly. We monitored things really closely as a result. As it was, there wasn't any trouble to speak of on either night.

"To talk about the first one, it's still struck by how much the atmosphere changed over the course of the evening. To begin with, it was a memorable sight to see dozens of black-clad punks slouched in groups on the floor in the main hall watching the 'Choosing Death' film show. It didn't feel like 'a gig' at all at that point.

Later, as the place filled up, the mood was more tense, the room more packed, and, as Annie Anxiety performed, there was a real 'edge' to the atmosphere in the place. But that, I think, was just as much a reflection of the intensity of the evening, and of the contents of the performances, as it was an indication of the intentions of the crowd. These performances demanded a reaction from the audience, and you could feel that recognition in the air.

Then Crass came on, opening up with an excoriating version of 'How Does it Feel?,' which launched them into a powerhouse set. They took total charge of everyone's attention from the off.

"I'll never forget the 'turning point,' the moment when we knew we'd made it. It came when Crass, knocking out 'Big A, Little A' got to the section: 'If you don't like religion, you can be the anti-christ.' Steve Ignorant delivered the next line, 'If you're tired of politics, you can be…?' and then turned his microphone towards the audience, inviting. Hundreds of voices bellowed back, on cue, '*An anarchist!*'

As the drums and hacking guitar powered back in, me and Heff threw our arms around each other laughing, because we knew, at that moment, we'd pulled it off. It wasn't that we thought that the three-quarters of the 600-plus audience who'd yelled it, meant it. But it did mean that the audience were 'up for it' and willing Crass on, on the night.

"Another brilliant moment came right near the end of the set. Crass were closing with the inimitable 'Punk Is Dead' and the whole front section of the audience had taken up the closing chant—'Punk is dead! Punk is dead!'—and were yelling it back at Crass. Meanwhile, up on stage Ignorant and Andy Palmer, shaking their heads, were insistently singing back at them, 'Oh no, it's not! Oh no, it's not!' That was both really funny and really striking all at the same time. It made me laugh out loud, but it also made all the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. It was a brilliant way of making the point, of forcing this issue—they were saying, 'Stop and think! Is there a future for punk or not? Does it mean anything any more or not?' Quite a moment, I thought."

It was around this time that the *Bullshit Detector Volume 2* double-LP was released featuring "Brutalised." Immediately recognized as one of the better songs on the compilation, it brought new interest in their activity from Exeter and beyond.

Rich, "By the time that Brutalised came out on *Bullshit Detector 2*, Metro Youth had been wound up. That was simply a product of the length of time that it took Crass to prepare the compilation for release. Choosing from amongst hundreds of cassettes, and then mixing the selected tracks and preparing the artwork

from the band's own submissions did take a while—which is hardly surprisingly when you think of how much work Crass had on at the time. It was Eve Libertine who we liased with mainly, as she had taken on responsibility for *Bullshit 2*. She told us, at the 1982 Exeter gig, that ours was her favorite track on the LP—and I like to think that she didn't say that to every band she spoke to."

"Brutalised" is a punk riff with a big walking bass part and effective emphasis brought by the amazing sax part. Like an anarchic X Ray Spex, the song is truly one the best songs on the comp and of that era of anarcho punk. Lyrically, it's a reaction to seemingly random violence against youth everywhere by social and governmental institutions.

Another youth dies, it's not surprising
It's hardly worth analyzing
It's last in the news, both sides losing
It's hardly worth passive viewing
A terrorist gone or was it a soldier?
A land mine / bomb? Oh just turn over
A terrorist gone or was it a soldier?
A land mine
Brutalised

Rebels abroad, it's guns they're hoarding
It's funny how murder can be so boring
Message of doom, war clouds looming
It's funny how murder can be so time consuming
Police are killing or are they the dead?
It's too far away to recall what was said

At the start of 1983, the four remaining members of Metro Youth reconvened under the name Sanction. Having taken enough time off from playing music, they had a change of heart and decided to play together again but this time with a more experimental edge to the music and a more openly anarcho political agenda. But little was known of the band's activity, as they didn't appear publicly. Word of the band's existence and music was mostly dependent on interest that remained from the Metro Youth track on *Bullshit Detector*.

Rich, "There was a bit of a hiatus in 1982, following the end of Metro Youth, with fanzines, arrangements for *Bullshit Detector*, and organizing the Crass benefit taking priority. Following the September Crass gig, three of us left Exeter to start college courses in Bradford, Birmingham, and Nottingham. Each of us who went realized, for our own individual reasons, that we'd made a really stupid decision, and agreed that we would return to Exeter and re-launch the band in 1983.

We first rehearsed again in January 1983, when Phil Hedgehog came to visit us for the first time, and Sanction got properly restarted around April 1983. Did we aim to keep a 'low profile,' or choose to be 'unproductive' for some reason after that? No, absolutely not. We'd have loved to have been able to do more, get more projects organized and be part of some larger local community of people trying to do similar sorts of work. But there was precious little to 'connect' to, where we were, and few opportunities to promote what we were doing. We certainly didn't seek some kind of cool obscure and underground status."

From the start, Sanction were set on developing a set of new originals with only a couple of leftovers from Metro Youth being "Brutalised" and "Red Rifles." In many ways, Sanction was a continuation of Metro Youth as well as an exploration of one aspect of Metro Youth. If Metro Youth had stayed together, they surely would have been forced to either choose a path or continue in a variety of directions running the risk of losing focus, certainly a common obstacle of all bands in that position.

Rich, "Sanction certainly felt like a continuation of Metro Youth to begin with. Sanction started out with four Metro Youthers in it, and we continued to play quite a few Metro Youth songs at the outset. Metro Youth's own music style had developed quite a bit over the two years of the band's existence, or at least it had diversified. We were still producing straight-out punk numbers, but also more complex and unorthodox stuff as well, examples of which would be songs like 'Utopia' and 'Equality.'

Sanction began as a much more political project from the outset, reflecting changes in where we were at individually and collectively. In the summer of 1983, Sanction got a house together on the outskirts of Exeter, where we could rehearse without disturbing the neighbors, and all of the songs that we started to work on were political ones in one way or another… We were definitely a political punk outfit from the very start.

"The Sanction house was, in reality, a 'holiday cottage,' sat at the far end of a large field that it shared with just one other house at the opposite end. It was set back from the road, surrounded by trees and backed onto fields of sheep. It was outside of town, but you could be in the city center in forty minutes, if you took a leisurely walk down the canal tow path, passed the 'Double Locks' pub that became our local. It was pretty idyllic in many respects. We hauled our instruments and duplicators up there, set up a shared house, bathed in the summer sunshine and hung out at the pub on the canal.

It was toughest for Andy, because he was holding down a job in town, and having to haul himself in to work in the mornings, while me and Nigel were unemployed, but it worked fine for several months. When the winter came, things turned a lot grimmer. We froze. This was a summer building. The cottage walls were paper-thin, the roof wasn't insulated, and there were icy draughts blowing everywhere. No matter how many logs we burned, it was impossible to heat the place. We had to rehearse in coats and gloves.

With Sanction making no headway in Exeter, Spring seemed a long way off. We gave up the cottage in the end not because the band fell out about living together, but because it wasn't worth investing in a place that was basically uninhabitable for half of any given British year. 'A nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.'"

Despite their short existence and outside activities, Sanction managed to develop a following in the anarcho punk community largely due to demo recordings made at the time. Rich, "We recorded two tapes. The first was a eight-song demo, recorded at a new studio on Queen's Street in Exeter on 20 August 1983, when we were still a four-piece. The second was a recording of our only live show in Exeter in May 1984. We circulated those mainly through the fanzine network, and to the people who were continuing to write to us because of *Bullshit Detector 2*.

Quite a few tracks appeared and reappeared on benefit compilation tapes in the UK and US at that time, like *Inner Ear Damage* (a Californian release) and *Alternative South West* (put together in Devon).

In the decades before CDs, all DIY punk compilations were on tape, and the humble cassette was the always the weapon of choice of anarcho-punk. On *Have a Nice Day: Volume 4*, put out by *Caution* fanzine in late 1983, for example, Sanction appear alongside bands like the Subhumans, Chumbawamba, Passion Killers, and Faction. I've got four or five such Sanction-included compilations on my shelves, but I know there were a fair few others. You didn't always get sent copies of what people had done!"

Their one studio recording yielded eight great songs including updated versions of "Red Rifles" and "Brutalised." Other songs were "Our Lives, Our World," "Butchery," "Time Is Tight," "Old MacDonald's Song," "Unknown Soldier," and "Plastic Bullets." More prominent were Heather's vocals, taking the lead role on many songs.

The songwriting had also become more adventurous bringing to mind the Cravats, the Ex and at times, Eve Libertine's songs with Crass. The variation in song structure was result of intense commitment towards learning their instruments without the benefit of professional training. As the group grew more proficient at performing, they still were able to maintain a unique style. But of course, their immediate listening choices also played some influence.

Rich, "We were listening to a whole range of stuff. I certainly was the biggest fan of straight anarcho-punk, and was listening to everything that I could track down. There were a lot of influences as well as that though—all sorts of things from reggae, PIL, Gang of Four, Au Pairs, Pop Group, Devo, as well as traditional and new wave punk."

Of course, the lyrical content was as pointed as ever.

Posing no threat / The noose is tight / Shuffled into life's Phony categories
Mind pollution / Destiny unknown / Hands above the water
Tides crashing in / Out of one grasp In tyrant's hands / Pleas for mercy
No reply / Disfigured values / Rigid roles
Heads are empty / Time is tight
Disguise my death with deceptive names
Cram your stomach with my limbs and brain
I will die so you can be content
Bud did I ever give you my consent?
I don't want to die for you in pain
You should lower your bloodstained face in shame
What right of death have you got over me?
What you do is butchery.

But frustration with the local music scene and the new atmosphere in the mid '80s kept the band from performing live. The lack of sympathetic venues and even less sympathetic ears kept the band dormant. This situation eventually led to Heather splitting the band to focus on her other project, Toxic Shock.

Rich, "Heff had intended to move into the house as well, but in between the folding of Metro Youth and the launch of Sanction, she had formed the two-piece feminist combo Toxic Shock, featuring Al on bass and vocals and Heff on sax and vocals. The two bands did do some work together, releasing a joint demo tape amongst other things, and Heff contributed to the first Sanction studio recording, but with Toxic Shock based in Birmingham, Heff eventually decided to stay put, prioritize Toxic Shock, and quit Sanction. Toxic Shock subsequently toured with Poison Girls, gigged with Conflict and many others, and released material on the Birmingham-based Vindaloo Records, before calling it a day. This meant, among other things, that Sanction were pretty quickly a three-piece."

Over the course of the almost two year existence, the band only managed to play one gig.

Rich, "We struggled so hard to find outlets in Exeter to play, it just proved to be impossible. There was no pub circuit, certainly not for the kind of stuff that we were doing, and nothing in the way of local club venues. We got to know another local outfit called Wounded Knee, who were pacifist and vegetarian, but who were more into the 'spiritual' side those beliefs, than the spray-painting, fanzine-publishing, state-smashing end of stuff that we were drawn to, and we

agreed to do a gig together at the Caprice in Exeter in May 1984. By this time, Sanction was a three piece, with Nigel on guitar and vocals, me on bass and lead vocals and Andy on drums. It was OK, but it didn't really lead to anything else…

"We tried really hard to play more often! This was not an attempt on our part to be 'obscure and mysterious'; it was a reflection of the fact that Exeter was in 1983-84 a seriously tough place for anyone to get gigs, and a near impossible place for an agit-anarcho band like Sanction. Any leads that we got just ended up going nowhere. We were stuck, living in our cottage on the outskirts of town, rehearsing and writing and existing as a 'correspondence band,' sending tapes out, answering fanzines interview questions and getting songs included on numerous anarcho compilation tapes. We had more interest from punks in Italy than from Exeter.

"…An obvious thing to have done would have been to ask Crass to join the bill at one of their Exeter gigs. Even by 1982, the question simply did not arise. Earlier on, Crass would have, and did, include local bands wherever they played, but that inevitably meant that local bands with no interest in what anarcho-punk was about ended up performing under the Crass banner.

Part of Crass's determination to retain complete control over the performance on any night meant that the bill was agreed in advance and included only thoroughbred anarcho-punk acts, most if not all already signed to Crass records. Metro Youth or Sanction was simply never asked, and I'm sure that would have been politely but firmly refused even if we'd have had the gall to ask!

"We could have played with Poison Girls in October 1981 in Exeter, but we didn't find that out until the night of the gig, when they invited us to join the bill—but some of Metro Youth were out of town. We'd asked for the slot before, but talked to the wrong people in Exeter CND and not the organizers. I really regret that we weren't able do it in retrospect, but we carried out a cracking good interview for *Obnoxious* fanzine with Poisons and Tony Allen before they went on stage.

Both Allen and the Poison Girls were excellent that night. There were other possibilities—we traveled to a squat gig in Swindon, but there was no generator for us to use; we had agreed to organize a joint gig with Flux of Pink Indians in Exeter, but the timing didn't work out; illness forced us to cancel a gig in the north-east at the last minute—so we didn't have the best of luck."

In spite of the lack of live gigs, the anarcho community was strong enough for a band like Sanction to become known and make their music available without the benefit of a tour. At the time, there were several bands that never even attempted to perform live. The DIY community was strong enough that Sanction was soon known throughout England as well as internationally.

Rich, "The core activists and enthusiasts of British and European anarcho-punk were all, in one way or another, connected—through the vast web of bands and performers and the interconnections of the fanzine network. Hardly anyone in Exeter knew who we were, but the band was known about in the anarcho-milieu in this country and abroad. We publicized our work through fanzines, contacted people through the mail and had our songs included on DIY tape releases. Mail from *Bullshit Detector 2* continued to come in for Metro Youth for a good couple of years after the release, so we'd write to people about Sanction. This was how we ended up working, and of the three of us, I had the most interest in following up on all the stuff that was coming in.

All of us in the band shared the frustration of not being able to do more, but I know that for Andy and Nigel, there was even less going on with the band because of that. The chance to correspond with fanzine editors in France and Germany about what we were and weren't up to, felt like a poor compensation for our inability to get out there and do it on our home turf."

One last hope keeping Sanction going was the possibility of recording for Crass. There had been ongoing discussion of a possible single which, obviously, would have helped their cause greatly. But just as things were looking more and more likely, Crass split up in 1984 ending the bulk of their operations.

Rich, "Talks about doings a single for Crass were pretty serious, as far as I remember them. We last spoke with Penny Rimbaud about it at the 1984 Exeter Crass gig, and sent in a tape of Sanction material, which both Eve and Penny sent us encouraging comments about. I'm reasonably sure that we would have been invited to record one, if Crass had not packed up within a matter of weeks of that gig, at the end of the tour. Andy T, the Alternative and the Snipers all had tracks on *Bullshit Detector 1* and then did singles on the Crass label. Omega Tribe did a single and an album after having a track on *Bullshit Detector 2*. It wouldn't have been an unusual development at all. I'm also sure it could have transformed the situation for Sanction had we been able to do it."

By 1984, any interest in politically active punk was dead in Exeter. Apathy was the general sign of the times and the creative elements of the anarcho scene had given away to more straightforward hardcore. Even at Crass gigs, there was little interest in the anarchism outside of it being a trend in punk rock entertainment.

Rich, "There really was very little happening in Exeter in terms of anarcho-punk, and not that much in the way of punk more generally, at that time. One of the things that we hoped might come from the Crass gigs was that it would encourage people to get involved in things, and help kick-start a local anarcho-punk scene. At each gig, we arranged to have stalls—things like the local CND group, Exeter Hunt Sabs, Housman's Bookstall (a political bookshop from London), anti-police powers campaigners, and others, in the hope of getting punks interested and involved in things.

At the 1984 gig, with Crass' agreement, me and Phil produced a booklet which we gave out to everyone coming into the gig—basically a call to get stuck in to the anti-nuclear struggle raging at the time; to become involved in organizing events like the gig; and to contribute to getting things off the ground in Exeter. We had 600 people at the gig. We didn't get a single letter or contact in response to the booklet from anyone in Exeter or anywhere else, though there were a lot scrunched up and on the floor by the end of the evening! That didn't necessarily mean that people didn't sign up for CND or Hunt Sabs that night, or contact Crass, but it didn't do much to improve our sense of isolation and frustration with Exeter.

That said, we never considered moving to London. It's just not something that ever came up. As I said before, anarcho-punk was never just a London phenomenon, and none of us were at all attracted to the idea of living there. I feel the same way about it today. It's an OK place to stay, but I consider it a foul place to try to live. The nearest strong punk 'scene' that there was by the mid-1980s was in Bristol, but it was based around bands like Disorder and we were never taken with the whole 'cider punx' or, later, the 'Riot City' culture either!"

The lack of places to play and the lack of recording prospects finally took its toll and Sanction called it quits in August of 1984. Of course, the political and social climate was extremely different in the mid '80s and the conservatism of the times certainly had much blame for the situation. The conservative attitudes trickled down and would eventually send the counter-culture into a remission.

Rich, "Devon, where we were, felt beautiful but backward. If you had transport, it was a pretty amazing place to live—with stunning coastline, woods and moorlands all within spitting distance of our house. We lived just ten miles from great beaches and forty minutes from the edge of Dartmoor, and we grew to love that. But the place was an insular and conservative backwater at the same time, totally separated off from where I consider 'the action' to be—musically, politically, culturally. Sanction just wasn't working, despite all the efforts that we put in to turn that around. We had to give up the house that we had been sharing, and that made it even harder to keep us all involved. By that point in 1984, our frustrations with anarcho-punk had reached a kind of breaking point. In all senses, it felt like time to move on. For myself, I wanted to be more engaged politically, and I wanted to write about politics outside the confines of the fanzine format.

"I applied to join the collective producing *Peace News* magazine, which was then a fortnightly journal, reporting on and analyzing nonviolent actions of all kinds against the 'war machine.' Mike Holderness, who was on the staff there, had been in contact with Crass as early as 1979, organizing a gig for them in London and writing the brilliant sleeve essay for 'Nagasaki Nightmare,' but there wasn't anybody on the collective who'd come to their politics through anarcho-punk. That was one of the reasons I got the job, I think. *Peace News* wanted a staff member who knew about and could reflect the voice of that section of their readership that was from that world.

I moved to Nottingham in August 1984, and Nigel returned to college in that September, also in Nottingham. Andy stayed put in Exeter. That marked the end of Sanction. We did talk about organizing a 'farewell' Sanction gig in Exeter in July 1984, but, given the reception we were getting from the place, it seemed kind of pointless to us really. Instead, we called it a day with a final mail-out to the people who'd written to us or written about us."

Despite the frustration, Rich is still politically active and responds positively when thinking back on those times.

Rich, "No, I don't think it was all ridiculous, but, yes, much of it was ridiculously naïve. It's important not to overstate how wonderful it all was—some fanzines were shite, many anarcho-bands were worse, many anarcho-punks turned up from the gigs, but would never turn out for the actions, and a lot of the political ideas informing those actions were delusional in the first place. But I'd want to defend a lot of what went on and what we were involved in too.

I'd want to criticize the individualism and the blind pacifism of the movement, its lack of political strategy, and its confused priorities. I'd want to point to the chasm, which separated the claims of the movement from the reality of the movement's work, and much more besides. And yet, at the same time, many of the visions, aspirations and hopes articulated by that movement still seem to me the right ones. Anarcho-punk wanted to disarm and break the nuclear state, end the alienation of family life and the misery of wage slavery, free the earth of the exploitative parasites who plunder and threaten it, and create a new global human community, able to exist in peace, freedom, and equality. You can attack anarcho-punk's efforts to execute the plan all you want, but I'm reluctant to criticize the sense of ambition! Personally, in the years since Sanction wound up, I've kept hold of the anarchism and vegetarianism, and let go of the pacifism.

"As for as Metro Youth and, more so, Sanction go, I think we invested far too many expectations in it, and were constantly disappointed as a result. We could also be over-earnest, self-righteous and indignant about many of the things we did and said—me especially—but that kind of came with the territory, I suppose. But listening again to some of the old recordings, particularly the later Metro Youth ones, and some of the Sanction material we only taped at rehearsals, I am quite impressed by the kinds of things that we were doing and the material we were trying out. Three to four years before that, we really couldn't carry a note between us."

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE

Severed Head of State are a punk band who, over the last four years, have achieved a level of both enigma, and anathema. No one seems to know very much about Severed Head, but all agree that their records are absolutely earspankers, and their shows are a slaughterhouse. Mark and Chris from Bread and Water caught up to a very bloody Severed Head after the last show on their most recent tour of the USA…
The score: 9 broken mics, 2 broken teeth, 11 broken chords, 3 broken PA's.

Todd Burdette: guitar/growls
Chris Pfeffer: drums
Kelly Halliburton: bass
The Jackal: blood and guts

MRR: So, you guys are just now ending your tour...How has it been and how many dates have you done?
Kelly: It's been almost three weeks and it's been sweltering hot. What have we done, about 14 shows?
Jack: It turned out to be 17, we had to cancel Monterrey, Mexico and Houston and we didn't play Allentown, we didn't play…
Kelly: It wasn't 17...
Jack: It was 22 shows total and we canceled five.
Chris: It's been fun!
Kelly: It's been really fucking hot! (Kelly is currently living in tropical southern Germany)...and there are too many fucking bands on tour this time of the year, including us, that should have stayed home because attendance has been really, really low. But besides that, yeah, it's been cool. Thanks to everyone who come to our shows.
MRR: What was the best show?
Chris: Chicago was really good.
Jack: Overall, Chicago was incredible, we got to play with Spazm 151. The kids seemed really enthusiastic compared to some other shows where people just kind of gawked at us. And it was better than any of us really expected, so it was a pleasant surprise.
Chris: It was a cool space too...a skatepark.
Kelly: Brooklyn was okay as well.
MRR: Any good bands that stand out?
Jack: There were parts of the country where there were none, but some of the best bands we ended up playing with were: Cops and Robbers, Last in Line, Balance of Terror, Sin Orden, Spazm 151, Last Chance, Virginia Black Lung, Guyana Punchline!
All: Yeah, Guyana Punchline. Of course! Duh!
Kelly: 2 A.M. Revolution were good.
Chris: This Machine Kills was really good.
MRR: We just wanted to know a few special bands...not the whole fucking country!
All: Hahahahahahahahaha
MRR: Anyone else?
Jack: Well…Bread and Water.
MRR: We said good bands…Do you find it hard to practice and to stay as tight as you guys do being spread out all over the world?
Jack: Are you fucking kidding me?
Kelly: Well, the plane fare is kind of expensive, but you know, we try to practice about once a week…
(Shits and giggles from everyone!)
Kelly: You know, it's really not enough. It's about the best we can do seeing as how I live about 6 thousand miles away. Todd lives, what, about 2 thousand miles away?
Chris: It's easy for me and Jack, so far, because we practice and record in Austin.
Jack: Yeah, we don't really need Todd and Kelly. I just rap to Chris's beats…
(Shits and giggles)

Chris: No, I mean whenever they come to town.
Kelly: Okay, this is basically the way we work…We get together about once every year or two and we just really cram with these marathon practices for about a week or so, and you know it's funny…Because we are a lot more productive than the bands that I'm in full-time, because we get together and we realize that we don't have a lot of time to waste...We just do it. We write songs and record them and we play shows.
Jack: We don't over-analyze things...It's the sense of spontaneity that makes this band work really well. And we seem to click really well musically together.
Chris: The time we have together is really short so we're motivated.
Kelly (imitating Todd): "Yes, I agree completely. this is by far the best band that I am in."
(Shits and giggles)
MRR: Do any of you participate in any type of activism outside the band?
Jack: Yes, in certain senses of the word. Maybe not so much in the ways that are accepted within "activist" circles anymore. I don't think any of us build puppets or ride unicycles...But we are all involved than mean a lot to us in one way or another. Whether raising money for certain causes through releasing benefit records, or playing benefit shows, or making kids aware of certain issues in between songs at our shows, selling books at shows that people may not have access to. There are a lot of ways that you can be active without...being pretentious.
Chris: It might sound like somewhat of a cop-out, but I think that playing music is my main form of activism. Between work and...this is not the only music project that we all have going on. I said something about this at the show because someone was asking us "What we do?", and it's like, "Well, this is what we're doing", we are doing this specifically because we have this belief in the ideal of DIY and punk culture. That is why we are not playing at bars and clubs that are 21 and over exclusively or even 18 and over exclusively.
MRR: Note that they just played at a bar called the "Wreck Room".
Jack: Yeah, but an all ages show at the Wreck Room,.
Chris: But you know what I mean. We are doing this because it is a specific form of activism.
Kelly: I think a lot of my activism is what you would call "lifestyle activism", which may not be too cool in some circles, but fuck…For me, I have enough trouble trying to keep myself alive and sane. This is what I do: I try to live my life in as much of a manner that is an alternative to everything that I hate about society. And I try to keep myself as free as possible, without wrapping myself up in the bullshit of a normal life. As hard as that is these days, I think that is active enough for me right now...I could always do more, but this is what I do.
Todd: I think there is a real elitist attitude in the so-called activism community that says that there is one way of being "active". That to be an "activist" you have to do these certain things, attend certain meetings, join certain collectives...I know that for me, by being in the bands I'm in, I'm lucky to have time left to even try to carry out a personal life and have friendships and relationships important to me. If I ditched that, I'd have nothing; I'd be a robot basically. So I think that it's sad, honestly, that a lot of people give up their creativity and their passions in the name of activism and don't try to combine the things that they love to do and the things that they are good at doing…with what they care about. For me, and I know with the people in this band, and anyone really, who is doing what they want to do, and is doing it with meaning...it would be a complete waste of time to stand on a street corner carrying a cardboard sign, when I can do something like play music that obviously has an effect on people. So, I agree with Chris in that a lot of people like to think that nay of the bands that we've been in have substance out there, hopefully means something to someone.
MRR: That someone's getting the idea?
Todd: Yeah.
Chris: Also, I think that a lot of "activists", in a way, look down on punk. Like the attitude of "Oh, you just play in a punk band." Like that is just something you do, and then you move on. But, you know, fuck that! If this is something that means something to us, then that is what matters, this is our expression.
Jack: It is an argument of semantics also, because even though there are a lot of people within the "activist" community who look down on punk, there is a form of direct action in making issues known, in making people care...no matter what social circle you affiliate yourself with. If it wasn't for punk rock in the late '70s and early '80s, the activist, and especially the anarchist movement in Britain, Europe, and the United States would not have nearly the number of people involved as they do now. Speaking on a personal level, it was punk rock that got me involved with these issues, that filled me with passion towards these issues. If it wasn't for bands like Crass and Crucifix, I wouldn't be where I am today, and I would like to think that perhaps I am walking in their footsteps...writing lyrics that inspire somebody, maybe to a fraction of a degree that some bands from then inspired people to fucking take up issues and feel passionate about them, and change their lives. It really doesn't matter what you are doing, I mean, as long as you are living your life in a way that is an example to other people, whether it's in a way that you could call "anarchism" or "activism"...any type of "left" leaning or "liberal"...I don't care anymore. It's a matter of self-respect and

responsibility, a matter of being self-sufficient. I see a lot of activists who make puppets and wear their dirty clothes and ride their unicycles around town and grow their beards, and look down on people who don't go to every meeting and pass the talking stick, but the fact of the matter is that most of them are leading a life-style that excuses them from responsibility. Upper class white kids flying to Philly on Daddy's gold card to free Mumia. Fine and dandy, but I have to fucking work. Forming a IWW chapter to unionize the coffee shop that they got a token summer job at...I wonder if their body is ruined as mine from busting their ass to get by since they were thirteen. Asshole on a $2000 mountain bike in a Critical Mass rally telling me to "Get out of your truck brother, and onto a bike!" While I have 1500 pounds of lumber in back that I have to eventually make into someone's house or coffee shop...And he will probably stop at that coffee shop to read Chomsky over a $5 frappaccino. Dumb fucker's never worked a day in his life. I'm getting way to worked up over this now...

Todd: Honestly, that attitude really alienates a lot of people from politics, and really makes people feel like getting into these issues is really over their head. And it's something you have had to read all the right books to know about. We each have our own things we can do in our own lives to fight against these things. There is no one way to be "active", and there's not any certain groups that you should join to do that.

Chris: We support a lot of things that people do. We are not saying that everybody that makes puppets suck. Do what's right for you. Be creative in a spontaneous way.

Kelly: I think that we are doing, instead of just slamming the activist scene, is trying to defend this as a legitimate form of activism, a legitimate form of radical expression. It's only an extension of our lifestyles and the things that have effected us over the years, and this is our way of dealing with that, and our way of expressing ourselves.

Jack: I think you guys know full well that we've been involved, not only within the punk rock scene, but also with political activism for years and years. None of us are young guys...All of us are in our late twenties or early thirties. We've been fighting these fucking fights for years...Whether living in small towns growing up, like Todd and Kelly, or living in completely repressive urban environments, like Chris and I, growing up in Dallas. We got involved with issues because we had to fucking fight back. It wasn't because in our second or third year of college, we took a Marxist economic class, or a Latin American studies class and were pressured through some student group to carry signs and sing "We Shall Overcome". I'm not knocking the student activism, per se, but it is a whole different world where we came from. I'm not sure where younger punks are coming from when they address these issues. Because we didn't get into punk, and we didn't get into political activism through reading an article in Sassy magazine.

Todd: My main point is this: The people who I know who do the most with their lives and are the most productive and creative don't call themselves "activists", and don't wear it like a badge and don't try to recruit people into their causes. So I think that the people who are modest about it, and the people who are not trying to get credit for it, in my eyes, are the people who are doing things that I respect, and I think are creating change.

MRR: Well, that question paid off!

(Shits and giggles)

MRR: Okay, Where is the best restaurant in the country?

Jack: Ooooohhhhhh! We're going to argue here!

Kelly: Jesus Christ!

Jack: Queen of Sheba All You Can Eat Vegetarian Ethiopian Buffet in Dallas!

Chris: There you go!

(Long and heated argument ensues over various restaurants across the country and worldwide. Many personal favorites are maligned and each member of the band defends the honor of their own beloved restaurants.)

Jack: Thai Lotus $4.50 buffet in Dallas.

Todd: My vote is for Java Noodles.

All in unison: Java Noodles!

Jack: Java Noodles Indonesian in Austin, featuring an all you can eat buffet on Sundays.

MRR: Are you guys buffet people or menu people?

All in unison: Buffet!

Chris: Satay Vegan Pacific Rim Buffet, but it's too pricey at $12.

Todd: I'd have to ride with the Blue Tarp in Philly, but they closed down.

Chris: The Blue Tarp is a Laotian restaurant that this family in Philly ran out of their back yard for fifteen years. The day before we got to Philly, it was shut down by the Health Department.

Kelly: This is hard because I don't have a favorite restaurant, but I'd have to say that Austin has some of the best restaurants in the country. London Indian Food, Berlin Falafel, or Austin anything.

(An argument ensues over whether we are speaking of places eaten at on tour, or world-wide or whatever.)

(Everyone ranting at once.)

Jack: Who's holding the talking stick?

Kelly: I'm holding the fucking talking stick here! Listen, this has utmost relevance to our band, because this is what we do every day…We go out on the town, even more important than playing the show, is that we go out with the band fund, and we search out the best fucking restaurants in town. Preferably, a buffet or ethnic extraction, we go stuff ourselves...So this has everything to do with the band.

Chris: Some go to bars, we go to buffets and get drunk on food.

Kelly: Yeah, we go eat, and sometimes go to record stores…And sometimes we even play shows. But most importantly, we eat.

Chris: Listen, Kelly's talking all of this eating shit. But at the beginning of tour, he was talking about watching his weight and eating smaller portions.

(Shits and giggles.)

MRR: Does Kelly purge?

Jack: Kelly does not purge. What Kelly does, is eat until he can eat no more...Then he chews his food and spits it into a napkin for the next half-hour.

MRR: What specific reasons motivate you to be in this band?

Kelly: Eating.

All: Enough Kelly!
Jack: I'm in this band out of spite, first and foremost. And second, definitely eating.
Todd: Spite? Spite for what?
Jack: The kids. The fucking kids.

MRR: Todd and Kelly, how did growing up in small, rural towns effect you? In ways both punk related and non-punk related?

Todd: I simultaneously detest the racist, alcoholic environment that I grew up in, and I also think that environment because that was what pushed me out of that society and into discovering punk and discovering that there was more to life than Jack Daniels and country music, and the bullshit that I grew up around. While it was a crazy world to grow up in…

MRR: Where did you grow up?

Todd: Tullahoma, Tennessee. About a mile and a half from the Jack Daniels distillery in Lynchburg.Kelly: Ironically, while Todd was trying to escape Jack Daniels culture, I was readily embracing it as an escape from my small town hell.

MRR: Where was that?

Kelly: I grew up in a small town on the Oregon coast called Manzenita, which in the '80s had a population of about 350 people. I lived there for a long time, and it made me quite socially retarded and angry.

Todd: For me, growing up in that environment, it helped form a really idealistic view of punk, because before I found punk, I felt totally alone...It was just me, my brother (Paul Deathreat/Tragedy), and one friend (Billy Deathreat/Tragedy). That was all we had was each other and out band, and up until the point that we found other bands, we thought that all we had was ourselves and that was a really lonely feeling. Eventually, there came a time that we realized that there was a "punk scene" and that there were punks everywhere in the world. I began to feel that there were literally millions of kids just like me in these small towns all over the world that felt the same way. Punk and this culture became my way out, my only place to go. It's hard for me to relate to this high turnover rate in the punk scene, where people can just come and go into and out of it, like the music for a couple of years and then get their college degree and go on to some high paying job. It's hard to relate to because this was the only place that I ever felt I could go into at all. I've been touring the US for about ten years now, and I feel, like touring once a year, every year, it's a new round of people, with just a handful of people that got into it for the same reasons. I feel like I have no choice. I can never go back. to quote the Zounds song: "I never turned my back on society, society turned it's back on me."

Kelly: There is not a lot of choice. We had to seek out this culture; we didn't just pick it up at the mall. There are no punk record stores in the towns that we lived in. We were looking for an alternative way to live, and we found it. And it's something that we can't just shake off. It's ingrained in our spirit.

Chris: I can agree with a lot of that. I grew up in the suburban hell of Plano, Texas. A total experimental culture in the '80s of yuppie, white wasteland. And the youth were really disaffected. And I felt it very early on. That might be the difference between kids like us, and kids that get into punk in college. We probably knew and felt it by the time we were twelve.

Jack: I was born in Plano, where Chris grew up, and at one point in time in the early '80s, Plano had the highest teen suicide rate in the country. When I was young, I moved to another suburb of Dallas that was a lot poorer, and a lot more ethnically diverse. I was subjected to one of the most backwards, repressive school systems in the country, and it managed to multiply many of these factors ten-fold. Like Todd was saying, I despise it, and I will never forgive a lot of people and factors that were at play then, but at the same time, I wholeheartedly praise it for making me who I am now. I can't imagine where I would be now if it wasn't for that. Granted, I would probably be much more emotionally stable, but I'm not sure that I would be happy in the sense of where I'm at or who I am, what I'm into...I kind of like where I'm at, and if factors would have changed, who knows...Ignorance is bliss, and thankfully, I think we were shoved out of ignorance, forcefully, at an early age. Whether we grew up in small towns, or violent oppressive shitholes, suburban hells, we were taught to fight, to hate the powers that be, and taught to hate ignorance and to get as far away from those things as possible. I guess this band is a product of that, and our expression is a product of that…And I'm thankful to be a part of that at going on thirty years old.

MRR: Are there any bands that you still get excited to see or play with?
Jack: In the sea of shit, certain turds rise to the top.
Todd: Honestly, at this point, I'm just happy to play with any band that plays punk or hardcore.
MRR: How seriously does this band effect you day to day lives, considering the distance between activity, how seriously do you take it? Is it a side project or more?
(Note: Currently these are the other bands that they play in: Todd/Deathreat, Tragedy, Funeral…Jack/World Burns to Death…Chris/Employer Employee, Storm the Tower…Kelly/Cluster Bomb Unit, Assmonkeys, War Machine.)
Chris: I don't know if it is a side project. It's definitely a project that we put a lot into. If we were all in the same city, it would happen a lot more often.
Todd: It's definitely not a fucking joke.
Kelly: For me it's a full time band. It's one of my most serious bands at this time.
Jack: We've been a band for going on four years now. We are a very dysfunctional band, but at the same time, we are old friends and we chose to work with each other because we have so much in common politically and musically. The whole time we have laid pretty low...We have been pretty low-key as a band. You haven't really seen a media onslaught for Severed Head of State. regardless of the bands that we have been with in the past, the things that we have been involved with in the past...I think Severed Head stands on its' own. We are still a fairly unknown band. Maybe the music speaks for itself, or maybe that's just hoping for more than that is there. The reason that I put so much into this band is strictly for the anger that I feel for what we sing about, the music that we write. I don't care to be the next big trend. I don't care to be a "super-star" band...I don't give a fuck about any of that. What I do give a fuck about is that I am playing with three of my best friends, and the music that w play encompasses everything that I feel day to day. I have no intentions of quitting; I want to do this for the rest of my life. I want to be this angry and this passionate for the rest of my life, and I hope that I am.
MRR: What would be the ultimate line-up for a show that you could die happy with?
Jack: Discharge up to '83, Siege, Gauze, Severed Head of State.
Chris: It's tough, because when I think of the ultimate three bands that I's like to see, it may not fall into the hardcore realm, but when I think of the three bands that with this band, would be the best show on earth...I think: Gauze, Skitsystem, and old Poison Idea or maybe Minor Threat.
Todd: I'd have to say for me, it would be: Discharge, Negative Approach, and then we'd sacrifice our set for Gauze, and then Discharge would play again.
Kelly: Okay, it would be: Discharge, Motorhead, and Black Sabbath…
All: Ooooohhhhhh mmmmmmyyyyyyyy goooooood-ddddd!
Kelly: And we'd fucking bump our set for Anti-Cimex to play…and then Poison Idea would roll on stage and kick everyone's ass.
MRR: Chrissy (Piper), (roadie and photographer extraordinaire)...How has the tour been as far as photo opportunities, and what are your impressions of these characters?
Chrissy: Fuck. I can't believe you're making me do this. Well, it's nice to take pictures of a band that is actually sincere about what they are doing. I haven't taken live pictures in a long time because I got tired of it. A lot of times, it seems like an act to me. It was just nice to take pictures of people who are really loving what they are doing, and it shows when they play. It's interesting to be around people who truly love music, and it's been really inspiring to me. All of them seem pretty passionate about what they do. It's just inspiring to be around. So hell, you want me to tell you what I think of them? I guess I can sum this up in a few words. Kelly intimidated the shit out of me when I first met him, but I came to realize that he's a really nice guy...really sweet. A fucking amazing bass player, that's all I have to say about Kelly. Jack...fucking insane. But it's nice to see that he's not as tough as I thought he was. Pfeffer, known you for a while, what can I say about you? Besides the fact that you love food, which is good, because I do too...And you're a fucking great drummer. Your fills probably fill more than any other drummer that I have ever seen. I don't know how you play so fast, you freak. Todd? That's a tough one. Inspiring, as always...Another one passionate about what he does. Obsessed with records and skateboarding. You guys are all really inspiring, and I'm glad I got to spend this time with you, and hopefully made some good photos of you. But, thanks for the kick in the ass, and maybe we can do it again...goodbye.
All: Thanks Mark. Thanks Chris.

Iron Columns compilation Mind Control Record '98
Severed Head of State one sided 12" Lengua Armada Records '99
Jedem Das Seine EP Ebullition Records '00
Black Blood World EP Malarie Records (Poland) '01
Severed Head of State EP Commichaos Records (Sweden) '01
An Invitation to a Beheading CD Ebullition Records '01
No Love Lost EP Ebullition Records '01

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PIRANHAS

Live Fast, Die Piranhas! a.k.a. ATTACK!

By: Dale S. Sanderson, Jr.(a.k.a. Kenny on Broadway)

Right now, I'm far away from the most muscular machines. Still though, we're being frequently passed by smaller pieces of exercising steel and plastic. As they sweat carbon monoxide into the air, 2500 miles away my corner of the Midwest sits. It sits rusted away and paved over. Maybe it still has some sort of hidden potential. I don't know.

Years ago, the Midwest was one of the focal points of the evolution of Man. Steel, technology, and fuel combusted, propelling the dollar-a-day immigrants' children into the middle class neighborhoods of the cities. This same explosion set the scene for the bombing and gutting of these cities. Questions still linger about who lit the wick. Paint is still peeling off of the houses. Blood still runs down the storm drains. What's done is done. The Midwestern cities have been all but totally abandoned; but that's the price that must be paid for the evolution of man.

Leave these cities to the poor to sort it out for themselves—suburban evolution. That is the consensus. It's just too bad that the suit-and-tie cavemen didn't realize that they would soon be stuck in the middle again. This time though, it is not the sandwich of class, but of wires vs. eating, made out of the reality that is a world run by computers vs. the relic machines and outmoded brains of the 20th Century. We've come up with some pretty good shit, but we're too dumb to use most of it. The computers are winning—just like in *Terminator*, dude.

Within these set parameters, speed has replaced any sort of meditation. Even reasoning has been replaced by a simpler form of logic. Information is fed and processed. There is simply no time to remark on the chaos. There is no time to explain the tattered, chugging, unflinching stab wound that is this life. No time for art.

For the many saints and raiders that have been left behind though, reflection is the only reasonable logic. There will always be those who document. There will always be those who document and process feelings. And there will always be those who insist on holding a mirror up towards society, begging them to catch even a small glimpse of themselves. For its own sake. Though most music now is only a perpetuator of these fucked modes, and what already is, as opposed to any sort of answer. As long as this society stands, "Search and Destroy" will always be a terrifying statement of lost souls operating and reaching out inside of a society in flux. "Pump Up the Jams" will not be remembered so kindly, if at all. It's only remembered with a laugh, though at the time of its release, it was considered "the bomb." It's not, and will never be considered art—it's Prozac.

But from the mutilated streets of Midwestern cities comes a futuristic sound of this laser beam tragedy—in these future cities the cars don't float; they rust. These conscious and unconscious sounds that the Midwest has always puked onto the world have spent the silicon '90s post-hardcore days and nights redefining themselves once again. And like sick germs, the guttural screams of the hungry wolf packs are echoing through the tube and sensor forests, and down the trash-strewn alleys of this final frontier—in overdrive. Once again rock and roll art is not a paying profession, but the sacrificial imperative that it is supposed to be. The Battle of the 2000s rages on. Attack!

The PIRANHAS were born only to die. They simply never had a chance. Their tank was too, too small. Their distorted screams too, too stifled. Corporate music stood in their way,

sure—symbolically. But so did punk rock. When their wolf pack was still charging, no one seemed that interested in lending a hand except for a couple of Midwest people and a couple distributors. They hardly even played outside of Michigan.

Now though, over a year after the fact, people want to know the story. People finally have the records. People are finally being faced with their own distorted, reflective, and reflected images. Now they see. But now the Piranhas are no longer. Now it's safe to like them. They'll never come for you again. They are a retired Midwest Missile diffused, and now meticulously inspected. But the music will always singe your hair and fingers. Though the "taking them on the high side" style of it will always be met with resistance by the commanding officers of the mind-broken sub-sects, and the wave-pretension ear-candy, head-garbage cultists, a fact is still a fact.

To those who know better though, punk rock is punk rock, rock and roll is dead, the '80s were awesome, and music will continue to be served in two forms—good and bad. And the Piranhas were a perfect mixture of both. The PIRANHAS weren't easy. The drums pulverized, the keyboards Question Mark, Screamers, and the Human League, the bass unbridled and skilled, the guitars a ripped out, challenging, chaotic wash, highly skilled without hardcore shredding, and the singer complexly, and completely unhinged. You got your fucking ass handed to you.

Every great disaster movie has a beginning and an end. So too did the voyage of the SS Piranha. Ready. Set. Fail. Disaster Detroit! You sat down to eat, but someone brought too much danger to the table. You ran off when you could've licked it up. That's the story.

Disaster Detroit

Ian: Well, it started with me and Jim as just an idea we kicked around even before the EPILEPTIX . We'd been self-abuse pals for like seven years and were inseparable assholes. Then I screwed around with the MURDER CITY WRECKS as a second guitarist for a while and Jamie was in JIM BEAM AND THE THROWUPS so when we were both done with those bands we really started talking about it. We first got Amy, we met her in a store in the mall that sold dildos, and had hung out for a while...once she pissed on some emo pricks head from the balcony of the 404. But we knew she played piano and Jaime found a used farfisa at a church sale for $20 and we wanted to use that fucking thing! Then we got our pal Tony (R.I.P.) on bass who was a quiet, RADIO BIRDMAN addict, but had never played and really couldn't play bass at all. I met Carl at a show. He's kind of a hunchbacked guy who looked about twelve years old, he looked like gay-bait really! He's a great drummer and would always bring pills to practice. After a few practices Tony kinda dropped out. I think he decided that bass wasn't really his thing, so I phoned up Brian who was in THE DRUGGIES and even did a short bass fill-in with the EPILEPTIX. He had been trying to get me to join THE DRUGGIES but I was doing this thing with James and Amy, so now we needed a bassist and Brian joined up. So now we had a good deviant vibe that every rock'n'roll band needs to be any good, and we started writing. Our original name was CHAPEAU VERDE. We got it from this shitty strip club in Redford where all the strippers have scars on their asses and snaggle teeth.

Brian: I was still doing the DRUGGIES when he (Ian) approached me about starting something, we found Karl, and that was that.

That of course, was the beginning of the end. Everything that starts, stops. Everything that lives, dies. "Future Primitive" to the beat of a leather and titanium frenzy. Monkey with a drivers license. Stomping. Electricity. Death. Destruction. Famine. Pestilence.

Ian: Well, we originally had the "future primitive" directive. We wanted every thing to be a combination of futuristic new sound, but still keeping like a good cave-man feel. Plus we never thought in terms of being a punk band. I think as soon as you start thinking that too much you're gonna start being traditional. So we always tried to declassify our sound.

The PIRANHAS broke up (seriously).

MRR: It seemed like the PIRANHAS went off the rails before many people outside of the Midwest really even heard of them. Now the 7" and 12" are out and getting great reviews, but you don't even play now. What the fuck happened? I know your singer Jaime was pretty ballistic and you were banned from playing most places. Was that the reason? Why didn't you just take it on the road? I've heard that it wasn't just all him though. What's the story here, Brian?

Brian: Piranhas ended because it was time to... I don't know. I feel at some point the five of us just didn't share the same vision for the band. Jaime was obviously a pretty enigmatic performer, and for a lot of people, that was the whole appeal of the Piranhas. It did get to the point where we couldn't get a show in the area but that wasn't the reason we stopped... basically we did what we wanted to accomplish (Editor's note- remember this quote) and it was time to move on. Jaime seemed to lose interest in the whole musical process and focused solely on the performance aspect... that's in no way a knock on Jaime, since now he is doing "performance art" type plays. He is perfect for that sort of thing, and I wouldn't mind working with him at some point on these either. All in all I'd have to say it was a pretty typical break-up reason.

Ian: Well, James and we started going in different directions, and we wanted to end the PIRANHAS before we wrecked it by not having the same group vibe as when it began.

Boring, boring bullshit, I feel. But there you have it. The Piranhas started. The Piranhas stopped. That's the story, but the Piranhas weren't story tellers. What needs to be seriously looked at is what they left behind, and what was in the middle. Anymore, very few bands lack any vision of any sort. They seem to simply be content by doing their own version of what has already been. It's lifeless. But between the covers of the Piranhas lies life.

Story Time.

MRR: I want to hear about the "Case of the Cut Amplifier Cords."

Brian: As for the cord-cutting incident, you're probably referring to our record release show at the Gold Dollar in Detroit. Things got out of hand pretty quickly while we played and the owners turned off the power to get us to stop. Well the crowd started yelling and we just stood there for a while, and after, like, five minutes they turned the power back on, probably for fear of a riot breaking out or something. So we start playing again, and Jaime is beating on this rat on the stage, and then tapes it to his bare chest. I guess that was too much because then someone literally cut the cord to my amp in half and then they shut the bar down and cleared everyone who was still there out.

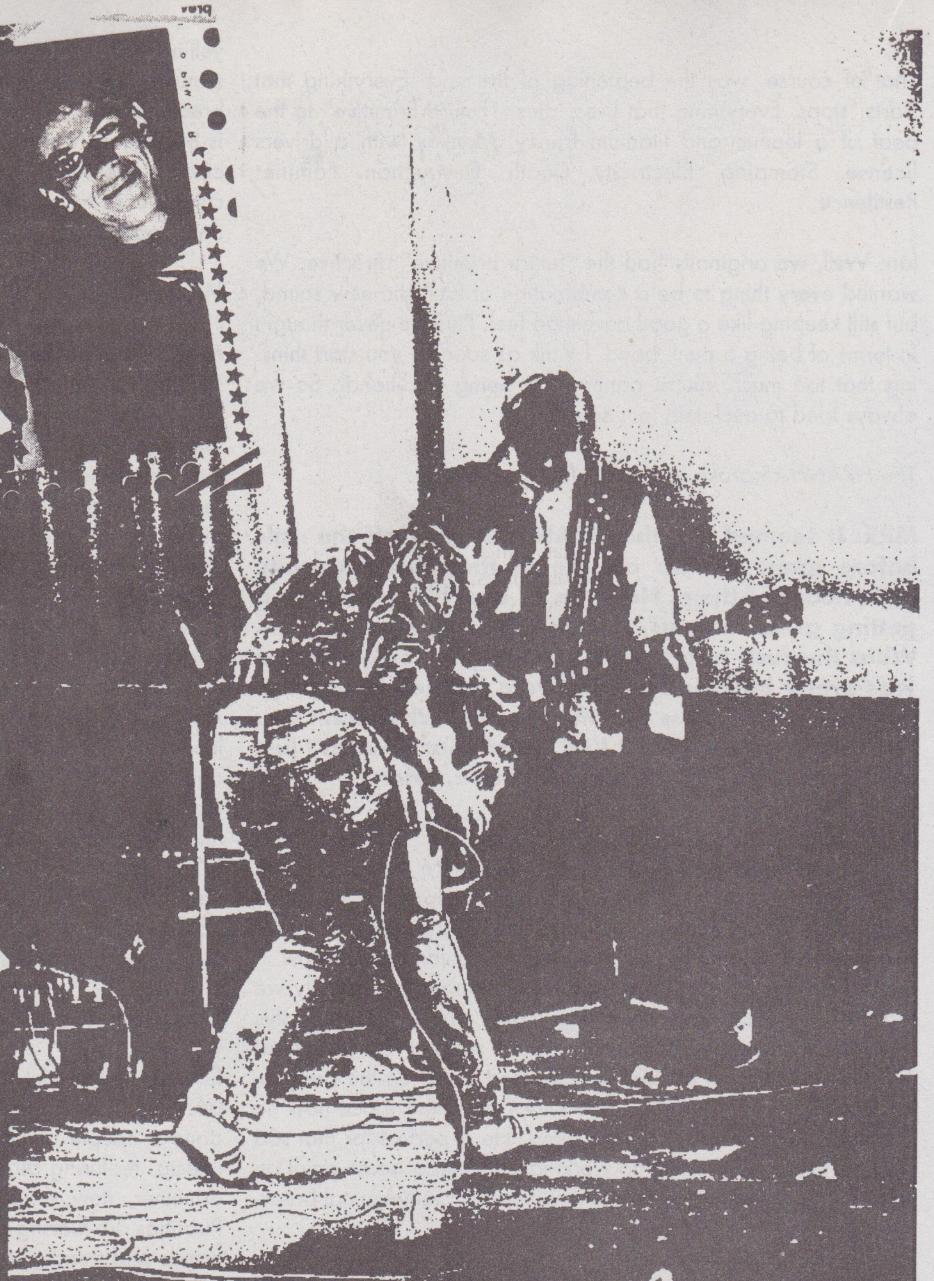
Wish Fulfillment.

MRR: Do you feel that your goals were fulfilled, Ian?

Ian: Somewhat—it's hard to not sound like your influences, but then again I can listen to just about any band and figure out what they like to listen to. So no band can ever reach real originality really. But I do think its important for bands to not be so bent on being "punk" or "punk concept." That's why we got all these shitty '77-style bands. Those are the guys who don't understand that punk-rock comes from originality and the aggression that the band has to begin with. But they insist that it comes from imitation and tradition, I guess it does now... they own the name now. Punk rock needs a new name or something (Editor's note- ask Shaun Abnoxious). The same goes for garage rock, its been taken to its limits, it's like watching a cover band, although it's so hip! But anyways (Editor's note- I didn't add the "s" to "anyway," that's the way people from the Midwest say it), it's really hard to have too much originality when you wanna make what's basically rock-'n'roll. Too radical usually turns out as pretentious jerking off. So we wanted to be new but mostly we wanted people's hair to blow back when they hear us... So what I'm saying is the BLANKS '77 never made nobodies ears bleed!

End/ Present/ Future/ Primate.

Sounds simple, but there's also a new twist to this story. As of 06.22.01, the band has recorded for a new EP, played a show, done a couple of new interviews, and have a fully functioning line-up, featuring all original members except Carl. With a new drummer, new songs, and new fire, I guess it *is* simple—the Piranhas are fucking back. And why not? In this era of disposable bands and trends, "redundant," copy style, brain-dead, and culturally-devoid musical hopelessness, the return of the Piranhas seems less like something to question, and more like something that would, and does allow a sigh of relief to be expelled from the charred lungs of every person that has been screaming for good, dynamic, harsh, raw, violent, and inspiring rock and roll music. Sure there's been a couple of good bands, but they forget one thing—the art and the violence. Or is it the art of violence? It's all one or the other for most. Chase the light at the end of the tunnel and find the barfing bunny. For many of you, you've known what I am talking about since the beginning of this mess. For others, maybe you've just discovered the band through the *Attack* LP, or the *Garbage Can 7"*. Either way, these two groups of people can both prepare themselves for another round. But for those of you silly enough to have *never* listened to the PIRANHAS, this is your second, and probably you're final chance. And this time, I suspect you *will* lick it up. As human wastes, we generally do not respect what we have—we respect what we want. Much of the time, we only want what we've once had. That's the real problem. But we can all die together comfortably if we could all just not only respect what we have immensely, but also be willing to cut its head off and move on. And that really, is the story.



Paraf Paraf

Paraf was one of the first and one of the best punk bands to come out of ex-Yugoslavia. They were from Rijeka, a port town on north Adriatic coast, and Valter Kocijancic, leader and songwriter, was only 17 when he started the group in 1977. Their music was classic '77. punk rock based on three chords, and very soon Paraf became notorious because of their lyrics and songs about communist oppression, censorship, and police brutality. After that, the band's history was long list of troubles probably unknown to any western punk band.

Of course, it was impossible to last very long in such circumstances, and they put out only one 7", one LP, and one song on a compilation, Novi Punk Val. *However, that was enough for them to become immortal. After Valter left the band, the other two members found a female singer and continued to work under the same name, but turned their music to some crappy new wave kind of sound.*

A few years ago, Croatia saw the reunion of the original Paraf line-up, when they played a few shows in the biggest cities in front of thousands of people. Unfortunately, it is all there has been from them in the last 20 years. There are still some unreleased old Paraf studio tracks in the basement of RTV Ljubljana, but that label doesn't want to touch them even though the Berlin wall fell down a long time ago.

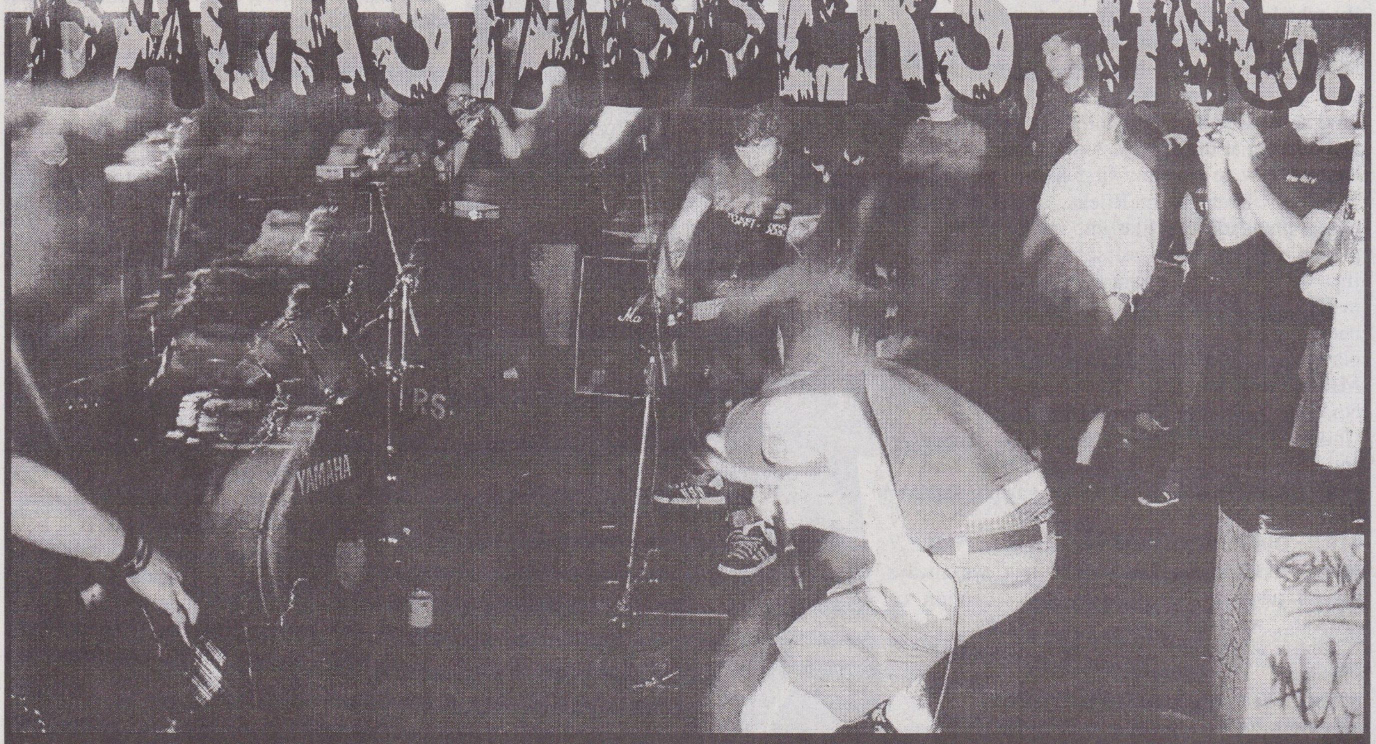
This interview with Valter Kocijancic, who's now working as an elementary school teacher, was done by Tomislav Pelin, editor of Adijo Pamet *fanzine from Croatia. For all further information, contact tomislav.pelin@sk.hinet.hr*

Discography:
7" *Rijeka/Moj Zivot Je Novi Val* 1979. (RTV LJ)
LP *A Dan Je Tako Lijepo Poceo* 1980. (RTV LJ)
V/A *Novi Punk Val* LP 1980 (RTV LJ)

MRR: Tell me something about your beginnings.
I was a normal kid from working class family, who learned about punk rock from reading the western magazines like *Melody Maker*, *Bravo*, etc. I had never heard any punk music before I started the band. I figured it out how it must sound just by reading and looking at the photos. And I was right! I learned how to play my first few chords in Workers University in Rijeka, then I went home, plugged my guitar into my radio, and played it as loud as possible! We played our first show as Paraf in Circolo, the Italian club in Rijeka, and it was quite a shock for most people in the audience. Nobody in Yugoslavia played punk rock in those days.

MRR: Paraf was your first band?
No, I had another group before that, called Unikat. We only played high school dances, and only rock covers. You know, Slade, Gary Glitter, Led Zeppelin…stuff that was popular back then.
MRR: Did Paraf played any covers?
Never. Even in our very beginnings, we always played just our songs, with the exception of "Rijeka," which was cover of the Heartbreakers' "Chinese Rocks," but with my lyrics over their music.
MRR: *Rijeka* was your first 7"?
Yes, from 1979, with "Moj Zivot Je Novi Val" on the flip. Why did I record that song and claim it as mine? First of all, because I love Heartbreakers so very much. Second, because of the critics. They kept telling us all the time that we didn't know how to play, so I decided to record a song by a western band and prove them wrong. Of course, none of those smart asses got it. Who are critics anyway? Failed musicians.
MRR: You had a lot of problems being in the band.
All the time. Especially later, when we were more known, because of the lyrics. The media called us all kinds of names, even "enemies of the state." Nowadays you can do whatever you want, but it was not easy in 1979 in Yugoslavia to sing about the things we did. It took a lot of courage to do that.
MRR: And bollocks!
Right. We had the most problems with our live shows. Before almost every gig I had to go to police station and answer numerous stupid questions. I remember when we once played a show near Ljubljana, now the capital of Slovenia. We started to play "Narodna Pjesma," a song about police violence, and they started to beat the shit out of everybody in the audience. All the time we played they beat people, without any reason.
MRR: Your gigs with the Ruts on their Yugoslavian tour in 1979 are famous now…
Great band, great guys! We played three shows with them in big sport halls, in Ljubljana, Zagreb, and Beograd, and they were all packed. It was wild. We have never played in front of thousands of people before, nor had The Ruts. Besides, it was the only time we flew somewhere by plane in our career.
MRR: You had lots of trouble with the recording of your LP *A Dan Je Tako Lijepo Poceo*?
We recorded the whole thing in the summer of '79, but that LP came out over a year later. It was the worst time to make a record. President Tito was dying and everybody was so scared, especially the owner of our label who called us into his office and said to us directly: "Look, guys, I don't want to go to jail because of you. Change the cover, change this song, change that song, change everything I say, or there will be no record…" What could we do? It was take it or leave it.
MRR: What happened to your sound on that record?
That's another thing. We were kids, nobodies, and we were not allowed to choose the people who were gonna work with us. Our label gave us fucking producer who had recorded only folk singers before, so you can imagine what happened. First censorship, and then that idiot behind the mixing desk. He made our songs sound like a graveyard. You can hear only cymbals when you listen to it, nothing else.
MRR: Despite all that you managed to smuggle some very provocative songs on that record, like "Zivjela Jugoslavija" ("Long Live Yugoslavia")?
You know why? Because people are basically so stupid. Nobody realized that we turned the things upside-down, especially in that song. They thought when we sang "long live Yugoslavia, long live the Communist party" that we really meant it! If you listen to that song, you'll see how dark and heavy it is, but they didn't pay enough attention.
MRR: When the LP came out, the authorities gave it a special price?
Yes, it had double price comparing to "normal" records, so that people wouldn't buy it. But, nevertheless, the whole pressing sold out, some 20 to 25,000 copies, I'm not sure. I've never seen any money out of it, anyway. Fox, our manager, sent a few copies to his friends in Holland, Norway, and England, and they pay me more money on royalties for playing that LP once or twice there, than I get for 25,000 sold copies in Yugoslavia.
MRR: Soon after that you left the band?
I was too tired. I couldn't stand the pressure anymore. I also had some personal problems, so that was it. I left the band at the end of 1980. The other two guys wanted to continue with the name Paraf, and I said no problem. They found some other people, a girl as a singer as well, and they continued to play until the mid '80s. By then they had put out one more 7" and two LPs, but I didn't liked their music. It went too soft, too intellectual. I saw them live once, and the best response they get from the audience was to old Paraf songs.
MRR: When you hear Paraf songs today, how do you feel?
Proud. They're part of our history, and proof that something was going on around here 25 years ago. We were breaking the ice. Maybe we could have done more if we had had some support, but we were completely on our own.
MRR: Are there any unreleased tracks from that period?
Yes, but RTV Ljubljana doesn't want to touch them at all, or to reissue our 7" and LP on CD. We wanted to do it by ourselves, but they don't want to hear about it. I was even thinking about going back to studio now, in my old age, and recording everything again, but Fox, who runs his own label now, told me that it makes no sense. I'm still not so sure about it. It's the only way for young kids to hear that stuff again.
MRR: Was that the main reason for your reunion in 1995?
Exactly. We wanted to show all those little boys and girls what kind of music was being played at the end of '70s. There's very strong opinion widespread in the young population that today's music is the only good music, and that everything old sucks. Well, we said, now listen to some old shit, and see for yourself. I must admit that I was surprised at their reaction. Thousands of kids at those reunion shows sang with us all the time, and they knew all Paraf's old songs. They're not forgotten, no way!
MRR: Is there a possibility of more Paraf reunion shows in the future?
Theoretically yes. The problem is that we all work our regular jobs, we have families, and it's hard to find the spare time. The last time it took us seven days to relearn how to play our stuff again. We also need to find rehearsal space and equipment, so it's not just "let's go." But yes, it's possible.
MRR: What if some young punk band asks you for cooperation?
No problem! Why not? Anytime.

BACKSTABBERS, INC.



Backstabbers Inc. is the epitome of the bad luck band. Sometimes called New Hampshire's best kept secret, sometimes called New England's most dangerous band; they are an unadulterated expression of bitter interactions and wasted lives. They have had the good fortune of being separated and segregated out of the Boston hardcore scene through a cross between dumb luck and a little elbow grease - whole heartedly avoiding the "scenester circuit" and the standard name-dropping bullshit circus. These boys are from New Hampshire, and they are fucking proud of who they are, not who they know. BSI are not known for being nice guys, nor is that what has brought them to the position that they now occupy. Despite outward appearances, the Stabbers are some of the nicest people I have ever had the pleasure of meeting; they possess a sincerity lacking in much of today's hardcore scene. They are free of the pretension that seems so common these days. They don't spit out recycled slogans and politics. This is a band that has become a reflection of true rage, the seething kind of anger that makes you want to not only kill your boss, but to mangle him beyond recognition, strictly on the principle of the matter. They also are a band that exists to demonstrate true comradery, they are people who truly know the meaning of the word friendship. If you're looking for bullshit ego stroking, you won't find it here; expect those bridges burned. Backstabbers Inc is the ultimate catharsis.
Interview by Mitchell McArtor (MRR1) & Matt Paquin (MRR2).

MRR1: WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES, AGES, WHAT INSTRUMENTS DO YOU PLAY, AND WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FOOD?
BRADY: I'm Brady Havin. I'm 20 years old and my favorite food would have to be falafel.
MRR1: WHAT DO YOU PLAY?
BRADY: Guitar
RYAN: I'm Ryan McKenny. I don't play an instrument. I'm 23. My favorite food is Fritos, curly, twisty, fucking honey barbecue things whatever they are.
BRIAN: My name's Brian Servin. I am the bass player. I'm 21. My favorite food would have to be any form of vegan frozen treat, Soy Delicious soy dream, any form of vegan ice cream that's sugar free.
MATT: I'm Matt Servin, I play guitar. My favorite food is along the lines of Brian's frozen treat. It's not vegan, though it's a treat. There are many names for it; it could be an icey, a slushy, I've seen it called a chilly. It's anything that's frozen and watery, that comes out of those machines at 7-11. They're not the ones with air in them, not slush puppies either, the new kind with the fruit in it, to be specific.
MIKE: I'm going to do something pretty revolutionary here, like give straight concise answers. My name is Mike Justin. I am 23 years old. I primarily play guitar, but also drums. My favorite food is definitely pizza, hands down.
MATT: I forgot to mention my age. I'm 23.
MRR1: SOME OF YOU ARE RELATED AND/OR HAVE BEEN LONG TIME FRIENDS. CAN YOU GIVE ME A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BAND AND ITS MEMBERS?
BRIAN: Well, Matt is my brother. We are related, we've been brothers for twenty-something years. Ryan grew up in New Hampshire, a town over from where I grew up, so that's how we're related. Mr. Brady over here, he lives in Manchester where Ryan lives now, so that's how we know him. Mike's been rocking the Massachusetts scene for a long time. We met him through our old drummer Matt Dunn, who we really care about.
MIKE: Matt and I were very good friends prior to that.
BRIAN: And that's how we all know each other.
MRR1: IT SEEMS LIKE YOU GUYS HAVE HAD A REVOLVING DOOR POLICY WITH BAND MEMBERS COMING AND GOING. THE BAND USED TO BE CALLED LIFE PASSED ON. WHEN DID YOU DECIDE ON BSI AND WHY THE NAME CHANGE?
MATT: We decided to become incorporated, that's why the revolving door.
RYAN: Originally, we used Life Passed On; then we became Backstabbers Inc. just because it was a pretty sinister name that basically summed up how fed up we were with everything we see in the scene, as it would be. It just sounded so pissed off and good.
MIKE: We feel that the name encapsulates our essence much more than Life Passed On.
RYAN: We changed the name after a certain show last year, where we just had a rough time. We didn't really want to start over, but there still needed to be some sort of change taking place. The band Life Passed On was with a lot of different members. It seemed that we needed to change the name to change the fact that it was a completely different band than Life Passed On. The name sort of stuck with our attitudes more, we prefer it much more than Life Passed On.
BRIAN: We had somewhat of a bad reputation as Life Passed On too, as being a vicious band.
MRR2: HOW DID YOU GAIN THAT REPUTATION?
MRR1: AND ARE YOU HUGGABLE NOW?
RYAN: Yes.
MIKE: More so, perhaps.
BRIAN: In some ways, as Ryan was saying; we had a bad reputation.
MATT: We tried to trick everybody.
BRIAN: Yeah we tricked everyone into thinking this was a completely different band. We worked on new stuff. We finally started to get some shows to play and started having fun.
MRR1: HAS BEING FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE AFFECTED YOUR ABILITY TO GET SHOWS ELSEWHERE?
BRIAN: I will answer that if I may. While Mitch and I were working on the tour, there were various people who had the attitude of, "OK, we'll get you a show, if you get us a show where you live. Where do you live?" and I'm like "I can help you get shows in Maine and New Hampshire" and then that was when the contact stopped. So apparently having the trade-off, getting shows in other places, and having bands play here; no one really wants to do that. So that has affected our ability to get shows. No one really cares about anything in New Hampshire anyway. So, I'd have to say yes, it does put a damper on things. A lot of bands from New Hampshire and Maine get slumped into Boston, and we're not from Boston.
MATT: Fuck Boston.
RYAN: We're from three different states.
MRR1: THE MUSIC YOU PLAY IS EXTREMELY VOLATILE AND AGGRESSIVE. DO YOU THINK AGGRESSIVE MUSIC ATTRACTS AGGRESSIVE PEOPLE?
MATT: I hope so.
MIKE: I don't think it necessarily attracts aggressive people. I think in the context of the music, we're all very passionate and effusive towards the music. And I don't think that's going to brandish the same from our listeners. I hope that the majority of people who listen to us are going to receive us based on the fact that we are a sincere band, and that there's no pretense to what we do, it's not contrived. Our personalities kind of show through--in

every place that we play, in the music, and in our performance in general. I hope people can understand that. Hopefully, if they're not already sincere people, we can kind of steer them in that direction, if that makes sense.

RYAN: I'd just like to add, that I think the music we play attracts not so many aggressive people, but confused people looking for an answer, a reason for the way they feel, and finding something to hold on and grasp to. This is how I got involved in this type of music in the first place, because everything else just didn't feel that great. And then you come here and the first song or anything involved in the hardcore/punk scene, that's when you know you're home.

MIKE: People need to expect the ultimate catharsis from us.

MRR1: YOU GUYS ARE PRETTY WELL KNOWN AS THE BAD LUCK BAND, SO ON THAT NOTE, WHY DON'T YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR TOUR A LITTLE BIT?

RYAN: I'll handle this. To make a long, very long story, somewhat short, we started the initial tour planning about six or seven months before we planned to go out, knowing it wasn't going to be a cake walk. But I think we all didn't know what was going to be involved in doing a full DIY US tour. Basically everything that could've gone wrong, went wrong. It took some amazing effort on the part of Brian, Mitch, and I to find shows that came remotely close to completing the tour. Besides that, I think it goes back to who you know, which we knew no one, and no one really wanted to help too much. And we went through a bunch of vans, two or three.

MIKE: Ultimately, the thing that really kept us from doing the tour was a plethora of logistical problems. We basically had a full tour booked. In the end, Brian, Ryan, and Mitch pulled through. I was completely astounded by it. But we had a bus that blew a catalytic converter/oil pan, and started springing a leak in the ceiling, in the course of a week. We had a van that had some various leaks that rendered it totaled, and you can't really play music without one of those infernal machines.

RYAN: But we learned stuff from it. We know renting is the way to go. We need to save up for a rental.

BRIAN: As far as getting shows, it was very hard, but we pulled through. We did manage to get a few shows. I think we managed to make a few enemies as well, particularly in the Midwest.

RYAN: Always good.

BRIAN: Which could be good.

MRR1: WAS THAT THROUGH CANCELING DATES, OR TRYING TO GET DATES?

RYAN: Tell 'em.

BRIAN: Sort of.

RYAN: Tell 'em. Fuck (name deleted, because they don't need their name spread on our account).

(long pause)

MRR2: CAN WE GET THE BACKGROUND OF (NAME DELETED, SEE ABOVE)?

BRIAN: They're a band from Indiana, and we just did not go over well with them. They were actually the particular ones I mentioned of "You get us a show there, we'll get you a show here." I was definitely willing to help out. Things just really got bad. It got to the point of...the dude made this mention of how kids like him can't afford to lose one or two hundred dollars a show for a punk rock pipe dream, which really hit me pretty hard you know. We didn't have the credentials.

MIKE: Political credentials

BRIAN: Yeah, we didn't have the connections that they needed to help them out. So they didn't help us out.

MRR1: DO YOU GUYS SEE THE BAND, OR THE HARDCORE SCENE IN GENERAL, AS THE GATEWAY INTO A SOCIAL SCENE, OR AS THE CATALYST FOR SOME SORT OF SOCIAL CHANGE?

MIKE: I'll field this question, because I know for a fact that I've been in situations where I've somehow been assimilated into scene parties. Like in Boston, there are a lot of scene parties where stupid scene queen kids go to stroke each other. I've been unfortunate enough to be at these things. There's a good 150 people at these scene party, binge drinking fests, then you go to some basement show and there will be maybe 30 kids there. So it's pretty obvious these days, what hardcore has in mind for itself. I think personally it has become, there are exceptions to the rule, but in most cases it has become a parody of itself, and it's pretty pathetic, it's kind of become a small replica of the world that it once was so against. I really find it to be pretty deplorable actually.

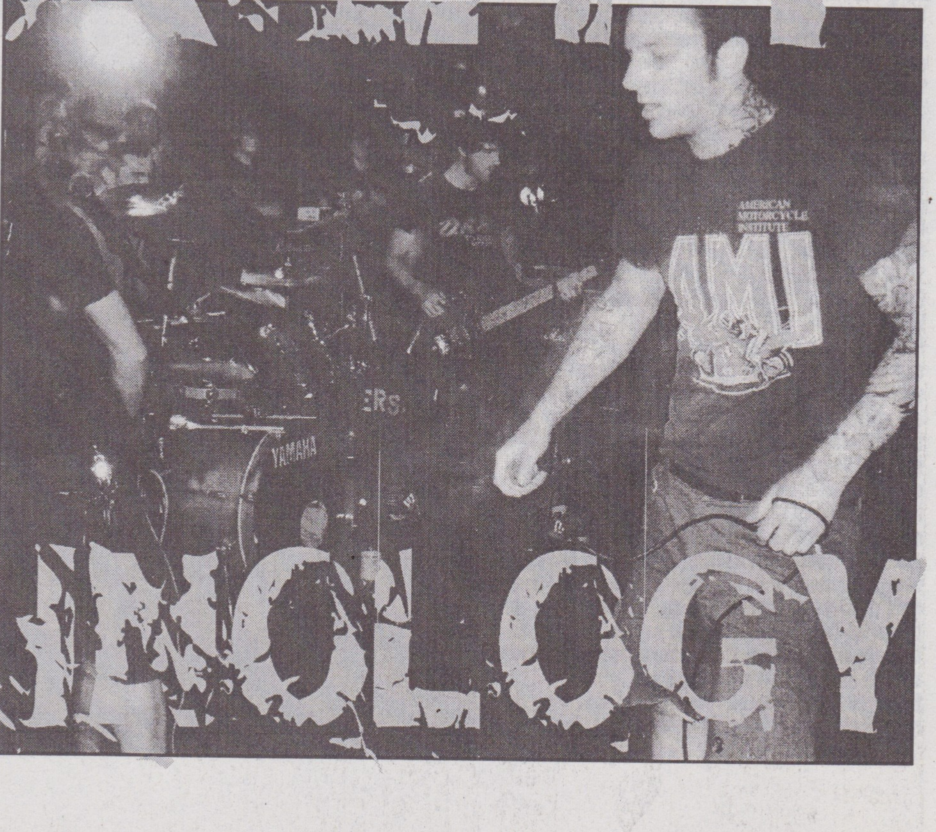
BRIAN: I definitely understand where he's going, so for the hardcore kids out there, there's no reason to give it up because of that. Being associated with many different people, people you know, man this is just bullshit, people are in this for the wrong reasons and they give it up and then they leave. But that's not why we're here. We're here to be one of those people that just stand strong and keep it going. I was brought up, as Ryan was saying, I was dragged into it willingly by the music, by the ideas that were behind it, by the lifestyle, and if it wasn't for the people that were in it for the right reasons in the beginning then I wouldn't have gotten involved. I'm sure we all have taken a lot from hardcore, the ideas and the music. I feel it's our turn to give it back with writing, with poetry, with music. That's basically my main reason for being here is giving back, giving kids that are younger and even people that are older that are just getting involved, a reason to stick around, to be in it for what its worth, to have a good time, and to be happy.

MIKE: Which is kind of unfortunate, because I've met a lot of really great sincere people in the hardcore community, but I've mostly come across pretentious, superficial, insincere people that have somehow got mixed into the hardcore community. I just don't know where it comes from. Hardcore can be a great medium for social change, but I think a lot of the social, moral points of view have become something to wear. It has become kind of a fashion accessory more so than a belief or philosophy. I'd like to see that change. I'd like to see hardcore evolve back into people feeling comfortable making their own decisions, not feeling intimidated and forced to believe in something that they don't really believe. A good example is veganism. I'm personally not a vegan. I think it's a great cause, and I think that people should respect it, but I think there are also a lot of people that are just wearing that cause like a badge of honor. Despite the fact that they have no real serious belief in that cause, it's just slipping on the clothes and the attitude, and mixing in with the hardcore kids. If it's your decision, and you have a moral objection to it, then you should by all means do it. If you don't, then don't do it because you're an idiot. Wow, I just really hate people, even hardcore kids, there's no exception.

MRR1: I HEARD SOMEONE SAY RECENTLY THAT THEY'RE SICK OF "NEGATIVE" HARDCORE BANDS. THEIR EXAMPLE WAS AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. I THINK BACKSTABBERS TENDS TO FALL UNDER THE SAME CATEGORY, AND ALTHOUGH YOU GUYS ARE NEGATIVE, IT SEEMS THAT YOU'RE NEGATIVITY IS AS MUCH A REACTION TO THE THINGS GOING ON AROUND YOU AS A WAY TO WORK THROUGH THEM. WHAT IS YOUR RESPONSE TO THIS SORT OF COMMENTARY?

RYAN: I'll flat out say that I definitely find that about ninety-five percent of the so called negative hardcore bands today, are doing it because there's one band saying "fuck you." I think most of them would never fucking say anything negative if it wasn't set as a trend, which is what it basically is right now. Being negative is so popular right now, there's so many bands that say "blah, blah, blah, fuck you" while they're playing their set. And the thing is, none of them fucking mean it. We've always said quite a bit, we're not looking for handouts, we're not looking for high fives from a bunch of scene queens, we're not looking for anything involved with that. If that's negative, then so be it. We will fucking raise our fists in the air and be the most negative band you could ever fucking dream of. But I don't think it's as much being negative as being realistic. There's a lot of kids out there who don't fucking understand the difference between the two. There are a lot of bands that say negative comments and have negative lyrics, but when it comes to it, they don't say what they mean. We fucking mean what we fucking say. That's all I can really say about that.

MIKE: If any kid ever fucking says that to me, I'm gonna... I'm just completely blown away by how absurd and ridiculous that comment is. Because what the fuck is hardcore? Hardcore is, in my opinion, an extreme form of music exemplifying the negative aspects of life. That's how hardcore began, hardcore began as a way for people living the hard reality, not living in their mansions, getting their five course vegan dinners that their parents bought them. Hardcore is a way for them to connect and alleviate some of the obvious symptoms of that hard reality. Hardcore should be everything that can be expressed in a negative way, anything that could have some negative connotation is what hardcore is. That's it man. If somebody is going to tell me that there should be more positive bands in hardcore...yeah, I think there should be bands that can utilize the fact that perhaps there could be a glimmer of hope in life. Life is the ultimate crucible. Life is never going to be



a positive thing. Hardcore is kind of brought here to enlighten people, on that gesture, on that notion. I don't think there's any room for positivity in hardcore. I don't think it belongs, and I think I'm positive. I fucking hate anyone who tells me I should be positive. (spits)

MATT: I was just going to add that people want to view hardcore as negative, like what Ryan said. Hardcore, like any music, is about venting how you feel, be it either positive or negative. But I don't think that someone from any of those bands, those scenes, or those people can tell us or anyone else what there should be more of. If you don't like it, you can start your own positive band and do some stage dives or do whatever you want to do. That's just how we feel and what we go through everyday. And we might not want to write about something that we would have to vent too positively, or vent negatively, or however you want to put it. We just vent whatever is going on, that's how I'm going to put it.

MIKE: It just so happens that a lot of the so called "posi" hardcore bands are full of shit and I'll dig their fucking graves. That just really infuriates me that somebody would actually completely cross the line and say that more positive bands should be in hardcore. It's a complete paradox.

MATT: Hard-core.

MIKE: Yeah, hard-core, not ice cream. Hard-core.

BRIAN: Just to put in my two cents, I fucking hate work. Even though I work in a decent place, I don't want to work, no one wants to work. So we're pissed off, we hate the way, I mean, just things like the tour falling apart because a lot of it had to do with money. I wish there was no such fucking thing as money and I'm pissed off about it. We're generally angry because we don't like having to play by the rules that are set up by the whole of society. So we're going to protest and do whatever we can to go against it. And a lot of that has to do with being upset and angry about it. I'm not the angriest person in the world, but when I'm angry, I need to vent it. It's better to vent through music and writing, and to get all your emotions out, than to go out and punch someone. Because that's what a lot of people do. People come to shows and instead of letting out their emotions, they hit people, they knock people down, they have ladies night, and punch girls in the face. Its just shit, and along the lines of people saying there should be more of this, there should be more of that, in hardcore and music...anyone can criticize anything, and anyone can pick anything apart, but its the people that are out there doing something about it, that I give credit to. We're here. We're doing what we want to do. We're saying what we mean. We're saying what we want to say and we're working to make things better. And if someone comes up to you and says, "I think that life is great," and things like that, that's fine if they believe it. But things aren't going to change if you just address things as being positive. Change comes from revolution, and if you're discussing something, you can change it, and that's what we're collectively doing. We're doing what we want to do and we're going to do it until we're dead.

MRR1: LYRICALLY, YOU GUYS MAKE SOME PRETTY POINTED STATEMENTS TO A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS. DOES YOUR MUSIC ADVOCATE A SOCIAL AND/OR POLITICAL CHANGE, OR A PERSONAL CHANGE? WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT AND WHY?

RYAN: For me, it's more for personal change. I really don't care about what anyone else thinks about what I write, which is why for a long time I debated about even putting any sort of explanation for the lyrics after our songs. But finally I decided I might as well, so maybe someone will get it. I don't really care about the cliché little speeches "if I can touch just one person, then I can make a difference." I don't fucking care if I made a difference or not, unless I made a difference in myself. It's up to someone else to make a difference in themselves. I'm not really looking to change the world with anything that's written. I don't know if anyone here agrees with me, I'm just trying to get things out that I've been trying to say and trying to say them the best that I can. If you make someone think, then so be it. But that's not my personal goal.

BRIAN: I'd have to say that, even though I don't write the lyrics, Ryan speaks very well for the way that I feel. Being a writer myself, I can totally appreciate his point of view, and the way he says things. I definitely would have to say a vote for personal change. Let's use Ryan as an example. Ryan betters himself through the lyrics and the playing of music; people notice, people see changes, and then it will reciprocate. People will say "here's this boy, he has a lot to say, and he's saying it, bettering himself, and doing what he needs to do for himself," then perhaps that will ignite a change in someone else. If there was a way to socially change someone all in an instance, I think that would just be crap, because no one would really change for the right reasons. Everyone has to make changes or decisions for themselves all the time. It sounds really selfish, but you really need to concentrate on making yourself a better person, and doing things for yourself.

RYAN: Don't live your life by the slow kids.

BRIAN: Yeah.

RYAN: No one else should ever be telling you what to do. For the most part, I hope people just listen to this and will be like "OK, well that fits good with the song." I could care less if they get it or not. I don't care if they want to sing along or not, for the most part you know? But if they understand it, that's cool.

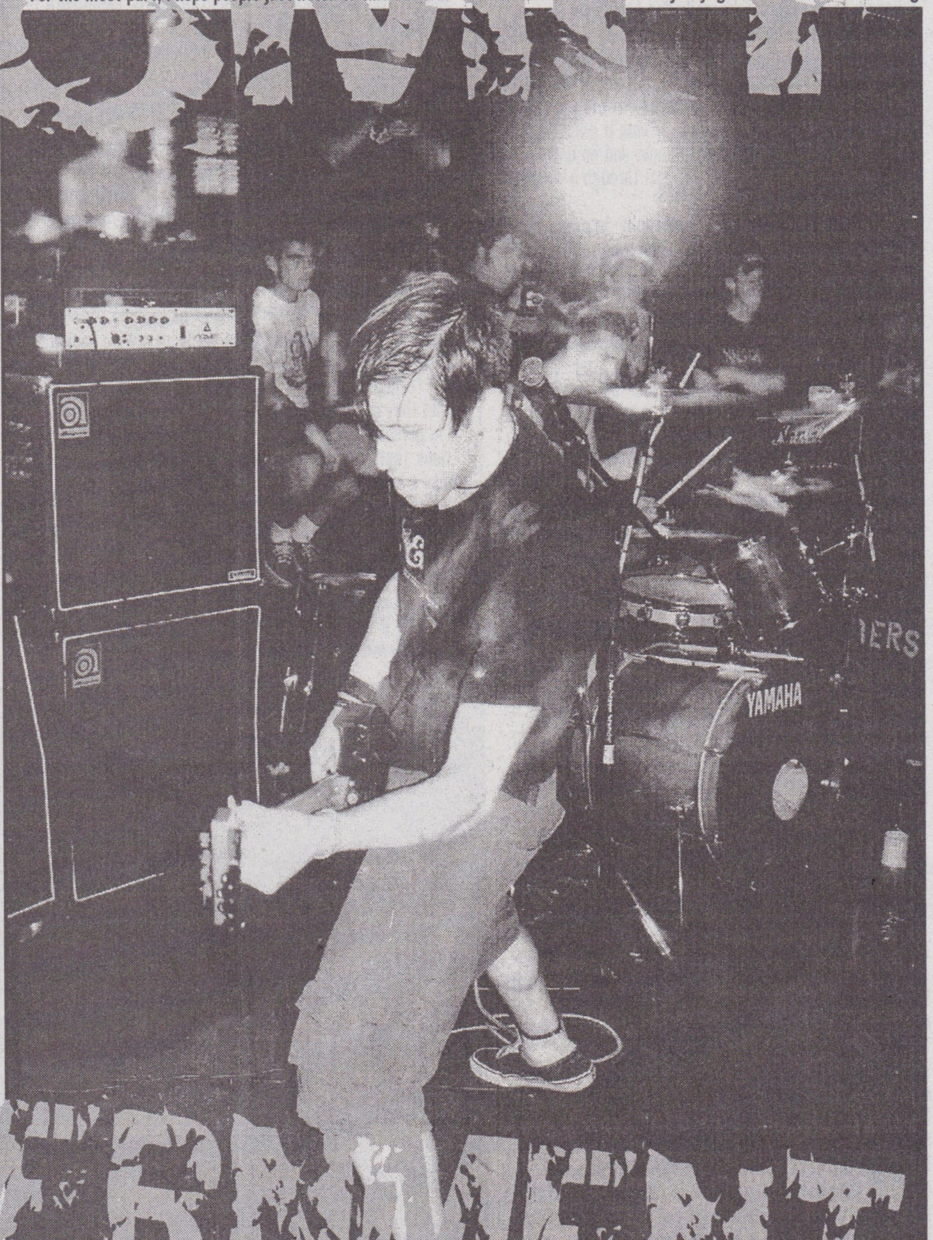
MRR1: A LOT OF AGGRESSIVE ANGRY MUSIC IS MORE OF A FRONT, A PERSON WILL PROJECT ANGER IN ORDER TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM FEAR. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

RYAN: Vomit. I fucking hate vomit.

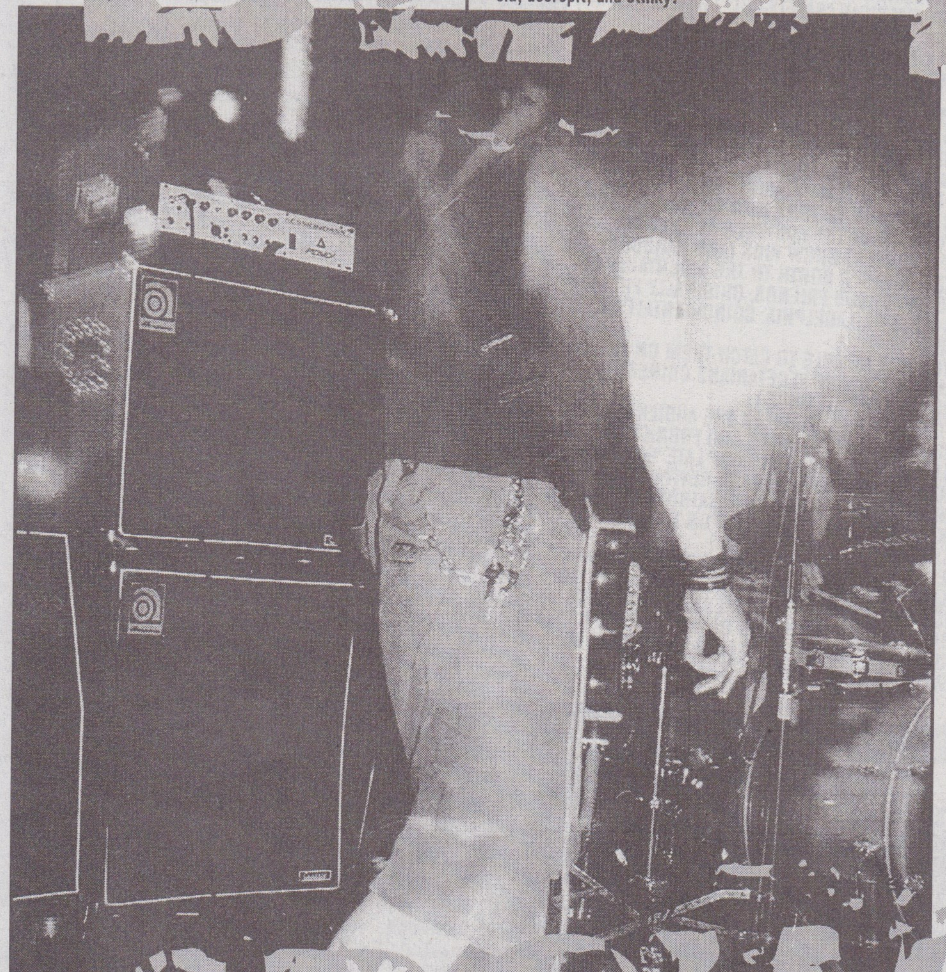
MATT: It's true.

RYAN: I'm so afraid of vomit that at one point, I had a fear of vomit so bad, that I became an agoraphobic. I stayed at my parent's house and didn't leave my parents house for three months. Because I didn't want to go to school because I always felt sick, and it would turn into panic attacks and I'd be afraid I'd throw up. I hate vomit. I hate it, anything about it. I had to listen to someone vomit while I delivered food last night, and it was the worst thing in the world. It was terrible.

BRIAN: I'd have to say my greatest fear is becoming



paralyzed, being unable to speak, move, or communicate. That has a lot to do with music. Living life fast, dying young, and all that stuff is becoming unattractive. I could get in a car accident on the way home tonight driving back to Maine, and not be able to say anything, move, or anything like that. That's probably my greatest fear.
Mike: I'm afraid of computers, cell phones, people, large groups of people...being submerged in people. That's why I don't really go to shows anymore. If I do, I'm on the outskirts, I don't like to be inside a crowd of people. One time, at one of the scene parties that I kind of ended up at somehow, it was so congested that I had a panic attack, ran outside, poured beer over somebody's head, and got beat up.
RYAN: Is that when your fingernail fell off?
(everyone laughing)
MIKE: Yeah, this rabid drunk bit my thumb and...
RYAN: There was a rabid drunk?
MIKE: Yeah.
MATT: Wow, we should have these more often.
MIKE: Yeah, so I have a pretty bad anxiety problem that kind of manifests itself into me being afraid that I'll have an anxiety attack like that.
MATT: I'd say my fear, I suppose, the one I think about everyday, is aging. Definitely, I don't know, I mean. To be honest, one of the biggest reasons why I do the band is to try and make myself moderately happy, by expressing how I feel on a daily basis. I just think about aging constantly. Not so much the death angle, but not being able to do things for myself. It would be losing my mind, I suppose. Living in the city I've lost it. I see crazy people all the fucking time talking to themselves, walking around. I can't help it. It's just this strange fear. My birthday is in a couple weeks, and I'll almost be in my mid-twenties. There's just something about aging that seems depressing to me, not just vanity wise, but people's minds start to go. Maybe it's more along the lines of change, than actual aging. But I guess that would be my biggest fear, getting old, decrepit, and stinky.



BRADY: I have a lot of fears personally. One of them is being in front of a camera, but I get over that. Another one is the government. I'm insanely afraid of the government, just from lots of things in my life, my dad for one, being employed by the government, and getting completely screwed over his whole life. Another thing which relates to my father is--I'm afraid of just living my life to the fullest that I see fit, not falling into the molds that society, my parents, or certain friends see me as being in, like schools. I'm afraid that I'm going to graduate college soon and not have anything to go for, not have anything done in my life. That's why I'm in a band, that's why I play music, because that's the one thing that I can use to the fullest, and get everything I want out of life. Hopefully, I'll be able to do that for a long time. I'm trying my hardest to make that my entire life, but it's hard.
MRR1: THIS IS ACTUALLY THE LAST QUESTION I HAVE. WHERE DO YOU SEE YOURSELVES IN FIVE YEARS, AS INDIVIDUALS, AS MEMBERS OF THE BAND, AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU MAY BE A PART OF? THAT'S ACTUALLY A REALLY GENERAL QUESTION.
RYAN: Hating my job. Hopefully, finished up with covering my body in tattoos. Probably still trying to work on our first full US tour. That's all I can hope for I guess.
BRIAN: Well for me, in five years, I hope to produce lots of literature, cover myself in more tattoos, and not be working at a job. I guess tour, even if Backstabbers doesn't last that long. Because I can think realistically, I know that I will definitely be doing something with music that's fast, heavy, hard, and explosive, involving Ryan and everyone. In some way, everyone will be involved.
MATT: Hmmm. This goes back to my aging fear, I don't want to think about it, but since it's part of the question. Along the lines of maybe Brady, Brian, or even Ryan, I'd like to think that I will have had many a travel abroad under my belt. My biggest goal is to travel and see things. I hope that five years from now, I won't be tired of it, but I'll be a little more satisfied with my day-to day living. I hope that my days seem longer, my weeks seem longer, and that each hour is spent doing things that I care to do. Not necessarily job related, but I just hope that in five years I will have a better understanding of how to spend my time the way I want it, whether it be music, skateboarding, or getting more tattoos. Just to have my head a little clearer, a little more direct, a little more focused. Not really career oriented, but just happy living. I just want to be happy, seeing things that I don't get to see. Just enjoying things that are hard right now because of things that hold me back such as money, jobs, leases, and loans--things like that, just bullshit that doesn't need to be part of my life. Just being able to use my mind the way I want to be able to build up knowledge. Just live and learn.
MIKE: I just want to be able to continue expressing myself playing music and perhaps getting into a position where I can live off of it. Not necessarily live one hundred percent comfortably off of it, but at least be able to make it my career, if you will. And then maybe later on in my life I will become a haunted recluse, grow my hair down to my feet, and write acoustic songs and then die.
MATT: In five years?
BRIAN: Yeah.
BRADY: I guess in five years it would still be fun to be the spare wheel for Backstabbers filling in when they need a guitar because they need a drummer, a guitarist, or whatnot. But I have some musical projects too that hopefully will pan out and I'm able to complete. But other than that, I hope I'm not working.
MRR2: ANY LAST COMMENTS?
RYAN: Fuck work.
MATT: Amen.
BRADY: I agree

Send mail bombs and death threats to:
Backstabbers Incorporated
PO Box 122
Dover, NH
03821-0122 USA

AN ALBATROSS

AN ACTIVISM OF PHYSICS, AN ENUNCIATION OF THE VOICE ITSELF AGAINST THE
UNUTTERED, A BATTALION FOR A BROADER LUCIDITY. SOMETIMES SEEN AS A REVELATION, BUT
MORE OFTEN AS REVULSION INSPIRING, THEIR LOGO IS PLASTER'D ON LAMPPOSTS, STICKER'D
UNDER TOILET BOWL LIDS, STENCIL'D ON SIDEWALKS. WORLDWIDE, FROM THE GHETTOS OF
PHILADELPHIA TO THE JUNGLES OF CHIAPAS, THE MYSTERIOUS MULLET'D, BAR CODE FOREHEAD'D,
AND MUSTACHIO'D MAN, (AKA THE TRUTH: WWW.KOSMOS.NET/TRUTH) SMILES WITH AN
ALL-KNOWING LOOK, A FRIGHTENING MIRROR IMAGE OF AMERICAN "SAFETY-CUT" PROLETARIANISM.
EMBRACED BY BOTH HERDS OF BILLBOARD "TRUTHING" DEVOTEES, AS WELL AS BEING
CO-OPTED BY HOT TOPIC (THE VILLAINOUS MALL-PUNK-MECCA OF CULTURAL BASTARDIZATION),
LIES ANOTHER TRUTH. BEHIND THE NOW-FAMILIAR-AS-ANDRE-THE-GIANT EPIC SPOOF VISAGE IS
AN ALBATROSS (1. sex 2. bird 3. cake collective),
WHOSE PUBLIC CARNIVAL-STYLE ART PRANKS ENCOURAGE THE BOYCOTT OF CONSUMER CAPITALISM.
YEAH YEAH, IF YOU LIVE HERE IN THE NORTHEAST, YOU PROBABLY ALREADY KNOW
AN ALBATROSS, WITH EDWARD'S SEXUAL ANTICS, CHRIS'S DRUM JUMPING, OR JAY'S YOGA
GUITAR MOVES… SHOWS HAVE BEEN KNOWN ON OCCASION TO TURN INTO BOTH FOOD FIGHTS
AND COSTUMED ORGIES. SHOWS THAT ARE AS MUCH ABOUT THE AUDIENCE AS THEY ARE
ABOUT THE BAND. ONCE A WELL-KEPT SECRET OF BASEMENT SHOW KIDS (AND HARDCORE
TEKNO RAVERS!) FROM FLORIDA TO DELAWARE AND FURTHER NORTH TO THE MOUNTAINS OF
NORTHERN VERMONT, THE KIDS IN THE BAND ARE CHILDHOOD FRIENDS, ORIGINALLY FROM THE
HEART OF APPALACHIA, RECENTLY RELOCATED TO WEST PHILADELPHIA. COINCIDENTALLY, THEY
SHARE THE SAME BIRTHDAY OF MARCH 14 (PI DAY).
NOWADAYS, IF YOU LAND IN PHILLY, YOU MAY BE ABLE TO CATCH THEM ON THE
OCCASIONAL MONDAY NIGHT, WHEN THEY PLAY AT KINGDOM OF VEGETARIANS CHINESE
RESTAURANT. (SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO EXPERIENCE AT LEAST ONCE.)
THEIR MISSION IS TO BREAK DOWN THE BARRIERS BETWEEN THE AUDIENCE AND
THE PERFORMERS, TO GET THE KIDS NOT ONLY DANCING, BUT CREATING AND FORNICATING. AN
ALBATROSS MAY BRIDGE A HISTORICAL GAP FILLED WITH THE BACKWASH OF LATE '90S BAD
COMMERCIAL PUNK AND EMO, AND A MORE RECENTLY EXHUMED "THRASH-REVIVAL." THE
"FLASH IN THE PAN" RISE OF THE REHASH SCENE HELPED PUSH THE AN ALBATROSS KIDS TO DO
SOMETHING TRULY CONSCIOUS, NEW, AND FUCKED UP, WHICH DIDN'T RIDE ON THE
COATTAILS OF THE "EX-MEMBERS OF" BAND ESTHETIC.
THIS COMING SUMMER, THEY'VE DECIDED TO DO PART OF THEIR 2002 TOUR ON A
RENTED BOAT. THEIR PLAN IS TO HIT EVERY MAJOR TOWN AND CITY ON THE COAST, STARTING
IN WILKES-BARRE, PA, (AT CARL G'S WAREHOUSE SHOW VENUE: US HOMEBASE) AND GOING
DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER TO THE CHESAPEAKE BAY, AND SOUTH DOWN THE EAST COAST.
AFTER HITTING EVERY MAJOR CITY TILL THE GULF OF MEXICO, THEY WILL HEAD BACK UP THE
MISSISSIPPI. RIGHT NOW THEY ARE INTERVIEWING SKIPPERS FOR THE BOAT, SO ANY
NAUTICAL PUNK KIDS PLEASE GET IN TOUCH.

Edward: VOCALS **Jay:** BASS **Jake:** GUITAR **Phillip:** KEYBOARDS
Carl G: SOUNDSCAPE AND BREAKBEATS **Chris:** DRUMS

Interview by Scott Beibin.

MRR: What are some of the messages that An Albatross is trying to convey?

Edward: An Albatross equals loving life, loving your comrades, living free (as free as possible from the cold, cold clutches of post-industrial US capitalism), getting free, loving yourself, making love, making art, making music, being creative, thinking. Energy! Empowerment! I know it all sounds pretty vague, but shit, man—to boil it down, An Albatross is pushing for introspection at the most personal level: thinking about who you are, what you do, and reassessing things to make improvements. Turn the utmost in the personal into the utmost politically. I personally view what I do in the band (vocalist/dancer) as a direct challenge to every fucking punk kid we perform in front of. I want to challenge your fucking scene, because frankly, I find it so boring, dry, and prude—robbed of its intrinsic ability to be threatening. I demand that the current conservative, uninspiring doldrums of punk/HC reassess its function and fucking get with it, baby. Our "challenge" primarily exists in our performance. It's about overcoming the bullshit idea that bands can disregard the kids they're performing for and get up in front of an audience and bore the living hell out of them by cockrocking for 40 or 50 minutes. We choose to play for under ten, simply because our attention spans for bands we don't know or care about tends to fizzle around then, and we realize that most people would get sick of our shit if it persisted for much longer than it does, anyway. We intend on keeping things short, spastic, loud, and fun. Once it ceases to be any of these, we can gladly retire this garbage for the rock and roll compost heap. It's also about feeling each other and ourselves up, freaking the fuck out, losing your shit—being abrasive, having a sense of humor and making yourself dance until you hurt. It's anti-boredom, anti-pretension, pro-French kissing and pro-slam dancing. It's sweaty boys and girls on the prowl, child. The goal is to get loose, get free and start thinking. "Some people got some strange ideas about how life should be lived and how things should be done—well, I'm here to tell you to do exactly what you want…"

Jay: I am playing this music right now because I absolutely have to. This total love/hate relationship puts me in the clutches of both agony and ecstasy. I totally want to quit this band everyday, but I am drawn back… I don't fully understand why it chose me, or helps me cope with issues and insecurities, but I believe there's truth in the language of music. I will make no statement that what we're doing is for everyone, or that we're neon messiahs. If there is any one message I want to present to our audience, it is the attempt to explain the unexplained to oneself and dig deep into one's mind for an intense connection. We want to fuck you up. If you want to find answers and get down with what we're doing, fuckin' let it go and lose your shit. Don't be afraid to scuff your shoes, uptight hipsters. So pack that in your pipe and smoke it.

Phillip: I think of An Albatross as a joyful paean to living life and creating art. As a group of people we can be pretty uptight and suffer from an awful lot of anxiety in our day to day lives. This serves as a reminder to us to cherish life and the moments we have together. We are a collection of friends who have taken a wonderful opportunity to celebrate our lives by sharing what means most to us. We do this by creating a highly theatrical event incorporating performance art and referencing a wide array of social and cultural elements.

Carl G: The intensity of the music and the vibe in the room going on at the time sometimes gets so nuts. You just look at each other and you just know.

Jake: I just do what the wizards and vikings tell me to…

MRR: You guys are famous for playing multiple shows in one day's time. Why do you do this, and what is the most shows you've played in one day? What is your inevitable goal with all this?

Edward: Playing and dancing until your heart feels like it's close to bursting in your chest cavity is probably one of the orgasmic things I can imagine, so why not do it four times in a day? The idea originally presented itself when we realized that our set is only eight minutes long, and it's completely feasible to get down three or four times in a single night. Aside from the selfish and self-centered nature of the concept, it relates to the idea of bringing the music to the people—going out and capturing their attention in their clubs and their coffee shops and their basements. I'm talking accessibility, man—being the people's band, fuckin' playing as many times in as many places as they can capacitate, and aspire to never bore them—keep them moving and thinking and moving and thinking and loving and loving.

Jay: If music is like making love, then why wouldn't we want to play many shows in a days time? It's the fucking rush and the empowerment of the "great let go," the orgasm, the belief in transcending passionate energy in a poetic sense. We've done a few guerrilla shows in which we've stolen people's time and patience, and forced them to feel.

Positive or negative, it's about transcendence. We're totally down with playing ridiculous shows in a short period of time. We are very interested in playing shows with a variety of different bands and performers. Sometimes we have poets, or films. Our 80 year-old friend Zack performs with us sometimes. The most shows we've done in one day up till now is four, but I know we can do more. Next summer we're planning to hit the fucking ocean in a boat and tour the whole East Coast playing all coastal cities. I don't think that's been done before. If anyone has any connections to an ocean liner, and a captain, please get in touch. Let's hit the high seas. We've almost been killed a few times in the vanbulance. I'd rather drown than get all banged up on the asphalt. Also, our drummer Chris is now an American citizen, so we can play other countries without the fear of him being deported. Can we come to Japan?

Carl G: I remember one of the best shows ever, at this joint in Ohio. Everyone in the room was feelin' it. They all grabbed our instruments, and everyone was jammin', Chris was outside the club bangin' on drums. It was out of hand.

Phillip: It relates directly to many of the issues we deal with both explicitly and implicitly within our music and our performance. Some of these are the increasing speed at which the world travels, the assumption that music and art are disposable, as well as the idea of sexual climax and the way in which sexuality is handled within our culture. I like the dichotomy between the unleashed sexuality of the performance and the fast, uptight, spastic rigidity of the music. I'm pretty sure we're not famous for much of anything, though.

Jake: Yeah, it just seems to keep happening for some reason. it's not a big deal because our set is pretty short. But it can get tiring. I got really sick once after playing three shows in a day.

MRR: Comment on "the Truth" phenomenon you started. Was it just a logo for the band? How did you feel when you saw it on WWF, and on Jones Soda bottles? What are some of the craziest appearances you've seen to date?

Jay: I can tell you many great stories about the Truth's escapades, including being followed around by undercover cops in San Diego, but we don't need to go there in this interview. I think it's just beautiful how an image can make someone so uncomfortable or intrigued and cause a reaction like it did. That is poetic phenomenology at it's finest. Read T.A.Z. by Hakim Bey! Much love to the dude that stood out in the rain outside of TRL on MTV so the face of the Truth would be shown to millions.
Jake: Yeah, the whole Truth thing got kinda out of hand for a while. We've pretty much dropped it when it became something it wasn't intended to be—like the whole Hot Topic thing—it kind of lost its novelty. As far as I'm concerned, that era is over.
Phillip: I find the idea of the Truth fascinating from both a Symbolic Interactionist and a Jungian perspective, this baffling image of a pleasantly smiling gentleman. The viewer is forced to apply some sort of meaning to the image with no contextual resources at hand. That having been said, I'm pretty sick of it now because it seems to have been co-opted by classist privileged punk kids who think it's making fun of "mullets."
Edward: We created the Truth as a conceptual art piece that was intended for plastering on every imaginable surface when we were traveling for the winter of 99/2000. We had no idea that a cult following would erupt after a few months of blessing the public with His image. I think that the design is inherently political and says a lot of things to the people who somehow get their eye caught on it while wasting away on their couches, watching WWF wrestling or Total Request Live and eating potato chips, motherfucker. I wholeheartedly resent the popularity it has gained at the hands of classist individuals and corporations like Hot Topic, who took the image, robbed it of its only value and utilized it as an ironic poke at America's white working class. The idea of humiliating people based on cultural trends that are specific to lower socioeconomic groups is fucked. The concept of "the truth" was never aimed at this. Instead, the picture was chosen because it represented an "average" American (donning a terrible haircut—"mullet" or not!) with a barcode emblazed on his forehead, indicating that EVERYTHING is for sale, that corporations and governments look at you as a potential consumer/target audience/slave.
MRR: A new era of history began after the attacks on the WTC and Pentagon. What do you see in the future as a result? How do you see this affecting people of color, and the activist/punk community and civil liberties in general? Are you afraid to be doing independent projects in the current conservative environment of the US?
Phillip: If we surrender our civil liberties to fear, then we are creating even more victims of the tragedy. The US can't ask for justice abroad and deny it at home. I have faith in the basic goodness of the average person, however, and I believe that once informed of the facts of the matter than they too will stand for peace and justice at home and abroad.
Carl G: Bush sees this as a great opportunity for himself and the boys to get all the shady civil laws passed in order to "maintain" a better and safer America.
Edward: I recently heard a politician comparing Curious George W's governmental "war on terrorism" to the likes of the war on drugs. Needless to say, we are embarking on a very, very dark time in our country's history, where civil liberties will be conveniently placed on the backburner to pursue the world's bogeymen and justify widespread militarism. Every time we see our politicians in the media declaring wars, promising swift revenge, etc., we are inching our way closer and closer to a total police state. Naturally, to the activist/punk/leftist communities, this creates gigantic obstacles for us to take into account. It's truly scary—just when we thought things couldn't possibly get any worse for people of color, gays, leftists, artists, resisters, brothers and sisters—we're taken back leaps behind where we stood originally.
MRR: Do you see An Albatross as a sensuous band? If so, is it intentional? What are your goals? How would you feel if you were labeled as sexist perverts as a result of your being all male and discussing and acting out sexuality on stage?
Jake: Oh, you mean how Ed touches himself when he should be singing?
Jay: We are definitely a sensual band. We are definitely passionate people. Tell me this, were the New York Dolls perverts, or just in control of their sexuality? In an era of PC punk, sexuality has all but been celebrated in a scene that is supposed to be anarchistic and revolutionary. It has taken an unconscious, asexual stance. We, as a punk community, need to let go of our body image and sexual insecurities and start feeling good about ourselves. Why sell yourself short of your strongest desires when they dig at you? There's nothing wrong with being devious! Punk is very sexual and dangerous—dance to its rhythm! I react to my instincts and urges and I have no intentions of repressing anything in our performances. We celebrate our sexuality and encourage others to do so as well and make no apologies. If you're offended, don't come see us. Get down with the sound, galaxy cats, and feel the tingle down below! Throw bricks and fuck...a lot.
Edward: Listen, man—rock and roll is inherently sexual. Somehow, some way, we've managed to fucking neuter it and come up with rock's castrate son, "punk." I envision performing and connecting with music, especially rock and roll/soul/r&b, as a beautiful form of sexual expression.

During An Albatross' performance, I intend on losing every bit of inhibition possible and reacting in the most personal and sexual way I can—it feels natural, it feels good. I like to thrust my hips and touch myself. I believe that introducing a healthy sense of sexuality, eroticism, etc. into punk could be absolutely nothing but beneficial to us. Rape and sexual violence exist in our community, this is no mystery—shunning sex/sexuality isn't a realistic means of bringing shit like this to a halt. Communication and expression is—a healthy forum for punks who enjoy making love needs to be established! Oh, thanks to Blow Up boys of Columbus for the red dildo (they have a whole box full) and to all of those who allowed us to take a bite out of their hearts.

Phillip: There is nothing inherently sexist about the discussion of sexuality or the exploration of the topic in how it relates to music and society, which is what we do. Sensuality has always been a vital element of art because it has always been a vital element of our cultures, and history shows that when frank and honest openness about sexuality is repressed than it is always women who wind up suffering. We as young men are engaging in explorations of how we view and experience sex in our society, the good and the bad, which also correlates directly with how we perceive and experience art as a culture.

Carl G: Definitely sensual, that's the feeling. Honestly, Phil is really a pervert. I worry sometimes.

MRR: You've performed at raves, at the Lost Film Festival, and the Know Nothing Circus. Obviously these don't fit into the context of what we think of as typical in the DIY scene (but what is typical, anyhow?) Do you envision a convergence of the mutant scenes with each other?

Edward: I think that the true underground culture (be it electronic/experimental, punk, freak shows, soul, metal, etc), due to a massive onslaught of mainstream/corporate intervention, is somehow transcending preexisting barriers regarding senseless issues like fashion and whatnot. From my experience, it seems as if people—regardless of what sub-genre of the "scene" they typically pledge allegiance to—are uniting and working together to come up with extremely interesting "hybrid" art. This could be nothing but positive for our communities, because not only does it create solidarity (politically, artistically) with thousands more brothers and sisters all around the globe, but it keeps the art these communities produce fresh and unpredictable.

Carl: All these people are similar humans, and mutants. Multimedia, zircus, electromadness. That's what we need...merge!

Jay: The goal for me is connection, and my need to express it. By playing these types of events our subcultures will inevitably become integrated. It's definitely challenging to play to those who may not expect what they're going to see, or more importantly, what they could possibly feel. We have had great success playing to different scenes. Even to pop punk crowds. In many cases, the audience has been much more respectful, intrigued and open minded then, than playing to those who judge us by the way we look, and what fucking label we're on. Come see us, and get down! We're sticking around for a while.

MRR: What is your rationale behind building bridges between the hardcore tekno and punk scenes? Do you see it as being well received, or are people hostile? How much do the scenes have in common?

Jay: There are many similarities between tunk and tekno/electronic culture. Mostly, it's the common love for music and in a lot of cases, very similar anarchistic and subversive ways of living. I find the tekno/electronic culture to be a little more open to new interpretations of music and sound than punk is. Punk likes to preserve its heritage, and on occasion, subconsciously shuns new ideas. In terms of my music, I try to get in touch with people's perception of sound and how they react to it. I'm very interested in the psychology and language behind it all. You can do a lot more with punk other than use just three chords, if you choose to challenge its self-imposed boundaries. One of An Albatross's goals is to make music free of boundaries and bridge gaps to all who would like to give it time and thought. Some people are just too damn hardcore to be open-minded and that's sad. I see punk as ever-changing and look forward to new bands challenging its purist ideals. Although I do love punk's basics, I have an impulse to push it in all directions.

Edward: Most punk kids we've performed to have completely embraced it—they're always really curious as to what Carl G's modular and laptop and various other gadgets are. The idea of bridging the two scenes together is because they're both intrinsically revolutionary scenes, full of some of the most innovative/cutting edge artists today, so it seems to us that the union of the two is a logical one.

Jake: There's no conscious direction with this band anymore . . . except to keep it engaging.

Carl: We are all are into different music, but we all appreciate good music, and are also open-minded. There is always some element that they can dig. The scenes do have a lot in common. They have their knuckleheads, and the scenesters, but then there is the whole conscious side of the scene entrenched in the music making, which is where I'd rather be involved. There are three main tendencies in every scene; 1. People directly making the music happen, 2. People to dig the tunes you throw at them, 3. People to talk shit, complain, and start controversy (vitally important, you know—for hype).

MRR: Who are your favorite authors, artists, and musicians?

Edward: The authors I enjoy are probably too typical and cliché to even mention (anywhere from Lester Bangs, to Noam Chomsky, and Howard Zinn, etc.). A lot of the reading I do currently is from sociological journals and a ton of non-fiction, dry shit. I love Rudi Gerenstriech, Basquiat, Duchamp, Warhol and I like looking at some of the murals Rivera did. As far as music goes, I refuse anything created past 1979, with a few exceptions. I adore the '60s northern soul, the Who, the MC5, the Clash, the Ramones, the Shadows of Knight, 13th Floor Elevators, the Stooges, the Electric Prunes, the Velvet Underground, the Remains, the Rolling Stones, the Kinks, the Creation and a shitload of '60s mod/soul/pre-punk/pre-psychedelia.

Jay: Lately, I have been obsessed with Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys and all of his great works. His sense of perfection and obsession are something that I can really identify with. It sounds sick, but I find it romantic that his music and his desire of expression drove him to the edge. I am way into artists that are extremely passionate about their art. I look forward to the day when I will write music that puts me in the hospital and it's coming soon. On our record there is a special little tribute to Pet Sounds if you listen closely. Other than Brian Wilson, I am very much into "epic" music such as Neurosis, Godspeed You Black Emperor! and Tchkung. And ridiculous bands like Arab On Radar, the Skin Graft Records catalogue, and William Shatner's records. I've also been reading the Crimethinc book Evasion as of late and getting into movies like Buena Vista Social Club. Oh, I dig dangerous, old punk . . .

Phillip: Favorite authors: Bukowski, Miller, John Kennedy Toole, Primo Levi, Guy Debord, Lucy R. Lippard, Greil Marcus, Michael Shermer, Stephen Jay Gould, Lester Bangs, HP Lovecraft. Favorite artists: Duchamp, Hugo Ball, Man Ray, John Cage, Nam June Paik, Laurie Anderson, various conceptual artists, Fluxists, Cubists, Brutalists, and Dadaists too numerous to mention. Favorite musicians: John Cage, Erik Satie, Stockhausen, Buddy Holly, Portishead, Saint Etienne, Tom Waits, Elvis (both), Ramones, Clash, Devo, Ornette Coleman, Bob Mould, Herbie Hancock, John Zorn, Material, Edith Piaf.

Jake: David Lynch, HP Lovecraft, Dario Argento, all the typical hesher shit...as far as music goes, there's way too much to list. I collect lots of old horror movie soundtracks, which inspire me more than anything else these days.

CARL G: Authors: Paulo Coelho (The Alchemist), Hakim Bey (T.A.Z. Artists): Eric Kammer, Zack from Team Spider, Tattoo Artist, Vinz Bonitz Musicians: Mike Dred, Christian Vogel, Jane's Addiction, Kraftwerk, Throbbing Gristle, Talib Kweli, the Who, Autchre, Mary J. Blige.

An ALBATROSS 1. Sex 2. Bird 3. Cake Collective contact info:
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AN ALBATROSS DISCOGRAPHY (SO FAR): out-of-print demo (250 pressed), double 3" mini disk with Carl G, New LP available on When Humans Attack, and CD on Bloodlink (available through Stickfigure, Very, and many more distributors).

First there was SUBHUMANS (ed: insert logo here), then came CULTURE SHOCK, but that's all old news. CITIZEN FISH have been touring the US regularly for over 11 years (can you even think of an American band that can say that?), and this is the chronicle of their 15th jaunt around America. Don't expect a show-by-show account of "this show was cool, the kids went wild, this show sucked, we got ripped off, etc...," as this "diary" was simply a notebook left (read: lost) in the van and entries were made by everyone at random intervals throughout the trip. The players are...Phil (guitar, home recording magician), Trotsky (parsley farmer, drums), Dick (semi-coherent ramblings, words), Jasper (bass, video camera), Richard (roadie #1, peeing in cups, fixing vans), Karoline (roadie #2, selling things, fixing everything else), Emma (roadie #3, good humour girl, secretly privy to the inner workings of Dick Lucas)...

Photos by Karoline Collins and Dick Lucas

Wednesday 18 July, High Noon
Jasper, just eating mashed potato, listening to 'These Boots are Made for Walking,' on the van hi-fi, and staring at 100 miles of salt. We're 111 miles from Salt Lake City, not a bad little place to cast a few thoughts around and hear them bounce back an hour later. This is day one of the tour. Me, Karoline and Richard left Oakland at one am bound for Chicago, a 50 hour non-stop trip ahead of us. (Jasper)

18 July, 5pm Mountain Standard Time, I-80 East of SLC
Dead stop, stuck in traffic, big rig overturned just ahead of us, driver dead on the pavement. UGH. It's hot, we're all dragging...sleep, what's that?! Richard manages to spin the van around on the shoulder and head back to a recently passed exit. Nice way to start our journey...death and destruction. (Karoline)

Thursday 19 July, 36 hours from Oakland, possibly somewhere near Des Moines, IA
I feel like I've been beaten up, they (Karoline and Richard) made me sit up straight in the front seat across the whole country, maybe next time we'll start the tour all together instead of going to meet the rest of the band on the other side of the country. What day is it. It doesn't matter. I hope the rest of the band are having a nice time in Chicago, swanning around coffee houses and used record stores. (Jasper)

19 July, 3:37pm, Central Standard Time
Corn field spotted in Iowa! How bizarre! Jasper has gotten a wee bit surly - but in the nicest way possible. (Karoline)

Speak for yourself! (Jasper)

We're passing Iowa City, where we played to 12 people last year and got paid $30. I wonder how this tour will turn out, we've got a new record out, a new enthusiastic label, new t-shirts, new guitars, all will be revealed. read on (Jasper)

Thursday 19 July, 9:15pm, A letter home
Finally only 30/60 or 80 miles from Chicago. It's humid. 48 hours of bouncing around in a hot van. Cabin fever. We've had three punctures, the last one took the whole tyre off the front wheel, all the way down to the rim, we had to walk a mile up the freeway looking for shreds of evidence in order to get a replacement. Anyway, litres and litres of water, good snack type food. It's a familiar place to be sat in the van. Saw some amazing scenery on the trip over, mountains, salt flats etc. Tonight we meet the rest of the band and tomorrow we start the tour, first gig is in a real bowling alley. The bands play at the top of the lanes and then we're off to Madison and Milwaukee. I'm trying to see a roadsign to see how far to go. We're on a busy lit highway, big trucks, the whistle of the wind through every available open window or vent. (Jasper)

20 July, 11:47 am, Central Standard Time, Chicago
Quick recap of somewhat amusing bits...gas station attendant asked me to stay in Cheyenne, WY and marry him - I said 'sorry, already married' and five hours later we blew two tires (karma? sabotage? we'll never know). About eight hours after that, we blew another tire and not just that, but sheared the rim flat as can be...maybe we can use it to hold the bass drum in place every night. We're off to Soul Veg as I write this. It's hothumidstickylovely as befitting the Midwest in July. (Karoline)

Meanwhile...in Chicago the other three, Dick, Trotsky and Phil were living it up in the 24/7 luxury sauna from hell, sweat pours from sweat pores its 4:36 am and the potential hangover gets pissed out again - silver lining of so much humidity, no hangovers! Despite trying. Staying at Aaron's place, he's a Tosser (in the 'he's in a band called the Tossers' sense). Never been so topless since I was a baby! Voluntary cold showers, even! This is about as far north as this tour gets. Hum - a - ditty...hm hm hmm its fucking hot, hm hm hmm can't argue with that, dum dum dumm electric drills and steam hammers stop fucking humming! (Dick)

Actually, both Madison and Detroit are both farther north than Chicago! So there! Hah! (Karoline)

Friday 20 July
First gig of tour. The Fireside Bowl Chicago, the air conditioning had packed up, so its about 120 degrees, after the gig we drove to Milwaukee, hit the bars (Foundation) and bumped into the Black Label Bicycle Club, sort of Hell's Angel attired people with odd 20 foot high bicycles, sort of menacing in a flat tyre sort of way. Four hours sleep and went to Fuel Cafe. (Jasper)

21 July, Milwaukee/Madison
Went to sleep at 4:30 am, up at 9 am. Sat at Fuel for several hours - until three iced coffees had me jittering about in my seat and the thick cloud of smoke was making my eyeballs feel like peeled grapes. Ah, lovely to be back home (even if only for a few hours). Off to Madison with Pete, Dug and Milton. Scored some 'Water Joe' (caffeinated water, only seems to be found in Wisconsin and Minnesota these days) woo-hoo! Made three important stops once in Madison (Cat's Meow, Ear Wax and Himal Chuli). Show was on the Memorial Union Terrace - gorgeous sunset with the sun starring as a fiery magenta explosion sinking slowly into Lake Mendota. Opening band sounded like a bad Green Day rip off (featuring the former front man of Naked Raygun) and were quite popular with the local. The legendary Madison showgoer known as Pogo was there...glad to see he's still hopping strong! A couple of folks got naked - lots of beer consumed by all and the sweating continues...great night, great show. PS - its a thou-

sand degrees in here. (Karoline)

Outside the Fireside Bowl six traveling punks had juggled whatever they could find to juggle with to raise enough money to get them into the gig. Inventive and spontaneous, I thought, nice one! Right then a chap asked me to sign his $10 bill so he could keep in inside his CD cover. Asked why he was wasting $10 instead of say giving it to these people who'd had to juggle their way in, he said it was okay cos he was a computer programmer and wouldn't miss $10. "That's not the point, though, is it?!" "So can you sign it anyway?" Preaching to the converted? That's a laugh. (Dick)

Will swap. Vibrating metal box full of melting brain cells for 59 degree coastal village with ice cream. (Jasper)

22 July, I-90 East to Chicago, 12:05 pm
In a frantic burst of van cleaning/sorting maintenance, Jasper knocks Phil in the head with bread and tartex. Ah, tour is fun and glamorous. (Karoline)

Apart from it being hot, in Madison you can easily find a lot of alternative medicine - I was about to get my aura recrystallized using colors and regenerative herbal chimes aligned to the astroresonance of my thing/thang harmonic soul fluids, when two cops rode past on bicycles and I laughed and forgot how unfocused I was. Drank beer, sweated it all out on stage; that'll do it. (Dick)

22 July - I-294 (finally) bound for Indiana and Detroit - 12:46 pm
Jasper engages in yet another round of organizing. The food box (one of many) gets shuffled through and many items are purged. Go Jasper, go Jasper! (Karoline)
1:15 pm
Jasper - still cleaning, on hands and knees, groping into the dark depths of what lurks under the seats. Brave man. (Karoline)
1:25 pm
After working himself into the proverbial lather (covered in sweat, with a satisfied grin) Jasper has finished his cleaning (for the moment). The van looks great. We are absolutely crawling through traffic. I think that it is a thousand degrees in here. I also think that I've had way too much coffee and can't stop grabbing the journal to babble into it. (Karoline)

1:37 pm
I hear some rustling on Jasper's side of the van...I fear another cleaning project is looming on the horizon. Did I mention that it's hot? Oh yes. (Karoline)
2:17
Stardate barbecuing in traffic boiling jam on tarmacdonald had a farm ee i ee i oh fuck isn't it a tad sticky said penelope fingering her buns...(Dick)

2:22 on the 22nd
OO! In 7 months exactly it will be 22/2/2002 at 2:22. Like WOW (2s up on your ice cube). (Dick)
Jasper has a self denigrating mini-dread forming from the hairs on his lower back due to the sweat. Sight granted due to his kneeling to urinate in the ex-health drink container - bodily fluids at both sides - Buddy Holly never had it this bad I bet. (Dick)

23 July, 10:16 am
Played Detroit last night, huge venue, very empty. We played with The Honor System, a bit of a Fugazi thing which was okay by me. Slept on a piece of cardboard with a cat on my head. Dreamt that I was the leaning Tower of Pisa. (Jasper)
11:05 am
The patch cutting begins. (Karoline)
Sleep Page
Floor, cushions, sofa, bed/mattress, pool of blood, up all night on massives of drugs. (Dick)
12:19
Patch cutting complete. (Karoline)
Monday 23rd July
Played to 35 people in an old store in Pittsburgh. Got paid $120. Bought a mosquito costume. (Jasper)

Health Farm
Every time I get to Pittsburgh and precisely the Aus Rotten house, I arrive with bits of me falling to, er, bits and leave armed with super-good-for-you food - last time it was an earlobe full of pus that I squeezed out in a big grey/red ooze blast in and on the bathroom mirror - this time its piles and sty in my eye. Things not to consume if you don't want piles (hemorrhoids) equals all my favorite addictions dammit! Coffee, chili and alcohol! Karoline's innate knowledge of herbals and the local health food store now have me on the road to health via raspberry tea, kale and so on. Lovely. (Dick)

How long does a pig take? A weeeeeeeeeeeek! (Dick)

24 July - heading North to State College, PA - 4:04 pm
Have the hiccups for the second time today. Damn! Spent the morning with Phil, drinking cup after cup of deliciously strong coffee. We were wired to the gills and prattling on about everything under the sun. An extremely nice way to start the day. Did some reading on remedies for Dick's eye and anus difficulties...hopefully the swelling will go down. Soon we will be in NYC where luscious treats await us...Kate's Joint and Adrienne. Not quite so hot today, which is a relief. (Karoline)

Four hours West of New York
We've stopped at Harry's (Cringer) house, Richard is rapidly installing the top of an engine of a motorbike which will shortly go in the back of the van. Dick is slicing garlic, Phil strumming, Trotsky reading, Karoline e-mailing, me looking at the trees and hills and listening to the silence. We leave in an hour. (Jasper)

New York
Finally the best gig of tour. I was incredible. (Jasper)

26 July 2001 - 1:40 am - NYC
Girl walked up to the book table tonight and asked if I would trade something for a book...I said that I was about $5,000.00 in debt because of the books, but that I would consider possibly trading something. She said 'how about trading some underwear?' (she pulled some burgundy panties that had been painted with black stripes out of her purse - hideously ugly - and dangled them on one finger). I (being both surprised and amused) said 'I don't wear underwear'. She walked away with her nose in the air. Oh well. A few minutes later she came back and bought a zine for three bucks. I win. (Karoline)

27 July
Post Boston, driving to Baltimore. Feel a curry craving coming on. Yip, finally relented to K's pressure to make an entry into the journal. Thought Dick was finally going to crack the other day. Overwhelmed by the ridiculous heat he even tried one in Madison, WI. I've been chipping away at him since we got here. Me, Jaspo and Trots didn't hold out for long. In fact, Mr. T and myself we had to get ourselves sorted before we flew out. We knew it was gonna be tough, and we'd have to be prepared. I could tell Dick was really into it when he tried it in Madison but he tried not to let it show. He'll crack. From the man who wrote something about 'this core, that core' in a song called Dividing Lines, little does he know that he's about to be responsible for yet another punk fashion faction. PISS-core. Yip, punks-in-socks-n-sandals-core. He'll crack. He'll wear 'em. (Phil)

27 July
Our humid/heat induced hilarity has been curtailed by a change in temperature...the statement 'its a thousand degrees in here!' no longer valid. What a shame. Played with two horrible bands last night (which is pretty much the norm thus far) and the crowd seemed well into them (also the norm). I fear I am far too picky about music or maybe I should drink more. Hmmm, there's a thought. We get to see my most favorite woman in a few hours! Maybe we'll spot John Waters while in Baltimore. (Karoline)

Chap in Boston came up to offer me a beer and the option to belt him in the face if I wanted to - his crime? To have spat on me on stage two years ago! So I hit him, stole his wallet and called his parents advising them to contact their lawyers. Not really. Blimey! What a thing to carry around in your head for two years. Emma is here! I am happy. Nuff said. (Dick)

27 July - 8:31 pm - Still not in Baltimore
We are still in the van - hell traffic jams. We all just gorged ourselves on incredible greasy onion rings. Jasper and Dick are whistling. I got some 'Venom' in my eye (energy drink) and it stings. Don't forget kiddies, tour is fun and glamorous. (Karoline) TrafficJellyTrafficCurdTraffic SpreadTrafficPreserveTrafficJam! (Don't forget traffic marmalade) (Dick)

27 July - Still in the van - still not in Baltimore
I have to pee. Really bad. We've played four games of scrabble today and that Lucas fellow has won all of them - curses! I was only short four points on the last one! Aaargh! I'll get him yet. I think that we've been driving for 10 hours. Did I mention that tour is fun and glamorous?! (Karoline)

10:41 pm - Outskirts of Baltimore
This is excellent fun, just 12 hours in the van today, Karoline is busting for a pee and now she thinks she's a gopher. We're about five hours late for the gig, feeling sick with onion rings. I'd strongly recommend this life style to everyone, all the fun of the fair. (Jasper)

28 July - 2:45 pm
Just polished off an egg and cheese bagel that tasted only of salt. Last night was great, 12 hours of van cabin fever unleashed into a one hour show at Otto's bar in Baltimore. We started with an abstract version of 'Like a Virgin' by Madonna. Chris of Slug and Lettuce fame snapped some pictures. Me and Dick argued about whose towel was whose, I said to Dick its funny what we do, arguing about towels. Me and Phil are carefully monitoring which t-shirt design is proving more popular. There's a lot of egos at stake, self worth can be dashed like butter on the rocks. I have a history of designing the worst t-shirt designs for Citizen Fish ever, there's boxes of them all over the world, unsold and unloved. (Jasper)

2 August - 3:45 pm
I have finally beaten Dick at Scrabble, a minor miracle, since I thought the heat had turned my brain to (vegan) cream cheese. On the subject of food, Karoline and Richard are keeping us ridiculously well fed with their fantastic guide to every health food store in the US. Vegan treats beyond the imaginings of this British foodie, including donuts, Tofurkey deli slices and incredible Key Lime pie. Plus we have enough Marmite to go all the way 'round America again. Yay! (Emma)

3 August - 10:25 am - an hour West of New Orleans
Bright sunny hangover free day, the pulse of optimism returned. Played last night at the Dixie tavern in New Orleans. The band had their usual mid tour

crisis/synopsis, the usual stuff. Small audiences, losing money on a daily basis, long drives, etc. We must have had a hundred conversations like this, so...no great shakes, just stuff to process in the brain and act on it. We just figured out that its Phil's birthday, he's a bit of a dark horse our Phil, so we're busy making him a birthday card out of an old cracker box and some duct tape. 10 hours in the hot sweltering bouncy metal box. (Jasper)

4 August - 7:08 pm
Oh god - we are listening to the most hideous 'smooth rap'!!! Did I mention that it is hot? Its hot. Are we there yet?! Just shoot me. (Karoline)

6 August - 4:20 am - I-40
120 miles to Amarillo. Karoline at the wheel, rocking out to Stand Back by Stevie Nicks, we've tuned into an 80's radio station as is de rigeur for these all night drives. Played a fantastic show in Oklahoma City a few hours ago, I was incredible as usual, and now here we are, a hint of a new day in the sky, I made a hairnet our of dental floss to keep the hair out of my eyes. We've just hit the Texas state line, only another 850 miles to Phoenix, the joys of a very long open road. (Jasper)

6 August - 8 am - I-40
On the radio, over-excited people compete for tickets to Wednesday's "Miss topless New Mexico" competition. In a potentially lethal - or at least highly amusing move, Dick has taken another herbal energy boosting "UP-Time" tablet. Can't wait for him to start navigating. (Emma)

"Street aheed Captain" said Mister Scott in a chemical haze as the fartship enterprise bounced over a space rock. "Dilithium crystals anyone?" purred Uhuru - "Interesting" said Spock. (Dick)

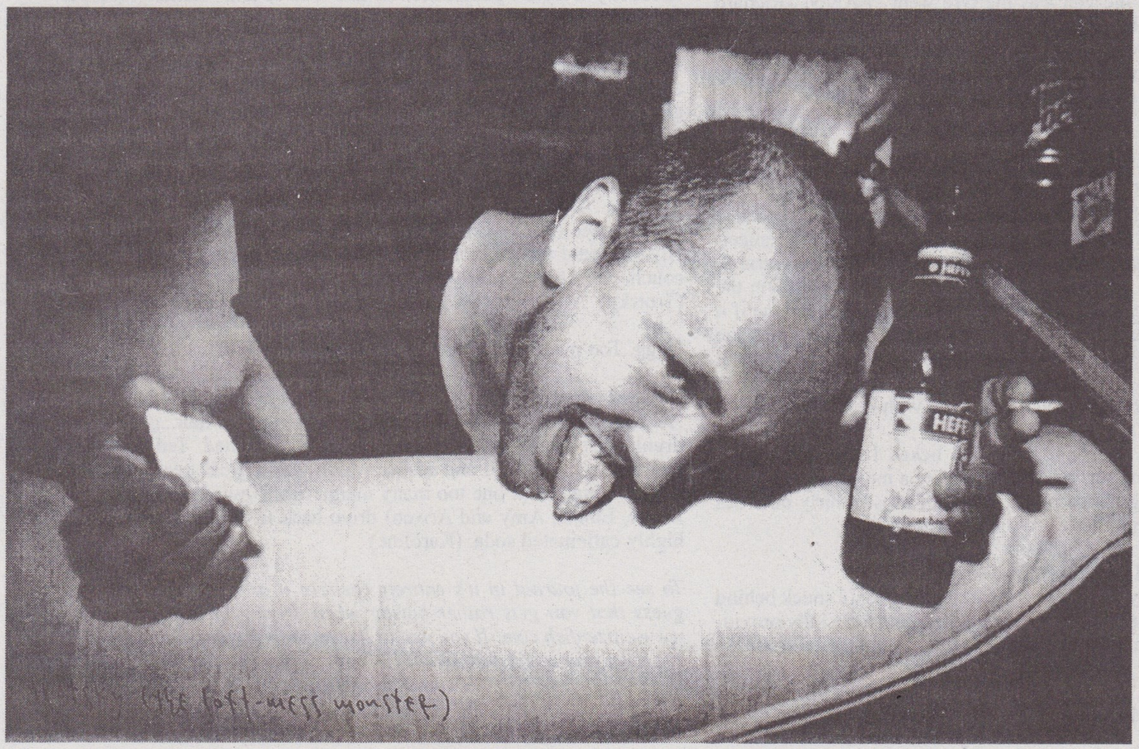
6 August - I-40 West still - 11:20 am
Change of shift for the drivers. Richard's back in the driving seat and I'm co-pilot/navigator. Straight ahead on I-40 for five hours to Flagstaff. Keep on getting an urge to grab the wheel and steer us off into the desert. Yeah, EXTREME touring dude, off road rulez. Karoline's reading in the back, coming down off her mammoth overnight driving marathon. Saw her wandering around at the gas station with wild staring eyes, like a rabbit caught in the headlights, totally wired. Had a terrible night in the back of the van, soaked in sweat and drool. Woke up at the shift change stiff and horribly contorted. Walked into the gas stop still twisted and bent, attracting looks of sympathy from shoppers for my unfortunate handicap, and as I reached the checkout the lady spoke extra slow and with exaggerated facial expressions and concern, presuming from my confused and distant gaze that I may be mentally as well as physically handicapped. Her large heavily made up eyes said "aaah, poor thing, so sad." Finally loosened up and regained my almost normal posture (after 10 laps around the gas station, 150 star jumps and most importantly, a nice dump...too much information, maybe?!). (Phil)

6 August - still
1021 mile drive from Oklahoma City to Flagstaff, 15 hours of 'van,' everyone took it in turns to go insane. We treated ourselves and booked into a travel lodge at around four pm. (Jasper)

8 August - En route to Vegas - 8pm
Great show with Pistol Grips, Lower Class Brats and the Unseen last night. The opening band whose name I won't mention (a local Phoenix band) were of the 'let's provoke the audience with out scandalous banter about excessive drinking and having sex with really young girls'...whoa. How fucking original. Anyway, lots of excited kids, a good crew of sarcastic merch sellers...an enjoyable evening even though it was about 108 degrees. Oh yeah, got called 'ma'am' several times by kids buying patches. How depressing. (Karoline)

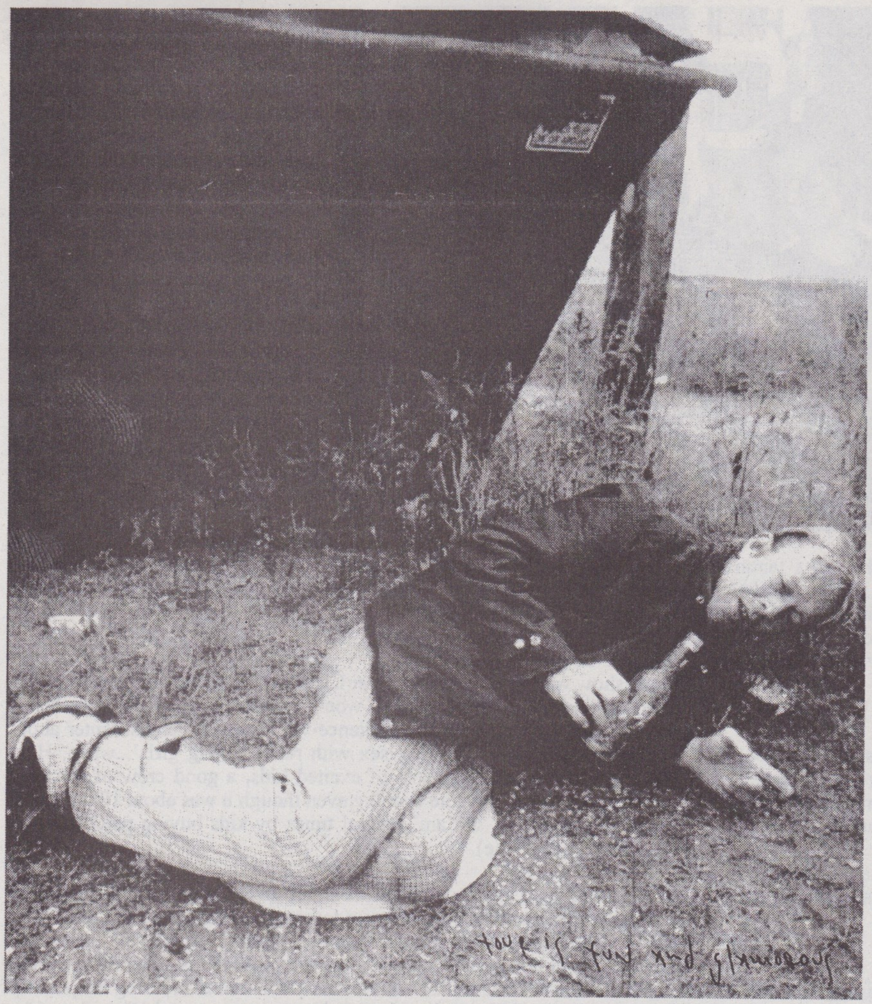
In a hot cramped sweaty box, locate small invisible things in dark spaces normally unlocate-able even in room temperature daylight...and relax. The urge to froth and yell takes more than the energy available, all our sweaty but damp (but not as fun as moist) legs are millimetres away from shrieking dementia. ADD CAFFEINE. Hoover Dam hmmm seething the pent-up water power provides an allegory suitable to this portrayal of vantix on the way to Las Vulgar...loses his only pen..."nuurg." (Dick)

We all had a religious epiphany at Hoover Dam and discovered our mystical third eye (envision an orange price sticker stuck on a sweaty forehead). Jasper's fell off when he stuck his head out of the window. (Emma)



Hot sweaty and irritable in the van on the way to Corona,CA from Vegas. It's got to be 120 degrees back here, driving through the desert. Fuck shit, fucking fuck you and fucking everything. Catharsis complete. All these hours spent in the van, over 20 (aargh) years. Could've all completed PHD courses in Astrophysics and Neurokinetic televisual displacement strategy by now. Oh well. Oh, we're here. The Showcase. (Phil)

10 August - En route to Che Cafe, San Diego
Coronary gig last night ace, packed out, great vibes. Enjoyed watching Richard wrestle over-enthusiastic stage divers off the stage, saving my pedal board of fancy effects (they cover up



crap playing) from CERTAIN TOTAL DESTRUCTION (potential name for my solo metal project?!). Oooh, Richard, my saviour. As I write this a tyre (tire) has just blown out with a loud bang, so now I'm sat by the highway as Richard changes the tire. Jasper films and the rest wander around. (Phil)

Good illustration of life in the van - as the tyre went "BANG!" Richard leaned over to get the cross brace that's tucked behind the seat. As he pulled it out, packets of Tofutti cream cheese, tofu wieners, a map, a coffee cup and a copy of "Cunt" (Inga Muscio's fab book) fell out with it. A pretty accurate selection of the amazing stuff we're carrying about with us. (Emma)

13 August - On the way to Long Life Vegi House - Berkeley
Three days have gone indicating much fun and Californiantics in San Godie and Francisco BOTH (Bottom of the Hill, acronyms are ace and also alliteration! Anyway...) and Gilman Street, to three full houses and remeeting of lots of old friends especially from Oakland the O that is central to the BOB family (Bremen, Oakland and Bath). All too short a stay in the East Bay, really. Ding Dang and J Church were excellent, and fuck me if it wasn't cold here, a strange and disturbing chilliness which explains the lack of Texans in Scotland. Jessica returned on the sax for two gigs and will defo be with us as much as possible in the future, 'Habit' sounded back to full strength for the first time since she last played with us. (Dick)

Hi - its me. I'm back - I hit my bonge on roof. I licked Tartex off the mattress. Top tip: when applying for the directorship of a multi-national company, never wear extra long clown boots or one of those whirly bow ties that squeak on the note of middle 'c'. Wibble. (Trotsky)

14 August - En route to Oakland from Placerville - 1:46 am
Damn - bit my tongue. Tipsy off of one and a half ciders that I snuck behind the merch table. Pathetic. I think that I bent my laminate (specially provided and required by the promoters of tonight's gig). Oh bother. (Karoline)

14 August - Sacramento, CA
315 people, one toilet. (Dick)

17 August
Ashland, land of ash...I think I saw a hippy in the health food store...this is a regular occurrence, but in Ashland you could find a hippy or two in the Post Office (on the other side of the counter) or fixing your car or selling you organic chainsaws to slaughter the organic meat...a chap - probably a stockbroker - with an off-the-torso tie dye montage crillaux detente chaumage trite (so shoot me) tried to blag a cigarette to no avail (we stayed at Avail's home a lot you know NAME DROP) and then, reseated, nay, aligned with his discomfort echked out a gob organique the size of a body defoliating sponge, told his mate he'd just given up smoking - "raad-ohn!" - and then his mate gave him a head/back ergo ethereal massage slash psychosomatic crystaligned corpse rub...this sort of thing probably happens all the time. (Dick)

17 August - Another 10 hour drive nears completion
Hello my name is Jasper, when I started this tour I was a healthy enthusiastic quite normal human, however, after a month on the road I'm a crumpled piece of newspaper caught in a wire fence by the side of the freeway where cars scream by, laughing and throwing grit and poisoned darts into my racked former self. My intestines have dissolved into a coffee colored mud. Expect a full report from me later when I settle for compensation from the instigators of this 'trial.' (Jasper)

17 August - 6:38 pm
I think that I am allergic to the West Coast. Gosh darn stuffed up nose. (Karoline)

18 August
Its the last day of the tour, heading up to Seattle, it's cool, in the 60's a dense cloudy sky. Last night we played at Meow Meow in Portland, a fantastic gig, a great little chill out room painted in pink with Fisher Price electronic toys from the 1970's and jars of candy. Someone was playing darts and another played an old school video game. I met the nicest people, the crowd seemed to have a singular optimistic slant to things. We attempted 'Like a Virgin' by Madonna and segued into 'Summer Lovin' all very neat and referential, well it was in my mind. In the morning, Dick asked me when I'd taken the acid. I've only done one trip, I replied, it started on February 19th, 1961. So...the tour will be over by tonight, I don't have to worry about any dramatic punctuation of this 'end of tour' scenario. (Jasper)

THE END BIT
Bit sad, bit knackered, bit of $ (500 each, for those who think were loaded all the time...). Full of snot and piss good last night drunkenness, ace last gig! Seattle! Stormer! Finally got to meet Rae who set up all these gigs and Mad Bob her boyfriend who collects old dentures! Off to the last breakfast together...2:22 pm. Then flying which sucks (always) and that flat back home to the mess feeling. See you next time! (Dick)

Goodbyeeee (HIC!) Goodbyeeee! There's a mouldy lining in the vanee! HIC! Prepare for different headspace...home, work, ginsters, pasties, TV, couch, etc. Ahhhh-loverly.
(Trotsky)

Uggg. Too many margaritas. Hung Over. Bye. (Phil)

19 August - 4 pm - Seattle
Ate too much at the Globe, feeling a bit sick. Fun tour...got exceedingly drunk last night (three whole beers!). Watched Ted Leo and the Pharmacists with Phil and Jasper which was a great treat, even though I think I bought Phil one too many margaritas. Now we (the roadcrew plus Jasper, Emma, Amy and Arwen) drive back to the Bay Area. Time for a highly caffeinated soda. (Karoline)

To see the journal in it's entirety (believe it or not, there's even more. I guess that van gets rather boring when driving through Arizona) go to www.citizenfish.com. If you would like to see the wacky world of CITIZEN FISH on your television, send $12 (cash or blank M.O.) for "Gaffer Tape," the tour documentary (of sorts) by Jasper to: PO Box 20073, Oakland, CA 94620

SMARMY-POST-ANGST-MUSICIANS

S.P.A.M. RECORDS

What is S.P.A.M.? Is it a record label that specializes in using the black market to produce fringe music? Yes. Is it a collective of promoters who have successfully produced massive outdoor music festivals at odd and often toxic locations? Yes. Is it a group of aggressively misfit geeks on a crusade to make the world more confusing? Yes.

Present during the interview with the S.P.A.M. Collective were ... Dylan McPuke, Heather P., Eggplant, Corbett Redford, John Geek, LaQueescious, Finky Binks, Gregg Semen and Flobby. Dan Abbott added some comments via email. Interviewed by Ernst Schoen-Rene.

S.P.A.M. can be reached at 1-510-BAD-SMUT, spam@spamrecords.org, or write them at POB 21588, El Sobrante CA 94820. Their records can be purchased online at www.newdisorder.com.

S.P.A.M. on Dan on S.P.A.M.:Dan has done many illicit and obscure drugs and the years just fly by him now, giving him no time concept and his opinions DO NOT express those of the entire S.P.A.M. collective.

Dan Abbott on S.P.A.M.:S.P.A.M. Records originally came into focus somewhere between 1995 and 1996. John was trying to keep his Zappa-funk band from high school, Annulus, from disintegrating. But they were slowly settling into the rut of being a "Berkeley Square" band, as that was the most openminded venue for bands in the Bay Area. 924 Gilman, of course, was out of the question for bands with effects pedals or more than three chords.

Meanwhile, Corbett and I were beginning to hatch grand schemes in the shape of an acoustic band called Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits. After we'd played about three shows, we for some reason decided to put out a CD EP. Corbett, of course, dove into credit card debt for the release with the enthusiasm of a frothing berserker.

1-510-BAD-SMUT

So when the CD came out we were ecstatic; so ecstatic, in fact that we ended up giving most of the accursed things away. It was an omen of things to come for S.P.A.M.

Meanwhile, we were thinking, 'where do we play shows?' I mean, Bobby Joe was an acoustic band with a penchant for majesty, a pair of bottled-up social worker's nightmares who still thought Weird Al Yankovic was a genius. Gilman gave us the same notice one would give a sneezing stewbum on the bus. We shrugged and played parties, and jumped on between bands at Berkeley Square. And one day we thought, why not do our own shows?

We sat around for the first half of the summer of 1996, trying to find a foothold somewhere. John was on the couch constantly, smoking brown weed and angsting about the breakup of his band. Corbett and I were trying to decide what to wear on the cover of Rolling Stone. Then we hit upon an idea: GEEKFEST!

MRR:We should go through a little bit of some history, how long you've been around, and who started the idea of doing this, maybe some of your location changes.
(laughter)
MRR: Without getting into too much bitter acrimony
Corbett Redford: We kind of got run into it. We were trying to play as much as we could, and we were finding that there was no place to play except outside.

John Geek

John Geek: All of our bands were too freaky and non-dogmatic to play gilman at that point, because that was 1994/95
Dylan McPuke: They didn't sound like AFI
John Geek: That was when Tim (Yohannon) told me that we couldn't take out an ad for the first S.P.A.M. comp because we weren't strictly punk rock.
MRR: So you started Geekfest, and S.P.A.M. sort of came out of that?
John Geek: Geekfest kind of grew out of the Hermosa house in Pinole which is the first place that S.P.A.M. showed up.
MRR: Most of the people reading this probably won't know what geekfests are, so maybe you could talk about it.
John Geek: Free all-ages shows in illegal locations usually, done on the fly and usually vacated before we ended up going to jail.
MRR: Did you have any serious run-ins?
John Geek: The cops were usually pretty good to us in Richmond.
Dylan McPuke: Our biggest problem was with the Richmond city council. We were doing shows at Point Molate.
John Geek: Just for background, let me tell you: the original spot we were doing geekfest was at Point Molate in Richmond, and we did stuff there for the entire summer of the first year. The navy was running it at that point. Frankly, they really didn't care. They were like "Hey, have fun in this toxic little park." It's a superfund site.
Eggplant: It's right next to the refinery.
Corbett Redford: Somebody found a machine gun on the beach once.
Eggplant: It's just a place that people want to forget.
John Geek: It's a thoroughly toxic piece of greenery in the middle of miserable Richmond. So what happened is that the police would come

S.P.A.M. Discography

Bobby Joe Ebola and The Children MacNuggits - Two Cats Running
If You Can't Laugh At Yourself, We'll Do It For You - Vol. 1
S.P.A.M./Geekfest Compilation
Bobby Joe Ebola and The Children MacNuggits - At One With The Dumb
Astrolloyd - Spaceman Warrior
Astrolloyd - Live on KXLU
Enemies/Second Hand Spit - Conquered/Concord
Your Mother/Bobby Joe Ebola -Advice For Young Lovers
The Pilgrims - Songs About The Letter W
Later, That Same Year... - An Absolutely Zippo Compilation
Los Rabbis - The Bible Part II - Jesus Goes West
Dory Tourette and the Skirtheads - Rock Immortal
Every Dog Has His Blues - Songs Of Lucky Dog Compilation
Harbinger - Eartraining For Corporates
Flobby Tthomuse - New Home Videos From Planet X
Bobby Joe Ebola and The Children MacNuggits - Carmelita Sings!:
Visions Of A Rock Apocalypse
Evolution - Spoken Word Compilation
Finky Binks - Monkey Business
Scrilla Stoic Heroic Nuggahs - 8 Nuggah Masta Race
Clan Of The Bleeding Eye - Kill The Humans
The Hope Bombs - Having Sex With Euclid
Steven Schultz - I Forgot To Get A Rap Name
Fleshies/The Jocks - Self Titled - Split with Risk Records
Stalin Claus Superstar - A Suplex Prune Hittite Fantasy
Uberkunst -The Will Of Niad
Beckett and Friends - Weed Crazy
Fleshies - Self Titled
The Pilgrims - Plymouth Rock
The Blast Rocks!!! - You're Fired
Fleshies/The Phantom Limbs - Self Titled- Split with Mungaso Records
Fleshies - Kill The Dreamer's Dream - split with Alternative Tentacles
Coming Very Soon...
Bobby Joe Ebola - Live Double Cassette
The Blottos - I Can't Take My Alcohol
Dory Tourette and the Skirtheads - Versions
Finky Binks - Takin' Back My Samich
Finky Binks - Charlie Buckett:Cosmonaut
Iron Ass - Backwards
The Blast Rocks!!!/Panty Raid - Live Party
The S.P.A.M.pler
Los Rabbis/Fleshies

down, but frankly, the police, the beat cops, they have better things to do. They figure, well, "there's a bunch of primarily white kids kicking it on the beach. We need to go into the ghetto and make sure we stop these darn black people from doing things to each other!" because that's what they fucking do. It's Richmond, and the police are not that great here. They're not as worried about people who just look kind of freaky. As opposed to people who have to live their entire lives there.

Eggplant: We should probably talk about the Hermoza St house. I just wanna say we were kind of scattered, and putting on shows was one of the manifestations of that, including writing songs or operas or getting money for drugs. I think we're still scattered.

Dylan McPuke: Another aspect of geekfest which we've kind of overlooked in some ways: Geekfest used to be a show that any band could play without us ever even hearing them before. And it ended up - once gilman started relaxing a bit - around the time Tim Yo died, we started getting into these places, and the waiting list for bands who wanted to play geekfest was like 300 bands.

Corbett Redford: They (gilman) wouldn't let John or my first bands play there.

Eggplant: We started getting phone calls from lots of bands.

John Geek: We got a lot of calls from bands, so I was getting ready to do a summer of shows, since I was booking primarily at that point. Two geekfests every month, but it just got cut in the bud because we couldn't be there any more.

Dylan McPuke: That's also around the time we established our phone hotline, 510-BAD-SMUT, and it was announced on that too, that we were going to have a show this weekend.

MRR: 510-BAD-SMUT would be a neat thing to talk about too, because it's really become a resource, I use that as much as I use the LIST to find out about shows.

Eggplant: Quite a few people do.

John Geek: Another reason point Molate got busted, was because at that point, the raves started picking up. The raves were, overall, just as laid back and non-troublesome as the geekfest, but there were more people, and there were more non white people showing up. The police didn't like that, and it made them nervous so they started to crack down a little more.

Corbett Redford: Cracked in the head.

John Geek: Well, I got hit once, but you know, whatever. People got hit at geekfest.

Finky Binks: They started to infest geekfest with a lot of stranger drugs, too.

John Geek: No stranger than what we were taking before.

Finky Binks: You could just walk across the lawn and go buy acid or ecstasy.

John Geek: The West County Times was all over our nuts at that point, because it was the only thing out there at that point that was sort of grass roots and weird, so when there was a huge rave out there when we were having the monsters of geek. There were like 100 people at the geekfest, including the bands, and there were five or six hundred of these ravers, they were like "It was so huge, it filled up the parking lot and spilled out!"

Corbett Redford: It was crazy. After that, Berkeley Square hosted a geekfest.

John Geek: That was just lame, I don't want to talk about that.

MRR: What happened?

John Geek: What happened was that I had to pay some of the bands guarantees, and I almost got beat up.

Dan Abbott on S.P.A.M.: Putting on Geekfest every month or so galvanized us when there was nothing else to do so. We got deeper in debt, I dropped out of community college, but it only strengthened our resolve. We wouldn't let the MAN force us to grow up, etc. etc.

Through networking with other similar(read:terminally unprofitable, by sound or mentality) bands, organizations and individuals, a plan began to form. The idea of doing things for free, of doing things that made us LOSE money, was a direct affront to the money system. If we'd been making money doing the same thing, my grandfather would call me an "entrepreneur", not a "dropout loser". So, more and more, Geekfest and the hopelessly linked S.P.A.M.project became tied to the idea of destroying people's faith in the money system.

With Geekfest, we were having fun, and encouraging others to have fun for free. With S.P.A.M., we were starting to produce music that was cheap and silly, and pressed a lot of buttons. As our debts became more pronounced, our politics began to develop. Corbett declared bankruptcy. Our solution: Bring down the Money system, Man!

MRR: So, I'd like to move on to the idea that you guys do a lot more than just put out records: set up shows, the film festival I saw the other day that you put on was really great, and somehow you managed to put all that stuff together. I don't know if the Absolutely Zippo book was a S.P.A.M. production, but there seems to be so much stuff coming out of S.P.A.M. besides music. I was wondering how you feel you divide your time between music and other kinds of art, what are you interested in doing besides music?

Dylan McPuke: As soon as I moved into the Hermosa house, I took an idea that John and some other people had and dusted it off, it was called Fubar, the game of excess and inebriation. I've been working on that for a long time, and it's nearly done.

MRR: It looks a little like Magic.

Dylan McPuke: It's loosely a parody of Magic.

MRR: I'm going to need to know everybody's hit points.

Dylan McPuke: 23

Corbett Redford: Constitution in D&D: Very important.

Eggplant: There's a whole slew of other things besides just doing shows. The whole idea of doing a show on a lake for three days is crazy, the idea of having a card game all about beer and drugs was like, hey - here's something weird and funny, and things just feed off each other. Right after we decided to the lake show we said, let's do another with 100 bands, and that's when we became associated with the pyrate punx.

Dylan McPuke: One of the reasons that we seem like we have all these resources, I think we're pretty loose about who we affiliate with. At the shows, we booked anyone. So then, people we liked we would invite to do stuff with us. Or they would just grow to the point were we wanted to do stuff together. Bands who lived in Pinole or hung out with us wanted to be on s.p.a.m.. Bands that had really different kinds of music styles.

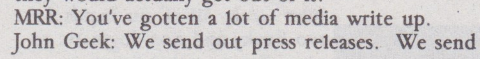
John Geek: And also, something that's always differentiated us from a lot of more dogmatic punk rock stuff, especially at that point is that (and something I recently found out that black flag used to do a lot) they used to put out flyers everywhere. They used to give flyers to everyone, just all sorts of people. They'd get a crowd of weird misfits from all different walks, and they'd be in the same room.

MRR: The sort of show in which you get random crazy people. Not punk rockers necessarily, but people who are freaky enough to be like, "I'm going to go see this band that's named after a can of Raid."

John Geek: Exactly, and it would make it punk rock, just by its nature. So the geekfest stuff and all that stuff around it, we never shied away from the idea of media. We had a lot of the local media covering it. It wasn't like "Get out of here, we've got to keep you away" We figured that they'd probably misrepresent it, but it would be entertaining to see how they would misrepresent it, and how much they would actually get out of it.

MRR: You've gotten a lot of media write up.

John Geek: We send out press releases. We send out all sorts of ridiculous crap.


Corbett, Dylan and John at HQ

Dylan McPuke: We used to have a mailer that went to over a thousand people.

MRR: To the press?

John Geek: The press and people, anyone who would sign up. Anytime we saw a paper around, we'd say, "Oh, let's just send it to them." We would always have ridiculous press releases that were sort of like manifestoes. The sort of thing people would

look at and think, "What the hell are these people talking about?"
MRR: Have you ever seen the sort of thing where, like, the Wyoming Sun-Times gets one of your press releases and decides to follow up on it?
John Geek: We've never seen any from out of state, but we've seen some funny ones around the bay. The West County Times.
Gregg Semen: There was one column in the examiner, there's this guy, what's his name? He's an utter fucking asshole. This bald dude with glasses.
John Geek: Chip Johnson!
MRR: He followed up on it?
John Geek: He's like this middle of the road columnist.
Corbett Redford: Someone just told me he was African American, he's looks like Dr. Marvin Monroe from the Simpsons, he was on all these billboards in the east bay around that time.
John Geek: He's super yuppie. You want to see a funny article, that's a funny article. What we'd done is we'd sent out a press release talking about how we were getting kicked out of point Molate because they had some new law having to do with a five million dollar insurance policy, bonded and paid security at all times. We hadn't had any problems, we had security, we were paying them, but there weren't enough of them.

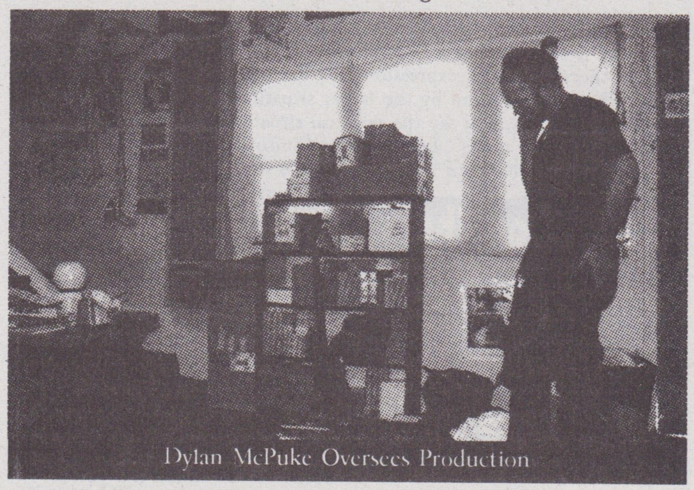
CHIP JOHNSON

Eggplant: He wrote an article saying oh, look at all of these whiny liberal white kids.
John Geek: He was like, "Come on! Get some sponsorship! If you want to do something in this supposedly free nation, you're going to have to pay for it."
Dylan McPuke: "Look at my paper the Chronicle. We've adapted!"
John Geek: We just send out all these press releases because we figure "hey, it's so off the wall, if someone pays attention to it, that'd be really great."
MRR: What are your press releases typically like? A six page rant about the state of america, and then "by the way, there's a finky binks show?"
John Geek: It's exactly like that. There's no pattern.
Dylan McPuke: I wanted to mention more about some other directions S.P.A.M. is going in, because we really are about doing multimedia productions in different forms. Anthony makes movies, the new Uberkunst CD has a cdrom part.
Corbett Redford: The geekfest riot is on it. (Las Vegas, 1998, Geekfest Bus Tour)
MRR: Would you consider drugs to be part of the multimedia experience?
John Geek: Yer own personal media dude.
Dylan McPuke: Flobby here has a role playing game that he's been working on that we're going to put out. There's robert's book.
MRR: I've always dreamed of putting out a book or something, and you guys pull it off.
John Geek: We have no hesitation about losing huge amounts of money.

Dan Abbott on S.P.A.M.: S.P.A.M. has organized itself enough to where we can actually help other artists who might go through the same dilemmas we faced at first. We make a point out of not gouging either the artists or the consumers (who tend to be mostly artists and musicians in their own right). S.P.A.M. is far from being a "cash cow", and probably will be held together more by hard work and duct tape than profits. But we have the crazy notion that someday it might be almost self-sustaining.

Behind our backs, the "geeks" who first came to our shows with us became their own subculture. Not some thing we originally intended; in fact, Geekfest was supposed to be the anti-subculture. But like it or not, we have made a definite impact upon the music scene of the East Bay. And the "geek" scene, if there ever was one, drew upon all the other overly-rigid cliques of the "scene". We not only poked fun at everyone, we refused to exclude anyone (With the possible exception of some proto-nazis in Sacramento) from our fun. So you never can tell by haircut or clothing who might have thrown their lot in with the S.P.A.M. idiots.

Eggplant: Once we got enough associations from doing the shows, someone got word of a schoolbus that we could take on tour, so we decided to put like 30 people on the schoolbus and that's what Corbett mentioned earlier about las Vegas.
Corbett Redford: The origin of the rock apocalypse
MRR: Were you trying to re-create "Another state of Mind?"
John Geek: Sort of, except we decided we'd take 15 bands instead of two. And go up and down California
Eggplant: Starting at warm water cove in San Francisco.
MRR: I'm assuming you had no pre-booked shows either.
John Geek: No, we had shows but they were all free and all ages shows. No money to pay for this giant bus.
Eggplant: It was Uberkunst and Dairy Queens and Los Rabbis and Cope and Bob Weirdos, Bobby Joe Ebola. There's this band from L.A. called Youth In Asia. Abe Lincoln Naked, Dory Tourette and the Skirtheads.
Dylan McPuke: It took us like 29 hours to get from San Francisco to L.A. because of bus problems. The bus actually broke down on the grapevine.
John Geek: It broke down before that! It broke down in Buttonwillow! We were stuck in a rest stop in Buttonwillow for four hours with 30 freaks running around shoplifting.
MRR: You have quite an advantage in numbers there.
John Geek: thirty people started walking up from where we broke down.
Heather: There's a song about it.
John Geek: there is, there's a los rabbis song about it.


Dylan McPuke Oversees Production

MRR: So was there only one day to this?
John Geek: No, it was multiple days. The first leg, having broken down, everybody walked up the grapevine and we all hung out at this stop until they got a new tire and let the bus cool down.
Dylan McPuke: Made dinner around the camp fire
John Geek: We had to stop every 20 miles or so and let the bus cool down.
MRR: Where's the bus now?
John Geek: Oh, it's dead. It was owned by Mynok. So we finally made it to L.A. just a few hours before our show on KXLU. We were all going to play live on KXLU for five minutes each band.
Dylan McPuke: Their security was a little unaccustomed to us - or any drug addicts - going to the radio station.
John Geek: Very very clean people. We had 15 bands and two sets of equipment. The show was recorded, we're going to release it eventually. We played there, and then on the way out to Las Vegas, the bus finally died. So we each put 100 dollars in to this trip, so we ended up renting a fleet of minivans. We got like five minivans, to go to Las

Vegas. We got to Las Vegas, and we played out in the desert at The Tubes and were attacked by an anti-homosexual gang.
Corbett Redford: Saw the fake statue of liberty for the first time, with a roller coaster going around it. Rock apocalypse, baby!
John Geek: We wandered the strip, we got to the tubes and played.
Eggplant: Imagine 30 people in a one-bedroom apartment. We got our host evicted as we were leaving.

Dan Abbott on S.P.A.M.: Above all, though, S.P.A.M. is a soapbox for social lepers with more imagination and bitterness than self-preservation. I have been accused more than once of helping form the S.P.A.M. ideology(which, as time goes on,resembles that of C.O.B.R.A. more and more).Here are some S.P.A.M. political truths:
1)The money system works only as long as people believe in its worth. The dollar is faith-based, a god whose high priests are rewarded for greed and cruelty. Therefore, the more people disregard or avoid working, using banks,or otherwise contributing to the GNP, the weaker the dollar grows. One of the best ways to demonstrate the dollar god's frailty is to "waste" money; i.e. put on a free, all-ages show with unknown bands miles from anyone who would be interested in such a thing. This is what we call "buying into the revolution".
2)The United States is the BAD GUY! Never before has such an evil empire flown the flag of "freedom." At least the Persians or the Romans or the Spanish didn't lie about it. America has extended its hypocrisy to all corners of the globe, doing the bidding of rich individuals and corporations. Billions go hungry every day, while Americans are actually dying from eating too much. America is the only country who would have any economic interest in starting World War III. Do you honestly know anyone proud to be an American who isn't brainwashed? America must be stopped, one SUV at a time.
3)There are too many people. S.P.A.M. advocates anything which leads to a fiery apocalypse, or a powerful virus which kills or sterilizes 97% of the population. Honor duels should be legalized, as should a worldwide "Murder Week"(melee weapons only). Kill the Humans!!
4)Corporate chain stores should be attacked on sight, as they siphon the wealth out of a community into the pockets of the stockholders. In this case and this case only, the French are right.
5)Violent revolution is needed, just in general. If it's too organized, we will end up right back where we started. And remember, the earth is constantly in revolution. Think globally, firebomb locally!

Eggplant: I think we stuck with it because of a lack of other things to do in our lives. The larger situation has changed since the label started. It's there for us for expression.
MRR: What do you mean by the larger situation?
Eggplant: Well, I would say the political situation, though I think that those are charged words. Living under Clinton as president in 1996 when this was being born and living now is definitely a different political situation.

Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits say, "Hire more cops!".

MRR: Now you have a feeling of opposition?
Eggplant: I wouldn't say that necessarily Clinton was not an enemy.
MRR: No, but I feel as if now, everybody says "OK, now we've got a big problem."
John Geek: Except for the people who watch tv and who like Bush. The thing is, the difference between now and a few years back in terms of political situation, it's a little more polarized now, because it's such an obvious evil. At the same time, Clinton managed to accomplish a million things that Reagan tried to do.
MRR: There are a lot of things that have happened politically that are local.
John Geek: Jerry brown...
MRR: I don't know as much about the east bay side, but on the west bay, there's been all these dot com people, so much money floating around, and people have grown resentful of it, so they've gotten really motivated and started having neighborhood meetings and stuff. I feel like the local political scene in the west bay has changed drastically in the last years. I don't know if you feel the same way here or not.
LaQueescious: I think it's really wonderful that here in the bay area that not only are people being informed of the wrongdoings in society, but there is education as to what you can do to work around it and keep yourself safe without depending on it. Being able to avoid situations where you'll wind up being fucked, you know?
MRR: You talk about having geekfests or being in S.P.A.M. as a way to be a bunch of outsiders and getting together with other like-minded freaks. You were talking about sending out mailings, to everybody indiscriminately. Do you think it's important to get art and music out to anybody you can? Or are you content with just getting it to a really small subgroup of people?
John Geek: If what you're pushing is out there enough, then a certain amount of people will grab onto it anyway.
Finky Binks: Anybody could, if they wanted to.
John Geek: but I don't think that any of us really expect everyone to.
Finky Binks: I know it would probably never happen, but I'm just saying that it could.
Eggplant: That's been evading us for a while, it seems like.
John Geek: Throwing a lot of stuff out there means that you're going to grab those misfits, because a lot of the insular punk subculture and all the stuff around it, one of the reasons that we're somewhat dissassociated from it is that they'll just tend to consider things cool that their friends are doing, which is not horribly off from what we do, but they'll just consider things cool that are stamped cool by the tastemakers of that particular subculture. Some times it just isn't that fuckin great. You can have a bunch of dumb-ass garage rockers suddenly making soul records. I'm talking about billboards, gap ads, and it's the sort of pose that you saw like, somebody from The Make-up posing like on their last record.

Dan Abbott at Work

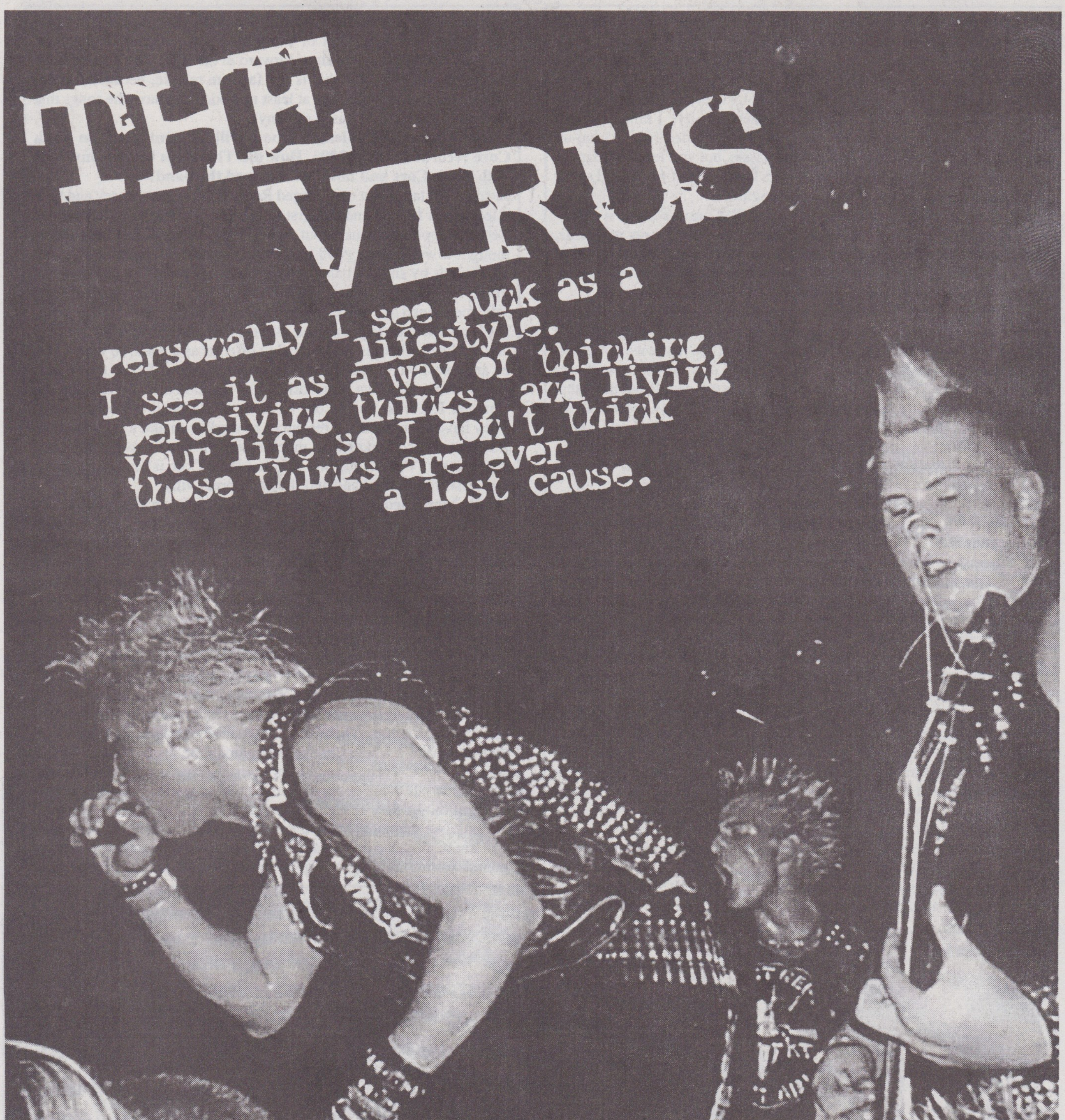
MRR: So, are you saying that by just getting out there everywhere, maybe you'll be the thing that the friend who influences everybody likes.
John Geek: No, I'm saying that we're big enough wingnuts that there are only going to be a certain number of people who will grab onto it anyway. I like the idea that they come from a whole bunch of different places as opposed to just one particular little subculture.
LaQueescious: I think anyone can spend money, but I feel like only a certain amount of people understand what we say.
John: Independent modes of distribution only reach a certain part of the population.
Gregg Semen: I think all of us are really into using the d.i.y. network. I don't know if that's going to change some day, it depends on who's in the collective and how things go, how the votes go. But I think one of the things we're really against is like lookout going to sony distribution. We definitely don't want to go that route. I think we'd rather go slow and help to improve the d.i.y. network until it can be as good as Sony distribution.

Dan Abbott on S.P.A.M.: Of course, there's more to it than that. We're like the Black Panthers for lower middle-class suburbanites. Maybe the, er, Naughty Panthers? But we're dedicated to providing music for YOUR Apocalypse. Every day.

MRR: I was driving over here, and I was thinking about going to a collective meeting in Oakland and I was thinking about the black panthers and I've been reading "Please Kill Me", where MC5 did the whole white panther thing, and then I walk in, and Corbett's dressed like some Cuban military advisor.
Corbett Redford: It's John's shirt.
John Geek: It's Dan's shirt.
MRR: Anyway, I thought that you might have staged this whole thing (the meeting) for my benefit, acting all orderly and serious.
Finky Binks: Stick it to the man. That's what I'm saying.
Eggplant: For two months I went to a local junior high, and that's where the first Black Panthers meeting ever was.
Corbett Redford: Supposedly one of the first places the Black Panthers congregated is near MacArthur BART.
Eggplant: Maybe we could be the Muave Panthers.
Corbett Redford: Let's just say there were wars on these streets that aren't in the history books.

THE VIRUS

Personally I see punk as a lifestyle. I see it as a way of thinking, perceiving things, and living your life so I don't think those things are ever a lost cause.



MRR: In the band's short history, The Virus seems to have been, no pun intended, plagued with lineup changes. Do you feel the band's perseverance illustrates a fairly accurate portrait of its commitment to the punk rock movement?

Jarrod: Ha ha. Yeah, well, as of now we've had seven different line-ups and Fat Dave and I are the only original members left. I think that fact that we're still around today definitely portrays our dedication. Line-up changes suck because it's always such a hassle, but you learn to adapt to the situation. The band's current line-up is the strongest we've had so far and we hope to keep this line-up for a long time.

MRR: People have been saying for years that punk rock as a movement has become a lost cause, yet year after year scores of bands, zines, and labels continue to carry the punk torch. Do you feel that punk rock is still important in 2001 as a musical and cultural movement? And how important is punk's past to punk's future?

Jarrod: Well people's opinions come from how they perceive things, and in this case I think the answer depends on how you define punk as a movement. Personally, I see punk as a lifestyle. I see it as a way of thinking, perceiving things, and living your life, so I don't think those things are ever a lost cause. But I think as long as there are people out there that continue to contribute to the scene by way of music, zines, record labels, etc., then that tells me that punk is definitely still alive and relevant to someone musically and culturally. Punk's history is important today because you have something to look back at and learn from. You can look back and learn from others' mistakes and contributions.

MRR: Punk Core has just released The Virus' *Singles and Rarities* CD with tracks from singles, rarities, compilations, and live as well as the your new self-titled picture disc EP. How do you feel about this release? Is it a pretty complete representation of the short history of The Virus thus far?

Jarrod: This is my favorite Virus release so far because it's like a personal scrap book of what I've done musically over the past 3 1/2 years. Plus it has pictures of all the members that have ever been in the band as well as flyers from some of the shows we've played. We've had a few people comment on why we put out a singles and rarities comp when we haven't been around that long. The reason why we put out the CD was because our new single and our first single were only released on vinyl and we wanted people that didn't have record players to still be able to have the songs. Then we decided to put add some rare compilation tracks, unreleased tracks, and live songs, so it went from initially being a singles collection to a singles and rarities collection. I think it's a good representation of what we've done up till now and you can see how the band has changed over the short while we've been together.

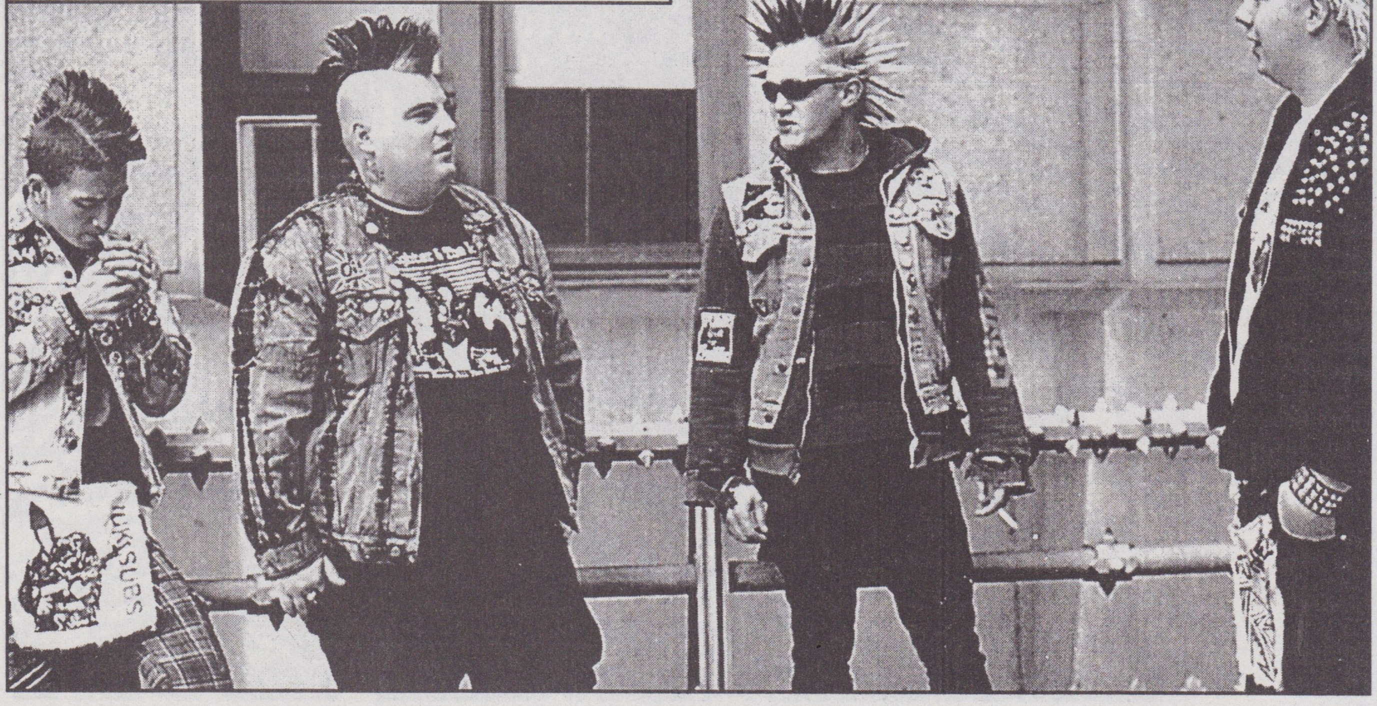
Mike Authority: Yeah, I'd have to say that in one release you get to see the band change from the original sound and line-up, into what we consider to be our own sound. You can really hear how after just one member leaves the band, the sound of the band changes a little, because new members always bring new ideas. I also think that it's good because you get to hear a little bit of everything and you can compare for yourself if we have taken steps forward in the right direction, or if we haven't. I can't say that this is my favorite release, because I'm not fond of the live material, but at least now kids can have the songs that were only previous released on vinyl.

MRR: Your next full-length album will be coming out on Punk Core records in early 2002. How did The Virus become involved with Punk Core and how has it helped the band?

Jarrod: We started out on Charged Records from New Jersey and they released our first 7" and our first full length. Then Jake from Charged Records approached us about moving to a bigger label because he thought it would be a good move for the band. Charged likes to put out records by smaller bands to help them get started so that they can move on to bigger things and felt that it was our time to move up. Jake mentioned to Punk Core that we were looking to switch to a bigger label and they expressed an interest in the band. We talked it over and we liked what Punk Core had to offer us as a band, so we accepted and they bought the rights to release our newest 7" and the *Singles And Rarities* CD that were originally scheduled to be released on Charged Records. Punk Core has helped the band out enormously. They have so many more resources to work with and a lot better distribution, which makes it so much easier for people to get a hold of our releases. We also like the fact that Punk Core is really into working closely with the band and they still press vinyl.

MRR: Many people involved with punk rock say that politics are destroying the scene and that kids for the most part just want to be a part of punk because it's a high energy, no holds barred release, while others feel that politics strengthen the scene by making it more politically and socially conscious about things that happen in the world. How does The Virus feel about the role of politics in punk rock? Does the involvement of politics help unify or dissolve the punk rock counterculture?

Jarrod: Well, I think the fact that punk is counterculture in general makes it a political movement. Even if you're someone that likes the music, just goes to shows and gets wrecked—you're still part of a scene that goes against mainstream views and that's a political movement by definition. These extreme politics people are ridiculous, though. That's a whole different ballgame. The "you're either on our side or you're wrong" attitude is bullshit. That's basically fascism. That's how all those goofy religious cults start out. You get one person that thinks they're right no matter what and they want everyone to think like them and believe what they believe. Then the next thing you know all these people are living on top of a mountain in a compound waiting for a spaceship to arrive, because someone convinced



them that was the thing to do, and if they didn't they were wrong. Anyway, the Virus has never been about extreme politics because any time extreme politics get involved it totally starts to alienate people. I like being able to play to a variety of people with a broad range of political views. We don't ever tell anyone what is right and wrong because we're not anyone different then anyone else, so what would give us the right? What we write about in songs are basically our opinions and it's up to whoever listens to them to agree or disagree. I believe everyone has their own views or personal politics: I certainly do, but forcing them on other people is completely wrong.

Mike Authority: Wow, this is a loaded question. I'd have to say, speaking for just myself, that I feel the whole political game is really double sided for the fact that the groups that commit to either side are so extreme, it seems if you don't agree with them on every issue you're just wrong. I honestly feel that most kids are really just at the shows to have a good time and enjoy the bands. It seems to me that most of the people I know who were very political have grown out of it in a way. I think that when you're young you're very idealistic and you think no matter what you personally can change the world, but as people get older they become more apathetic to the whole thing. I feel that in a way these political games tear us apart. When I've worked all week I just want to be at a show with the people I care to be with, I don't want some person trying to shove political noise down my throat. I think that just like in real life different people believe different things, and that's the way it should be, so to try and bring in politics to a place where most people are just trying to get away from the real world for a while, and to force ideas on someone is a waste of time.

MRR: One listen to any of Virus release or a glance at any photo of the band it becomes obvious to most that your band is influenced by early 1980s English punk. Many critics say that one genre of punk rock that has been a tired cliche and has made it easy for punk rock to not progress is the fashion element of the music. What do you say to people who label the type of music that you play, which has a rich, identifiable, three-decade history, as fashion punk?

Jarrod: The Virus is simply a punk band and that's how we label ourselves. We're not UK '82, crust, '77 style, chaos punk, drunk punk, political punk, or whatever other label you can think of. We are simply a punk band. I've read reviews of our record that say like "...the music is spiky haired chaos punk." We have songs that sound really '77 ish and we also have songs that are really aggressive fast songs so I really can't figure out how anyone could put one specific label on the band. That leads me to believe that reviewers just look at the pictures of the band and assume the style we play. Even if we would put out a record loaded with pictures of punks with spiky hair and opera music, people would still label the music based on what the pictures of the band looks like. We are definitely influenced by English punk, but we're also influenced by American punk too, and some of us are influenced by, like, Finnish punk as well. We've had people flat out say that we are just "fashion punks." To me, a "fashion punk" is someone who is only in the scene for the image. If we were fashion punks, then why would we bother to be in a band or write songs? There was a review of our first full length where the reviewer spent two thirds of the review talking about how the band looked and that we airbrushed our hair on the back of the record, which is totally ridiculous and untrue, and then wrote one line about the actual music. It amazes me when I think about it. The fact that anyone would say we're fashion punks blows my mind. When I was 14, I was a young kid with one pair of jeans, four t-shirts, and a skateboard, and I would listen to bands like Black Flag and Bad Brains all the time because I loved the music, but now, 11 years later, I'm a "fashion punk" because I wear a studded leather jacket? The good thing is that the majority of people that throw around the "fashion punk" label aren't even into the same style of music as we are, so who gives a shit about their opinion. Ha ha! I think it's funny that other people seem to care more about what we're wearing then we do and then call us "fashion punks."

Mike Authority: Labels that we put on ourselves or that others put on us are just a waste of my fucking time. I think that fashion is a huge part of our scene, and people will deny it and say it's not, but as soon as a guy walks into a show in a varsity jacket everybody starts whispering to the friends, saying that guy's a narc, or that guys not a punk. I believe that it's mainly the music, but I just think that most people embrace the music and the fashion then there's all these crusty punks saying, "it's not about the fashion" but if you go to a crusty show they are all dressed alike so guess what, it is about the fashion for them too. The labels that punks throw around are just a way to shrink the group of people that can say they relate—if you say you're a punk, then you are including the crusties, the emo kids, etc., but if you say you're a UK '82 punk then you're only in with that group, and that's stupid. I think if people stopped wasting time labeling the music then they might find that there is just simply a lot of great fucking music out there and that you don't have to only listen to one type of punk music.

MRR: An integral part of punk's success has always been its live show, in the fact that the punk show provides a high-energy release for anybody from just about any walk of life. With this in mind, how does The Virus view touring? Has touring been a necessity for the success of The Virus?

Mike Authority: I think touring is great for bands. I think that to be a successful band you have to tour. If you are only playing shows in the same area to the same kids, you're not going to get very far. You may be huge in your hometown but only so many records can be sold in just one town and most people don't want to buy a band's CD or record if they

haven't heard of you before. I think that we as a band were very lucky to have some of the opportunities that we have had and that if we hadn't toured when given the chance, the band would not have caught the interest of as many people as we have in such a short time.
Jarrod: I love touring. Actually I just love playing live in general. I agree with Mike in saying that there's no way we could have been heard by as many people if we hadn't done any touring. I really enjoy going to new places and meeting new people.
MRR: When you play shows do you get the vibe that some kid in the audience is feeling the same feeling you felt as a kid attending punk rock shows? Does the band make a conscious effort to be as energetic as possible during its live shows, or does all of that raw energy you display live come naturally?
Mike Authority: I 100% think that there is at least one kid in the crowd who is like I was and just totally blown away by whole experience. And yes, I make a conscious effort to put on a show. There are a lot of great musicians out there, and most of them are better then me. But I don't want to pay money to see someone stand in one spot and play the songs to the point where it feels like I'm just in my room listening to the record. That's why at HITS (Holidays In The Sun) I really didn't enjoy the Boys—yeah, they sounded great, but what a bunch of boring old men. So when we play, we try and make it entertaining, because either you leave saying wow, their guitar was really cool to watch, or wow, that guys a fucking idiot, at least you got a memory and something to talk about.
Jarrod: I'll never forget the first show I was ever at was a show with just some local bands when I was young, and after the show I was totally blown away by the experience of seeing live bands that I totally wanted to be in a band. It's like the energy was so awesome that it wasn't satisfying enough for me to just be in the crowd. So yeah, I think there is at least one kid at each of our shows that is feeling the way I felt early on. Hopefully they get as motivated to pick up an instrument as I was. I fell like when I pay to see a band I want to see them going nuts and really enjoying themselves. I'd rather see a band make a ton of mistakes live and go nuts on stage then just stand there and play the songs perfectly. If I want to hear the songs played perfectly I'll go home and listen to their record. But live I want to see live energy. I think when we play live we don't make the conscious decision to be energetic it just happens naturally.
MRR: Vinyl has always played a major role in punk rock, especially in the heyday of the early '80s DIY movement. Do you feel as if the death of vinyl is near and if so, how will that change the face of the punk rock community?
Jarrod: Vinyl is definitely on the way out. It gets harder and harder every year to sell records to kids. Most kids don't even know what a record player is. I don't think that it really affects punk though. I mean in the early '80s vinyl was the most popular medium to press music on. Nowadays CDs are cheaper to make and they're a lot more efficient. You're still getting the same music the only thing that's changing is what format you're buying it on. Personally, I love vinyl and I love collecting records, but I'll admit that from a band's point of view I'd rather make 3000 CDs that will reach 3000 kids as opposed to 3000 records, 2000 of which will just sit in my room forever because kids don't own record players.
Mike Authority: With vinyl going out I think the punk scene will only be hurt from a record collector's view point. I think it will lose some of its "limited" feel. But I think that CDs makes the music a lot more available to the masses, which from a band's point of view is great, but I guess from a record collector's point of view, they would say it sucks.
MRR: Since the mid '90s, punk rock has crept into mainstream culture in many forms such as radio-friendly pop punk, The Vans Warped Tour, and chain stores like Hot Topic, and has been spreading the word of punk in some form or another across the globe. Do you feel as if these forms of punk rock help build a bridge between the independent and mainstream and in turn help in carrying out the punk rock movement? Or do you view them as slick guises that hide the true essence of punk rock?
Jarrod: Hmmm, well, I'm sure that the mainstream stuff does get a lot of people into more independent forms of punk, which is good, but I think it's a shame that businesses that have no interest in the music can make money exploiting it. I think places like Hot Topic are just shit. Like if you ever go there you can tell that most of the shit they sell by "punk" bands is bootlegged. Really, go to a Hot Topic someday and look at some of the shirts they sell and you'll see. It's a shame. It's embarrassing to think that people that have had no exposure to punk will walk past a Hot Topic at the mall and think punk is about dressing funny and buying a leopard print cell phone cover.
Mike Authority: I honestly feel that it's hurts the true essence of punk. I feel that stores like Hot Topic make it seem OK for people to buy these things and wear them when it's cool, and to let it sit in the closet when they want to be normal again, but these are things that some people wear day to day because it's what they know, it's who they are. I also feel that it totally waters it down, and makes it a joke, or for some easier access for just a passing fad.
MRR: Many kids start bands out of suburban boredom or the fact that rock music is the only thing that can keep them out of trouble. Did The Virus have a similar beginning, or one that was completely different? How did you guys all come about meeting each other?
Mike Authority: For the most part it was a bunch of guys who just in way or another knew each other. I would have to say we did have a different beginning, as opposed to just being kids from the suburbs who just started a band, not that there is anything wrong with that. You have to start somewhere.
Jarrod: Well Dave and I were in another band and we really weren't happy with how things were going and it just seemed like a matter of time before that band self destructed. Anyway ,one day the original singer, Mike Virus, called me up and said he wanted to start a band and that he already had a guitarist and a bass player and he needed a drummer. I told him I'd come to a practice and jam and I also mentioned that Dave played guitar and I asked Mike Virus if he minded if I brought him along and he was cool with it. Basically Dave and I went to the practice with the intention that we were just going to mess around and jam for a while and nothing serious would happen, but it ended up that we all got along really well and we wrote two songs that first day. After that, the other band Dave and I were in fell apart and we just concentrated on The Virus, which was more the type of music we wanted to be playing anyway. Of course now only Dave and I are left from the original line-up. We were actually called The Antix at first, but we found out that there were two other bands with the same name, so Mike Virus came up with a list of names and basically of the whole list, The Virus was the only cool one and none of us could come up with anything better so that's what we stuck with.
MRR: What do you think punk rock needs to do to continue being viable as musical and cultural movement? Do you think The Virus has helped contribute to the growth of punk rock? What are some newer bands that you've seen that are helping to guarantee a strong future for the punk rock culture?
Jarrod: Punk definitely needs more places to play. There is no shortage of bands, that's for sure but there's just no places for the bands to play. I don't know if we've helped the growth of punk but at least we took the effort to make a contribution. As far as newer bands go, I really like Self Destruct from Boston, Lower Class Brats from Texas, Charge 69 from France, and Defiance and The Riffs from Portland.
Mike Authority: The only thing that I think punk needs that it doesn't already have is more clubs to have shows at, with the loss of the Slaughterhouse (in Philadelphia), the Rat (in Boston), and the Cocodrie (in San Francisco), it's hard to find good all ages clubs. Other than that we don't need anything as long as there are bands out there making their own sound and their own style, then the scene is good. There are a lot of bands playing a lot of genres of punk nowadays so it's good that not every band sounds like the Casualties. Not saying anything bad about them, but if there were a hundred Casualties type bands and that's it, well, it would be pretty monotonous. As far as what bands are good, well, I think the Riffs *A Million Scars* EP is totally amazing, I think the Strap-Ons' *Can't Hold Back* CD is one of the greatest things recorded in the last two years, and I was really impressed with the Self Destruct and the Street Brats debut EPs too.
MRR: What can fans expect from The Virus in the future? Any last words?
Jarrod: Right now we're working on our second full length that is scheduled to be out sometime in March of 2002 then hopefully we'll go out and do a West Coast tour once its release to support it. Then we'll be playing HITS in England again this year and hopefully doing a European tour around that. Then maybe end the year with a East Coast tour again. Thanks to everyone that has supported us. We answer every letter and email we get, so feel free to write to us. I think it's important to take the time out and write back to the people that take the time out to write to you and support your band. You can also visit our website which we try to update at least once every two weeks. If you're having trouble finding our releases, shirts, or other merchandise you can get all of our merchandise through Punk Core Records mail order.
The Virus PO Box 1563
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action time

THERE AREN'T TOO MANY BANDS IN THIS WORLD THAT I'M WILLING TO HELP CARRY AMPS UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS FOR. THE NIGHT I SAW ACTION TIME FOR THE FIRST TIME WAS THE NIGHT I HAD TO HELP CARRY SOME OF THEIR GEAR FROM THE GARAGE TO THEIR SECOND FLOOR REHEARSAL SPACE. SHIT, I DON'T EVEN DO THAT FOR J CHURCH. NOT WITH MY HEART CONDITION! ANYWAY, I LOVE THE RECORDS AND I THINK MY REVIEWS ELSEWHERE IN THIS PUBLICATION SPEAK TO THEIR MUSICAL PROWESS AND MY FANATICAL INTEREST IN THEM. HERE'S MY INTERVIEW WITH TWO OF THEIR INTELLIGENTSIA...

MRR: Okay, basic banalities. Who does what and what did they do before? How, when, and why?

E.B. Rockets: The Action Time are variously known as: Miss C C Rider (Beats); Jack Duvall (the Bass, smashing bottles); Miss spent youth and Susie Sparkles (Random percussion and singing); E.B. Rockets (guitars and general noise) and Rock Action (rants, keys, and mayhem). Before the Action Time, people did the same stuff listed —without the musical parts.

MRR: What's in a name? Is it Action, Time, and Vision or is it the Time For Action?

E.B. Rockets: It's kinda both, *Time for Action, Time, and Vision* —a call to arms.

Ms C C Rider: The action of time. The 7th dimension, which is based on a time relative to action—the more you move (action!). The murkier time gets and the in-betweens blur, you get a super-sound which is an amalgamation of and yet a dissonance a million miles away from everything else.

MRR: Who writes all the text on your records? In some ways it's like agitprop, and in other ways it weirdly reminds me of all the little bits of stories that used to come with all the Sarah singles. What's it all about?

E.B. Rockets: All sleeve notes are courtesy of Mr. Rock Action, mouthpiece of the Action Time. I'm sure he will answer this question, and more, in due course!

Ms C C Rider: This is one for blackseptember/rockaction/billynameless I'm afraid.

MRR: There's been a smattering of singles and now the album (all of which I love). Was all of the material written at the same time?

E.B. Rockets: Not at all, the first single dates back some years now. Generally we try to record the newest stuff that we've got at the time, except on the album where it was a conscious decision to do one-third new stuff, one-third stuff from our live set, and one-third old songs, which we liked at the time but never really got right.

MRR: Do the singles and the album comprise your original "set," or were any songs written specifically as b-sides or album tracks?

E.B. Rockets: Pretty much all the singles were from our live sets. Like I said before, the album was comprised of one-third un-played songs. The B-side to *Rock and Roll* was recorded with the album in mind, but didn't seem to work in the context of the other tracks. Also, I know this sounds lame, but you can experiment a bit more on an LP whereas I think singles should contain real guaranteed hits, undiluted.

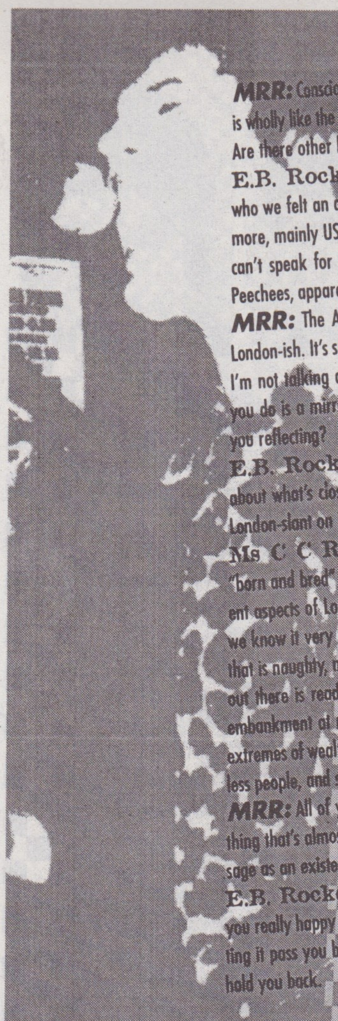
Ms C C Rider: This is Billy Nameless and Eddie Brackets' game plan.

MRR: I saw a picture of the band before I actually heard the first single, to be honest, I was a little apprehensive of it being another batch of '60s sentimentalists. But I was pleasantly surprised that while there certainly is a '60s influence, the sound and concept are certainly not nostalgic. Is the band's image and fashion a representation of personal taste, or is it a reaction to what's going on in music (especially in England, maybe) today? Is it a tribute or a deconstruction?

E.B. Rockets: We have always had this kind of image individually, but like you say, we are certainly not revivalist, in any way. It's just a case of lookin' sharp—we believe it's your duty as performers to look and act the part. If you don't believe in yourselves, no one else will. It's not a direct attack on the current blandness of modern British bands, because we were always like this, but it does make me mad at the general apathy and lack of direction most bands contain.

...it's about the crash of a drumbeat and a righteous sneer - the fuzzed up, fucked-up sound of a thousand bad nights out and nine million rainy days, it's about girl group harmonising of your chaotic and restless lives, soul on fire, tamla spirit, feedback and dancing, we will fucking destroy you before you fucking destroy us, the sound of compulsion times boredom and talent versus competence, alcoholic poetry burning cigarette holes in your top 40 trash, come and have a go if you think you're hard enough..

Ms C C Rider: To my mind, I think we're all doing what we do because we love that sound and that image and those influences. I think we haven't consciously decided the sound to be the way it is, except for possible Billy, but it's more by default of what we like to listen too, dance too, look at. Unfortunately, I don't think there's any scene in London that bears any relation to what we're up to. I wish there was and then we'd have some bands to play with. We usually end up playing with bands that are our friends and maybe have some common musical instincts and values, but the end product is very different.



MRR: Conscious or unconsciously, there really isn't another band I can think of that is wholly like the Action Time. Who do you feel are your contemporaries? Are there other bands out there that you feel a kinship with?

E.B. Rockets: I don't know, when we started there really wasn't anyone who we felt an affinity with, except say the Make-Up, but now there seems to be more, mainly US bands, coming out with the same kind of attitude that we have. I can't speak for the band, but current faves include Trail of Dead, Le Tigre, The Peechees, apparently The Strokes are cool, though I haven't heard them yet myself.

MRR: The Action Time seem unrepentantly English, maybe even specifically London-ish. It's sort of like if Pulp were for real and not whatever it is that they are. I'm not talking about patriotism or something absurd. But do you think that what you do is a mirror to a certain endemic part of British life? If so, what exactly are you reflecting?

E.B. Rockets: If you're going to speak from the heart, you've got to speak about what's close to you and what you know about, so yeah, it's going to have a London-slant on it, it can't be helped!

Ms C C Rider: I think we all love London even though I think I'm the only "born and bred" Londoner. Various members of the band are passionate about different aspects of London and the UK, whilst at the same time hating certain aspects. But we know it very well in its fucked-up, mixed up-ness. I suppose it's like having a child that is naughty, misguided, and gets in with the bad kids, but you still love it. If anyone out there is reading this and ever comes to London, I recommend walking along the embankment at night and through temple. You'll see some disgusting examples of the extremes of wealth in England. The most glorious castle-like houses, vast flats with homeless people, and sad lonely drunks weaving around forlornly below, but it's amazing.

MRR: All of your records feel like a call to arms. They're a battle cry against something that's almost intangible but all the more-so frustrating. Do you think of your message as an existential challenge or do you have something more specific in mind?

E.B. Rockets: It's kind of a wake-up call, look at yourselves and your lives.... are you really happy or could you be achieving more, working for change rather than just letting it pass you by. Grab the moment, that sort of stuff...stand up against the pricks that hold you back.

Ms C C Rider: I don't know what an existential challenge is. The lyrics are Billy's but I think a lot of the songs are about frustration and trying to escape from tedium and banality, and also celebrating those shiny diamond moments when something glorious shines through from the muck even if its just a second of perfect harmony on a nobody's sunk without trace only single.

MRR: Now that the album is out, what next? Most bands fall into one of two categories after the release of their debut album; either complete ennui or a state of panic. Does either describe where you're at right now?

E.B. Rockets: Recording the album was quite a drain on us, mentally, and it did hold up doing live gigs, which is probably how we come across best. So yeah, we kind of getting back into playing live, more promoting the LP and stuff. We have a few singles that should be recorded soon. As for the second LP, well, don't hold your breath!

Ms C C Rider: Nope.

MRR: What's the first record you ever bought?

E.B. Rockets: Bad question. The first record I owned was Prince Charming by Adam and the Ants, but the first record I went into a shop and bought was Rio by Duran Duran. Actually, I still listen to that, not very cool I'm afraid.

Ms C C Rider: Toast by Paul Young and the E Street Band. I brought it for my brothers X-mas present and liked it so much I kept it. This pattern has persisted through out my record buying life. If I ever buy a record for someone I have to get myself one too, unless it's buying my mum Bob Marley albums.

MRR: What's the last record you bought?

E.B. Rockets: Haven't bought too many LP's this year, currently collecting all the 70's Stones back catalogue, liked the last Trail Of Dead album.

Ms C C Rider: "Old beatnik" compilation of French garage/folk/60's pop stuff.

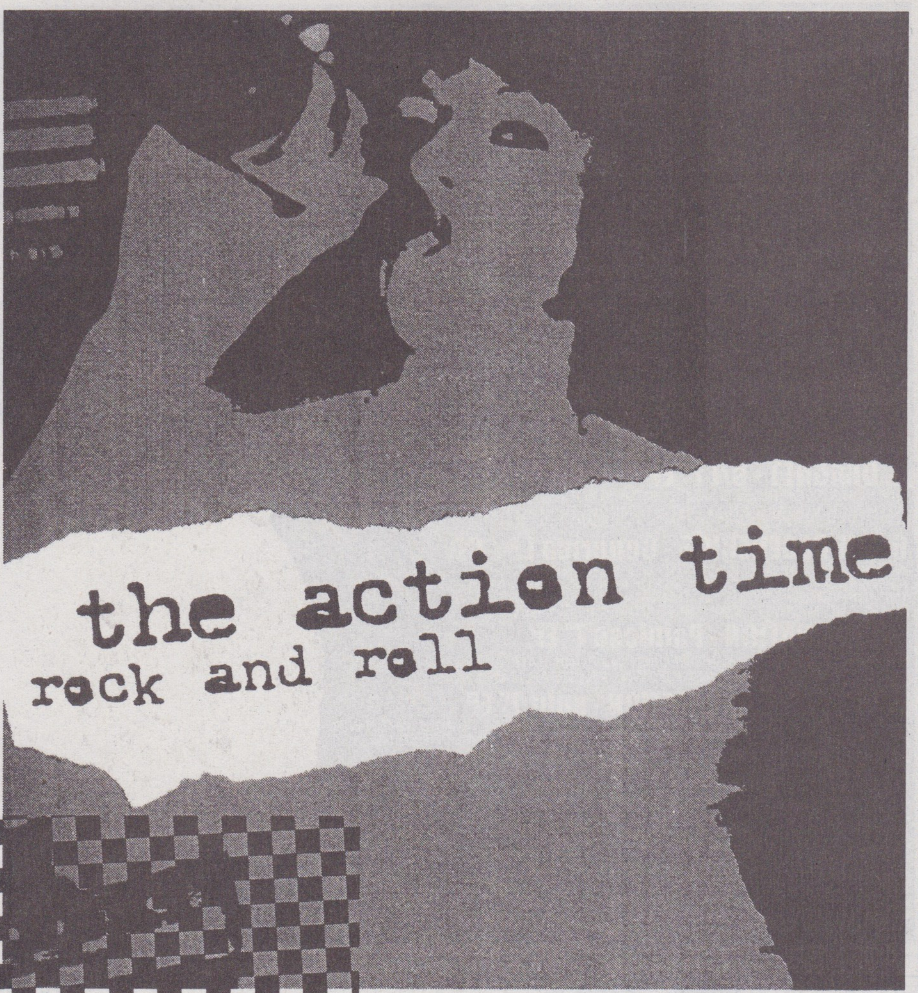
MRR: If you could have written one song that somebody else wrote, what would it be?

E.B. Rockets: Anything off Searching for the Young Soul Rebels.

Ms C C Rider: I could be facetious here and just mention an incredibly high earning song ...but really? The Lee Hazelwood one about "please won't you tell your dreams to leave my room alone" or maybe Sunday Morning by Velvet Underground something beautiful like that anyway, or maybe Louie Louie.

MRR: What's it like in the tour van with The Action Time? Is it chaos or silence?

E.B. Rockets: Depends, it can be either. It usually starts with one and ends with the other, in no particular order. Either way, I wouldn't recommend it to anyone!



Ms C C Rider: Depends on whether a show went well or what. Sometimes everyone huddles in different corners like mini-armies and the driver is like the safe zone.

MRR: What do you folks do outside of the band?

E.B. Rockets: We go out a lot, some of us manage to hold down full-time jobs, others don't bother. We don't work very fast as a band, so we need all the free time we can get!

Ms C C Rider: In our dreams, revolutionaries, west end musical stars, the most kick arse bassist/guitarist in the entire world, etc. Really? Shop assistant, food writer, shop assistant, journo, teacher, unemployed scum.

MRR: Do you folks have any other musical projects going on outside of the band? Fanzines or record labels? I know that Delia is usually in five or six bands…

E.B. Rockets: Yeah, we all have extra-curricular activities, whether it's other bands, DJ'ing, putting on gigs for other bands, etc. The girls in the band also have their own dance troupe!

Ms C C Rider: My band list is seriously low at the moment. If anyone wants a drummer, guitarist, or singer, let me know. My main criterion is that a band dresses well, or at least entertainingly. I see no reason for visuals not to be great. It doesn't detract from the mûsic. Sometimes it means people take you less "seriously" but they are usually jazz-rock wankers.

MRR: Do you feel that the English music scene in some ways fosters creativity in its bands? It's hard to imagine a band like The Action Time starting over here. In the States, nothing is really appreciated on a cerebral or conceptual level, at least not in music or art.

E.B. Rockets: I don't think we were really appreciated when we started out, that's why we started, to do something different than everyone else. It did take a long time to find the right collection of people who felt the same way and wanted to make a difference, however, I'm sure that would be the case anywhere. We're really only starting to get attention now that our album is out, no one really listened for the first 3 years!

Ms C C Rider: I think maybe in London rather than England. It's very easy in London. A million venues, musicians, labels, and access to loads of free "culture." Every band I've ever been in is appreciated a million times more the minute it splits up. At that point everyone starts going, "oh I would have loved to bought your record, seen you live, put you on, blah, blah, blah." Oh well!

MRR: So, in hindsight, how do you feel about the album? How seriously do you take it? Are you proud of it or do you think of recordings as souvenirs to the live gigs?

E.B. Rockets: Personally, I'm very proud of it. The amount of effort it took to even get it to the level it is was exhausting, and at some points it really looked as if it would never get finished. It's cool that it exists and is receiving a good response. Given that, if I had to do it all again, it wouldn't be the same record. We learned a lot about ourselves and our strengths and weaknesses in the studio, and given more time I think we could have improved on it a great deal. But that's for next time! I think you should push albums as far as you can in the studio, beyond what you can produce on stage. It's not muso, it's just that records kind of have there own identity and personality, and you should encourage that and let them go where they want to.

Ms C C Rider: I think the drumming is a thing of beauty and should have been turned up way higher! I didn't enjoy making the record and unfortunately remember that when I hear it. There are some top quality songs on it. The live thing is way different from the recorded thing. They are set about in totally different ways as totally different projects.

MRR: How has the reaction been to the record so far?

E.B. Rockets: Really positive, especially abroad. I think people are into the idea of us as a band maybe more than the record itself. I think it has been a great advert for us, and a taster of what we can achieve in the future.

Ms C C Rider: Bafflingly good.

MRR: What's next for The Action Time?

E.B. Rockets: Gigs, and more gigs. Hopefully Europe and the US later in the year, depending on finances.

Ms C C Rider: Some gigs, some matching stage outfits, a train to Sheffield.

MRR: Any last comments?

E.B. Rockets: Yeah, just to say thanks for writing interesting questions, I don't usually do these types of things, but this had a good feel about it.

Cheers!

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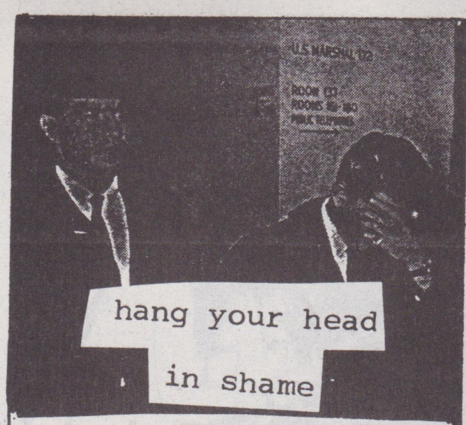

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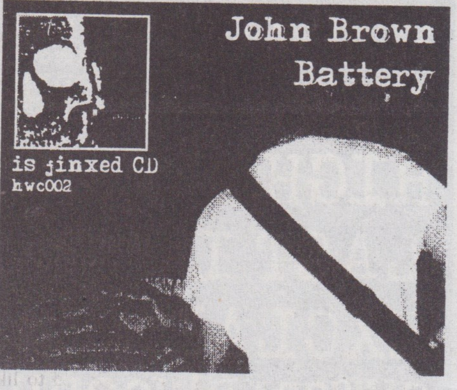

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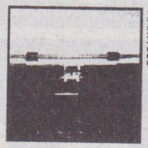
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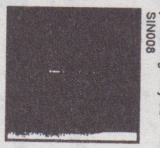
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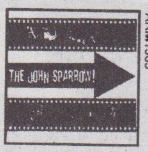
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BOOKS

American Hardcore: A Tribal History • Steven Blush

352 pages • $19.95
Feral House • P.O. Box 13067 • Los Angeles, CA • 90013

I was really excited to get this book, and I really wanted to like it. Don't misunderstand me, it's a great piece of oral history, but I feel that it is deeply, tragically flawed. Author Steven Blush has compiled an impressive oral history of the early eighties US Hardcore scene. He has interviewed most of the major (and many minor) players from the '80-'84 "Heroic" era of American hardcore. The interviews, flyers, and photos reproduced in this book are golden and it is great to see this sort of thing finally compiled and preserved for posterity with some care. Unfortunately, what the editor does with this information is nothing short of scandalous. Blush is definitely no intellectual, and one must admit there is a healthy absence of cultural studies jargon. The author claims in the preface that he's objective but isn't for one minute, he laces every paragraph with biased judgments about bands and people. Despite claiming to do the opposite, he prints quite a bit of subjective rubbish based on hearsay, rumor, and false impressions. To even claim a work that is part autobiography and part tour diary, written largely in the first person, to be objective is hogwash. The whole thing is like a college term paper someone spent months doing research for, then stayed up all night to write the night before it was due. It is chock-full of spelling and grammar mistakes and simple but stupid errors that any decent proofreader with any knowledge of punk could have corrected. The author has big biases against MRR, leftists/political punks, straight-edge and women, and a strange but confused agenda with gay men. The shit he writes about women is nothing short of offensive. He goes out of his way to downplay political bands like MDC, Crucifix, Reagan Youth etc. or to marginalize said bands politics. Instead he grossly over-emphasizes violence as the major theme in early eighties hardcore. He spills much ink on fights at shows, white power skinheads, and thug violence which was at best marginal to most of the scene. Certainly there was a great deal of violence in the early eighties, most of it on the streets battling hardcore's foes. But it was a fact of life, not the dominant theme for anyone but a few bonehead thugs. By interviewing participants twenty years or so after the fact and limiting his primary source materials to flyers and photos, we get a picture of hardcore drained of any youthful idealism or social consciousness. Instead, it's all these old dudes who probably haven't been to a punk show in ten or fifteen years talking about how great their band was and how little money they made. While this book is admittedly about American Hardcore, the international side of hardcore is totally ignored, with the exception of DOA. And worst of all, Stephen Blush repeats the moronic myth that hardcore "died" circa 1986. Hardcore may have changed or gotten more underground but certainly it never died. In fact I would argue that more people around the world are into early eighties hardcore today than in its heyday. I'd be interested to see sales figures for Minor Threat and Black Flag records today versus 1982. I bet they sell quite a few more now then anyone ever dreamed back in the day. But like straight-edgers who start drinking, Blush seems to think that the movement ended for everyone and ceased to be valid when he lost interest in it. Hardcore is of course the most important social or musical movement of all time (how's that for a little Blush-style objectivity?) but this book doesn't really give it the treatment it deserves. Its anti-straight edge, anti-MRR, anti-women, and general macho right-wing thug bias make it painful reading for anyone who was there and will seriously mislead and misinform those who weren't.

The one real benefit I can see from this project is the interviews he collected, if he preserves them, they would be an invaluable source material for a more qualified and objective future historian of hardcore punk. Blush interviewed just about everyone involved in early eighties hardcore except any of the *MRR* or *Flipside* staff and Pushead. He includes a useful discography that is pretty complete but not as easy to use or with as much information as Flex, but is still a most noble piece of work. As I sit and reflect on this book I'm just disappointed and little angry that someone could do such a awesome amount of research and just fuck it up so bad with a lousy "analysis," sloppy editing, and personal biases. You would think that someone who cared enough about this music to do all the research involved would truly want to do something more worthwhile with it. —Felix Von Havoc

The New Intifada: Resisting Israel's Apartheid • Edited by Roane Carey

320 pages • $20.00
Verso Press • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014

In his essay "Theses on the Philosophy of History," Walter Benjamin wrote, "The tradition of the oppressed teaches us that the 'state of emergency' in which we live is not the exception but the rule. We must attain to a conception of history that is in keeping with this insight. Then we shall clearly realize that it is our task to bring about a real state of emergency." When Benjamin urged his cohort of critical leftist intellectuals to generate a crisis of political contest, he was responding to the outrages of fascism in the early part of the twentieth century but also to the violence of what Lauren Berlant calls "hygienic governmentality." She describes this as, "a ruling bloc's dramatic attempt to maintain its hegemony by asserting that an abjected population threatens the common good and must be rigorously governed and monitored by all sectors of society." She continues:

> "Especially horrifying are the ways the ruling bloc solicits mass support for such 'governing': by using abjected populations as exemplary of all obstacles to national life, by wielding images and narratives of a threatened 'good life' that a putative 'we' have known, by promising relief from the struggles of the present through a felicitous image of a national future, and by claiming that, because the stability of the core image is the foundation of the narratives that characterize an intimate and secure national society, the nation must at all costs protect this image of a way of life, even against the happiness of some of its own citizens."

In the aftermath of September 11, these means of maintaining and disciplining the US populace are perhaps more obvious (and more entrenched), but they also reveal that the real state of emergency —not this crisis of America "under attack" but the hegemony of state violence against its citizens and non-citizens—has been with us for many years. The apparatus of national culture mobilizes the comic-book politics of George W. Bush to manufacture a set of "core national values" and an "appropriate" response—"America Under Attack," "America Strikes Back," "America: Open For Business." The imagined innocence of US citizens prior to the attacks and the "American way of life" are cited as victims in this war, never mind that many have never experienced America as a land of plenty, or a place of liberty—and that in this period of recession, racism, and reduced rights, many fewer will. That such representations —of America, of Arabs and Muslims, of "bravery," of the nature of democracy—go unchallenged even as Congress passes retroactive tax cuts for multinationals, the Bush administration rejects an International Criminal Court and the Justice Department undermines the Constitutional rights of citizens is the ongoing crisis. This state of emergency and these conditions are not an aberration but the foundation of the U.S. nation-state and its domestic and foreign policy.

The timely release of Verso's collection *The New Intifada: Resisting Israel's Apartheid* on the anniversary of the eruption of the second intifada, and only weeks after September 11, is a welcome reminder of the role of the United States in fomenting a state of emergency in strategic "elsewheres," a role which has been largely ignored in the national media culture. While Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon's visit to the Haram al-Sharif/Temple Mount in September 2000 is the most obvious impetus leading to the new intifada, the essays in this volume suggest that the state of emergency is, as Benjamin reported, "not the exception but the rule," as millions of dispossessed Palestinians find themselves terrorized by the everyday conditions of violence in the territories and refugee camps. Editor Roane Carey of The Nation magazine writes that:

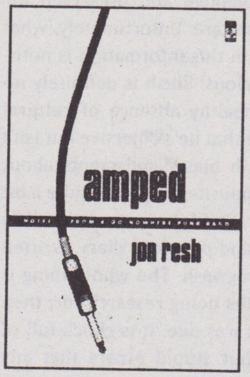
"The original inspiration for *The New Intifada* arose out of disgust at the mainstream media's consistent misrepresentation of the basic facts of this uprising, merely the latest installment in a long history of fabrication. This book attempts to correct the balance, in part by analyzing the origins of the conflict, particularly the structural flaws in the Oslo agreements, and in part simply by giving voice to the Palestinian side of the conflict and to those Israelis and American who abhor the repression carried out in their name—voices rarely tolerated in the US media."

Contributors range from public intellectuals, political journalists, teachers, and activists of all stripes, most writing in clear and evocative prose. Amazingly the volume is able to speak across different levels of awareness of the critical issues. Noam Chomsky's necessarily thumbnail history of the conflict (and by "thumbnail" I mean a dense twenty pages packed with detail) by way of an introduction should have been accompanied by a flow chart, but nevertheless provides a compelling historical and political overview of the conflict. The book is divided into helpful sections, including "Repression and Resistance" (which includes an essay by Mouin Rabbani called "A Smorgasbord of Failure"), "The Media War," "Refugees, Remembrance, Return," and "Activism Awakened." The essays cover a wide range of facets of the conflict, from "Palestinians Under Siege" by Edward Said and "Gaza: A Report From the Front" by Alison Weir, to "Flouting Convention: The Oslo Agreements" by Allegra Pacheco and "Life in the Camps" by Mayssoun Sukarieh. These and sixteen other essays address the failures of the "peace process" and the Oslo accords, the struggle in the territories as well as the continuing crisis of the Palestinian refugees, especially those in Lebanon, and the constitutive role of the mainstream media in maintaining this collaborative US/Israeli state hegemony. This volume also documents the frightening unilateralism of the United States as efforts by international organizations, from human rights groups to the United Nations, to resolve the issue of justice for Palestinians are rejected and repressed again and again. (The 1980s alliances between the US, Israel, and apartheid South Africa in the United Nations are particularly terrifying and telling.)

My only criticism of this volume—and it's a tiny theoretical sticking point—is the appeal of the editor and some of the contributors to "universal principles of justice and human rights." I think that an appeal to abstract universal principles may be oddly depoliticizing. How concepts and practices of "justice and human rights" are produced and circulated is profoundly implicated in historical and political contests for meaning and power. After all, the American and Israeli states have both effectively mobilized such concepts for political purposes, and this volume is a testament to how these representations of "justice and human rights" are generated at a specific historical moment for very particular effects, including the repression of certain populations. To make an appeal to a universal standard of justice is to elide this crucial point, that even our language, our words are engaged in this contest for meaning and power.

The New Intifada is a crucial read, no matter how much you may or may not know about the "US-Israel/Palestinian" conflict. In understanding the many aspects of this state of emergency —whether the geopolitics of anti-US sentiment or the mechanisms of state repression— this volume provides a critical analysis of US foreign policy and is one more step in the task Benjamin outlined for the left so many years ago—a real state of political counter-emergency. —Mimi Nguyen

Amped: Notes From a Go-Nowhere Punk Band
Jon Resh
159 pages • $4.50
Viper Press • P.O. Box 3394 • Chicago, IL • 60690-3394



Jon Resh's *Amped: Notes From a Go-Nowhere Punk Band*, an autobiographical look at the Gainesville emo band Spoke, is proof that 1992 is finally far enough into the past that we can be nostalgic for it. For those of you who have forgotten them, Spoke were a relatively unkown, almost unremarkable band. If I remember correctly, they only released a couple EPs, one full-length, and a few comp tracks during their lifetime. However, with that melancholy-yet-driven spirit that seems to perfectly capture the early 90s, Resh sums up those three or four years of his life in a series of vignettes and only half-interconnected stories that can only roughly be described as a novel.

Anyone who's ever read one of the thousands of per-zine/tour-journals out there knows that a book of this kind has the potential to leave you wondering, "Who gives a fuck? What have you done that the rest of us haven't? And, why are your thoughts and emotions so important that the rest of us would want to read about them?" Resh walks up close to all of those lines—he's unashamedly open about his feelings and chronicles some of the most mundane details of touring—but never crosses into mediocrity. Just when you're about to ask yourself who gives a shit what this guy ate at Waffle House, he surprises you with insight or just moves on to something else. He doesn't waste time feeling sorry for himself or rambling, he's just another one of us describing familiar territory, whether it's the graffitti on the bathroom wall at the punk club or run-ins with the police.

I'll admit up front that I've got a bias against the emo scene of the mid-90s and that I've always seen most of the main players in that scene as people who wore false hearts on their sleeves and whose "emotions" on stage were the most contrived form of self-serving antics. But the one thing that makes Amped stand out from most of the writing that has come out of the emo scene is that Resh is actually honest about his motivations and actions. His writing represents a purer form of that scene, the one that existed briefly before Spock hairdos and white leather belts became the norm. He is driven more by a love of music and noise-as-release than by ambition and captures a certain amount of the naivety that existed in that

time when Nirvana was just about to make it big. He also admits to things that few men from that scene would—most notably wanting to use his status as a musician to attract females and, at least once, causing some emotional damage along the way. If he ever forms another band, I'm sure they'd never be allowed within the Goleta city limits.

Resh is also devoted to the DIY ethic, and, more than writing about himself and his band specifically, he is also chronicling the DIY scene in general. Like Spoke, most bands are relatively unkown and, when looked at individually, uninspiring. But those bands are what comprise the punk/emo subculture, and by telling the story behind Spoke, Resh is also describing the experiences of many of the bands and people who make up this scene. *Amped* is testimony to the kids who play because they can't hold their energy inside, who put on shows in their hometowns "just because," and who make up 90% of this scene.

And, the same way bands may spend years touring and playing in front of dozens or even hundreds of people to be preserved only on fading demo tapes in basements and attics without ever achieving the relative permanence of vinyl, this book preserves part our scene in a way that zines cannot. Even more than I enjoyed reading this book, I enjoyed what it represents—a piece of our scene's history that is missed by books about bigger bands or scenes and that is preserved here in slightly more permanent form than the zines that attempt that same goal.

It's a thin line to walk. Play up how good your band was and you tear down how much it was just like every other band. Go too far the other way and your book becomes a testimony to mediocrity instead of to common experience. But, it's a line upon which Resh manages to balance. In his honesty, openness, and devotion to DIY, Resh has taken familiar but unremarkable experiences and turned them into a remarkable book. —Doug Grime

Digital Resistance: Explorations in Tactical Media
Critical Art Ensemble
166 pages • $14.00
Autonomedia • P.O. Box 568 • Williamsburgh Station
Brooklyn, NY • 11211-0568

The introduction is a misleading beginning to what is otherwise an incredible book. Instead of clearly placing itself within the trajectory of twentieth century avant-garde socio-cultural movements, the CAE (Critical Art Ensemble) places itself on a solitary (and unnamed?) path. While it is clear that the CAE writes with one name and several pens, the intensity varies from piece to piece, with the supposition (made in the introduction) that the CAE is practicing a kind of cultural exploration that is not a road well traveled is deceitful.

That stated, the analysis and practice of the CAE is sharp and made in an appropriate voice. They state a primary tactic being ECD (electronic civil disobedience) not because of a particular petition that they would like to be addressed by power but as an unmediated way in which to block digital communication. A quote is relevant. The indirect approach of media manipulation using a spectacle of disobedience designed to muster public sympathy and support is a losing proposition. The 1960s are over, and there is no corporate or government agency that is not fully prepared to do battle in the media. The most topical content in this book is CAEs position on terrorism and their response to the charges that ECD is a form of terror.

They accurately analyze terrorism, as a form of contestation whose goal is a place at the table of the status quo and not the elimination of the status quo. While they react to this reactionary position with a vigor that it does not merit they fail to portray ECD as an actually effective way in which to sublimate power. More importantly there is actual energy expended arguing that ECD should be deal with judiciously different than more criminally minded hacking. The idea that there is actually any incentive for those in power to make the job of opposition easier is laughable. The book divides nicely into halves. One half is criticism, the other practice. Where most books of this nature try to wrap up their criticism by demonstrating the one-two punch that will bring whatever goal is being discussed to fruition, this book uses its practice section as an actually technical examination of specific actions. There is a fairly detailed and optimistic section on robotics as a formation of disobedience.

There is another on guerrilla modification of the GameBoy. These essays are refreshingly technical in nature, even going as far as to name specific EPROM chips necessary for making the modifications. If you have studied the history and criticism of radical art, then Digital Resistance is something that you should learn about in that history.

If you are bored of the rhetoric of the political then the CAE may have some refreshing turns of phrases for you. If you learned about Foucault and Deluze in college but didn't see their use value you now have that opportunity. Which is to say that the place that Digital Resistance is important is in its intersectionality of tendencies that are otherwise one-dimensional. The hope is that their example of practice and theory becomes more popular in a time where sectarianism and simplification run rampant. —Aragorn!

Odds Off • Matt Madden
140 pages • $14.95
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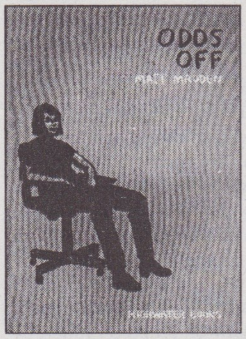


This is a book-length cartoon about a supposedly solid couple having uncertainties in their relationship, and the resulting fallout on their friends. The setting is Austin, Texas, and the drawing style is somewhat naturalistic—but with fluid departures from reality. Despite the discouraging events and some loopy characters, the story leaves you feeling kinda warm inside. I think it's because the characters are as oblivious or driven or obsessive as people that you actually know. You wouldn't tell them straight out to get it together, but you'd try to steer them that way, and when they went ahead and did their usual blunder anyway, you'd be there to hear 'em out afterward. The personalities here give you that same sort of amused patience.

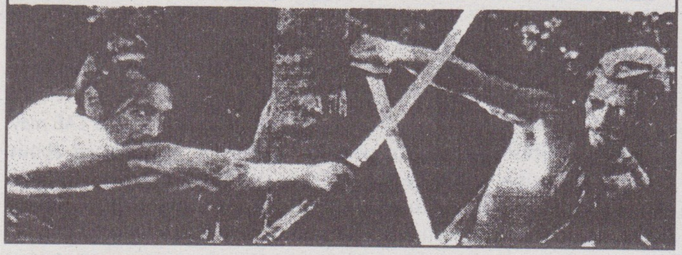
The cast is rounded out with naive Christians, mean frat boys, and well-intentioned career counselors. There's a believable diversity of the characters that comes across as natural and not contrived to be PC. It's unlike, say, TV, in terms of queerness and ethnicity, but also in terms of personalities. They're just more realistically varied than the usual glossy crap. It lends a down-to-earth appeal, and gives the surreal sections a sort of wistfulness.

I'm focusing mostly on the characters, because the story line is not too surprising. The direction is pretty obvious from the outset, but I didn't think that was disappointing, since suspense is not what carries the work. You definitely care about what happens, but don't expect to have your interest piqued by a sudden plot twist. It's a gradual unfolding.

Although there's no single striking trait about this work, it's a very enjoyable comic, and highly recommended if you are partial to that style. —Nellie Nelson

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



MOVIES TO SEE WITH EYES WIDE SHUT

Most movies try to make things clear. David Lynch (**Blue Velvet**, **Twin Peaks**) makes movies to obscure. Seen this way, **Mulholland Drive** isn't muddied by the commercial considerations a mainstream film has to abide by; it's perfectly happy muddying itself.

Lynch's latest is a surreal tour of Hollywood's underbelly designed to twist your perceptions 180 degrees and inside out. What makes **Mulholland Drive** especially challenging is that, so far as we know, little if any of it happens in the real world. From that moment early on when the camera closes in on a pillow and the screen turns black, we might was well be joining Lynch on a surreal dream-ride.

Our protagonist is a woman known simply as "Rita" (Elena Harring). After nearly being killed in a botched mob hit, she stumbles, injured and confused, into the bungalow of a young ingenue where she falls fast asleep. When she wakes up, she discovers she's lost her memory and her life. The apartment belongs to Betty (Naomi Watts), a would-be starlet who despite being young and naive, takes on the project of curing her amnesic friend as a kind of hobby. The place they share is the sort where many young actresses spend their time before age marks them, and their dreams vanish. In that special way, they're both new to Hollywood—one in time, the other in memory. It's a friendship that leads to their becoming lovers—which makes perfect sense, since they just might be different aspects of the same person.

Some of the early scenes bring to mind the satire of Pulp Fiction, noir style. There's the low-budget hitman who clumsily kills his quarry, shoots the woman in an adjacent apartment, then the janitor, all pretty much by accident. There's a snippy young director whose pit-bull manager can't handle a mobster whose idea of drinking espresso is sipping, hen dribbling the coffee onto a napkin. There's the mentally unstable fortune-teller who senses danger in sultry Rita, and urges Betty to send her off. And there's The Cowboy, a pale stranger who appears and disappears, dispensing sage advice that might save the director's life.

Not all of the scenes occur from a single character's point of view, so maybe strictly speaking **Mulholland Drive** doesn't totally qualify as a dream-play; but there's an undeniable dreamlike quality to the narrative. This mood is fused by a soundtrack that churns nightmarishly in the background, and photography that progressively goes from sunlit to grim, muddy, and dark.

One of the problems (and pleasures) of a David Lynch movie is that he loves to play games with his audience. In **Mulholland Drive**, the buildup is probably more appealing than the payoff. At 130 minutes, it's also an up and down affair—but you'll be hard-pressed to forget a single scene once you've left the theater.

Notwithstanding the virtues and failings of **Mulholland Drive**, you shouldn't pass up a chance to see Lynch's first feature film, **Eraserhead**, the most ingenious dream-movie ever made. Five years in the making and funded mostly by friends and family, it's almost a miracle it came out.

Shot in inky black and white, **Eraserhead** the only movie I've seen that simulates the logic of dreams as they really happen—randomly, with bizarre twists and a pervading sense of mystery. Among its many rewards (including heavy doses of deadpan humor) is the pleasure of finding the person behind the nightmare, and the reason for his disturbing fantasies. Maybe the centerpiece sequence is when the main character meets the parents of his new wife; it starts off with painful silences, and culminates in the carving of the meal, a starved quail that vomits a river of blood. (I've haven't experienced meals with new relatives quite as awkward as this, but this comes close.) What starts off as just another weird movie turns into a completely rational story, though skewed through the language of the unconscious. Unlike most films, which in their final scene fade to black, Eraserhead fades to white—a mind waking from sleep and soon to forget the remarkable drama that he'd experienced only moments before.

Waking Life, directed by Richard Linklater's (**Slacker, Dazed and Confused**) is equally challenging, innovative, and visually novel. Its imagery is trippy and the script brimming with erudition and intelligence. It's all the more ironic that it should be such a titanic, unrelenting bore.

You could liken the visual design of **Waking Life** to those animated Earthlink ads, except dropped into an animated, neo-impressionist world full of objects which sometimes take on their own life. Everything looks as if it's bobbing on a ship, or as if reality has lost its moorings. People might talk to one another, and then see their thoughts become real objects that float like blimps, then vanish into thin air. One character matter-of-factly douses himself with gasoline and sets himself on fire; another (the director) turns into a white ghost. The main character, college-age wisdom seeker Wiley Wiggins, sometimes floats to the sky, only to awaken from what he thinks is now reality.

Most of the time, however, people talk. And talk, and talk. When the DVD of this comes out, I bet you there will be even more talk.

It starts off in a classroom, where an instructor lectures to a class about the often overlooked, life-affirming aspects of existentialism. Wiggins is actually awake. We cut to another professor talking at the poor student, but this time in a coffee shop. (At this point, I was wishing I had some coffee, a gallon of it, espresso-strength.) In yet another university haven, a sociologist blathers on and on to Wiggins, but you get the impression he's talking to himself. Later, in bed with his girlfriend, Wiley and his girlfriend talk about memory, reincarnation, and lucid dreaming, and how reality could be a dream, and visa versa. For the sake of balance, the next person he talks to is a physics student who's convinced that the entire universe is deterministic, and that human choice is just an illusion.

This is heady stuff. Like an academic **My Dinner with Andre**, **Waking Life** can best be described as a dreamlike collage of lectures. But while Andre is an ode to conversation, **Waking Life** is a focused discussion on how we spend our lives in inaction and dream, and how dream can sometimes be more real than the reality we take for granted.

Occasionally it's amusing, like when a monkey takes over the narrative to a documentary, only to end up eating the copy. Most of the time, it's didactic and embarrassingly pretentious in a way dreams never are. The characters talk about Thomas Mann (the god of mental flatulence), Timothy Leary, Phillip Dick, Kirkegaard, Lorca, Sartre. It may have been Linklater's intention, but I soon found myself taking catnaps during a movie about sleep.

What makes it all the more exasperating is that the visual design of the film is so unique and extraordinary. I'm not sure it was exploited for its full value, but when you see people's bodies filling up with water as they drown themselves in their own abstractions, the image is always worth a chuckle or a wise nod. There's no question about it; nothing like this has ever been attempted in a feature length film, and whatever its failings, you have to admire how it stays true to its concept.

. For Wiggins, it turns out to be a night of extraordinary conversations and images, a source of endless fascination. For me, the backs of my eyelids were a source of endless fascination. For all its words, there was precious little I haven't heard before, and often. I'm not even sure if this qualifies as entertainment.

"So whatever you do, don't be bored…" remarks one sage. Too late. **Waking Life** has a gorgeous cream frosting, but its insides are all dust.—Steve Spinali

Reactions? Visit me at at http://home.earthlink.com/~sspinali

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

WATCH OUT FOR THE BIG BUNNY!

I never had the urge to see **Lost Highway**, I guess for no real reason, even though I like David Lynch films. I was visiting my parents at Christmas last year and I went with a friend to another friend's house to watch a movie. He suggested **Lost Highway**. Since I had never seen it, I agreed. Then the most unbelievable thing happened—he offered to explain the movie to my friend and I as we were watching it. I was shocked. A self-proclaimed film expert was going to ruin my viewing experience by "explaining" a film to me while we were watching it. "I'd prefer it if you didn't," I managed to mumble with my jaw still hanging open in disbelief. That was two years ago and it still bothers me.

I am always amused at people's reactions to David Lynch films. Either you are an expert, or you can't understand why he did that. When will people stop being so "shocked"? Shouldn't they realize that's why you go to see a David Lynch film? The woman behind me during **Mulholland Drive** couldn't grasp this concept. She was outright pissed off, and loudly so, that she couldn't understand what was going on. I joked about it afterward and my boyfriend says, "You know, not everyone pays attention to who directs a film. Some people might go to see it because it's about Hollywood or that they liked his last film [**Straight Story**]." Well, he put me in my place, as he usually does, but I still think it's a known fact that David Lynch makes weird movies. Plus it wasn't being shown at the megaplex. It was at the smaller, artier theater and in San Francisco.

I really enjoyed **Mulholland Drive**. It is very reminiscent of **Twin Peaks**. Not surprisingly, since **Mulholland Drive** was originally a pilot episode for a rejected TV show with some additions. Imagine the first couple of episodes of **Twin Peaks**, combined with the last episode. Missing are all the offbeat characters that Lynch had time to develop and made **Twin Peaks** so great. The Log Lady was always a big hit every time she made an appearance. Everyone stopped really caring about who killed Laura Palmer and became immersed in the interesting aspects of the town. There is a similar situation with **Mulholland Drive**. There is a mystery to figure out, but once you get into the film, it becomes secondary. My favorite character The Cowboy, unfortunately, only has a brief scene. It is the funniest scene in the movie. I could only imagine what more Lynch would have done with him.

Mulholland Drive begins with a drive through the Hollywood Hills with Lynch's trademark shot of headlights on a road. The car is a limo transporting the main character, Rita. The car stops on a deserted part of the road and the driver attempts to kill Rita. Due to a big coincidence, Rita manages to escape. She has amnesia and hides out in an apartment, befriending the subleter, Betty, who is more curious to figure out what happened. The two begin their quest to figure out who Rita is.

Of course, there are many other plots and twists. There is a director, Adam Kesher, who is adamant about making his film his way. He comes up against two gangster film producers, Luigi and Vincenzo Castigliane, who have one simple suggestion for his film. They want him to cast a particular woman as the lead. He will have complete freedom on the film as well as their full backing if he does this one thing. Kesher is a cocky young director so he doesn't take the Castigliane's suggestion well. He storms out of the meeting, destroys their car and races off. He quickly realizes the power of these film magnates. After the fabulous meeting with The Cowboy, where he is brilliantly put in his place, he begins to rethink his position on the actress.

There are lesbians, an Italian opera singer, a crazy homeless man, a very stupid hit man, and a strange senior citizen couple. All these characters kind of make sense when you think about it for a while. I prefer to just sit back and enjoy the ride down **Mulholland Drive**. Lynch goes through so much trouble to be weird, we should appreciate it for what it is. It's much more fun than a film that spells everything out from the beginning.

A film that could have used a dose of the seemingly more natural Lynchian weirdness, though it tried really hard, is **Donnie Darko**. There are a lot of reasons to never want to see this film: the name, the weird rabbit, and the horrible '80s soundtrack. I remember smirking at the previews. However, you'd be missing out on a really great film.

Donnie Darko takes place in October, 1988. It is immediately established that Donnie has some type of mental problem. He takes medication and sees a psychiatrist. A six-foot tall, evil-looking rabbit named Frank visits Donnie. Frank tells him it's all going to be over in 28 days and six hours. He follows Frank out of the house. He seems to be sleepwalking, often having the same look on his face as Frank. Donnie wakes up on a golf course, not knowing that while he was out an airplane engine has fallen from the sky and landed on his house where his room was. He would have been killed, but he was sleeping on the golf course.

The airplane engine crash has cast a shadow over the Darko family. The FAA can't figure out where it came from and no other parts of the plane have turned up. Frank encourages Donnie to commit acts of vandalism to the school which teachers turn around as an excuse to ban books from the curriculum. Frank even points out where Donnie's parents keep a gun. Seemingly from out of nowhere, Donnie starts to become obsessed with the idea of time travel. He is convinced he is able to do it.

Every opinion I have read about **Donnie Darko** since seeing the film (I didn't really care before I saw it) talk about the realistic portrayal of the '80s. I guess I must be the only person who was in high school in the late '80s who isn't nostalgic for that time period. I hated high school. **Donnie Darko's** high school experience is like mine. He even goes to Catholic school and wears the same uniforms we wore at my school, navy blue, polyester skirt/pants and vest with a white shirt. This brings back awful memories for me and probably making me sympathize more.

I see an attempt at a **Heathers** type of revelation. There is an underlying commentary on the educational system, the Catholic Church, and social patterns. I am glad none of this was too overblown. It keeps it from becoming a film school project since it is not as clever as Heathers. Donnie gets up at a school assembly and calls the guest speaker a phony. Who wouldn't have wanted to do that when you were in high school? I am also very glad there isn't any of the stereotypical high school social group movie stuff. That made the movie seem more realistic when you aren't focusing on those details. All the students look generic, allowing for the possibility that their characters could go any way. Except for the fat girl, who the director tends to go overboard with poking fun at.

Mau Mau Sex Sex is the story of "America's oldest living independent filmmakers," 84 year-old Dan Sonney and 76 year-old David Friedman. The two are best known for exploitation films such as **Blood Feast, Two Thousand Maniacs, The Defilers**, and **A Smell of Honey, A Taste of Brine**. The film attempts to tell the story of how they met and became filmmakers. It all started with Dan Sonney's father, who was the strongest man in the small Washington town where he was a police officer. He captured an escaped criminal and became a small celebrity. A film reenactment was made of the capture and he ended up touring the country with the film and his son. David Friedman was a carny who loved the life of taking advantage of unsuspecting people. He got a job with Paramount Studios, which he gave up to work with Sonney.

The two began to push the limits of what were acceptable film subjects. They looked for an excuse to put naked woman in their films. At first they made nudie cuties, where a sweet looking girl would walk around naked performing daily activities. Then they moved on to roughies, where a bad girl would get naked and walk around. They learned that if you added the word sex to a title of a film more people would see it. They knew what people wanted and were willing to give it to them. They realize they were more businessmen than filmmakers. They even joke about how they couldn't believe people would want to see some of the films they made. Although they do point out that at least they put some imagination into their films, noting that when hardcore films eventually came out there was no need for any semblance of plot to get the characters into position.

Mau Mau Sex Sex is like hanging out with your grandfather as he tells you about the old days. Sonney walks around the house talking about his household chores, doing his laundry, and going out to lunch with his daughters. Friedman is still running carnivals, paying off the cops with free tickets and donations to their charities and having a hard time finding his thermos lid. The two joke about sleeping with the actresses, the people who masturbated in the theaters to the films, and the small town banning of **Blood Feast** , which was really a backfired publicity stunt. It's all kind of creepy, in a dirty old man point of view. Even more so for me, since I saw this in a theater with approximately twenty men who were obviously there by themselves, giving the whole set up an eerie porn theater quality. You really need to be a fan of the films to enjoy this documentary, because the monotonous daily lives of these guys and the kind of contempt they show for their audience are dull. —Carolyn Keddy

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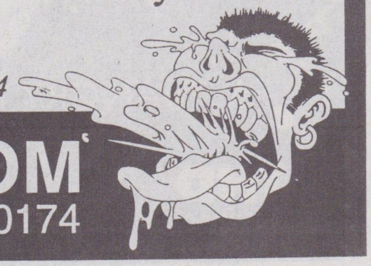

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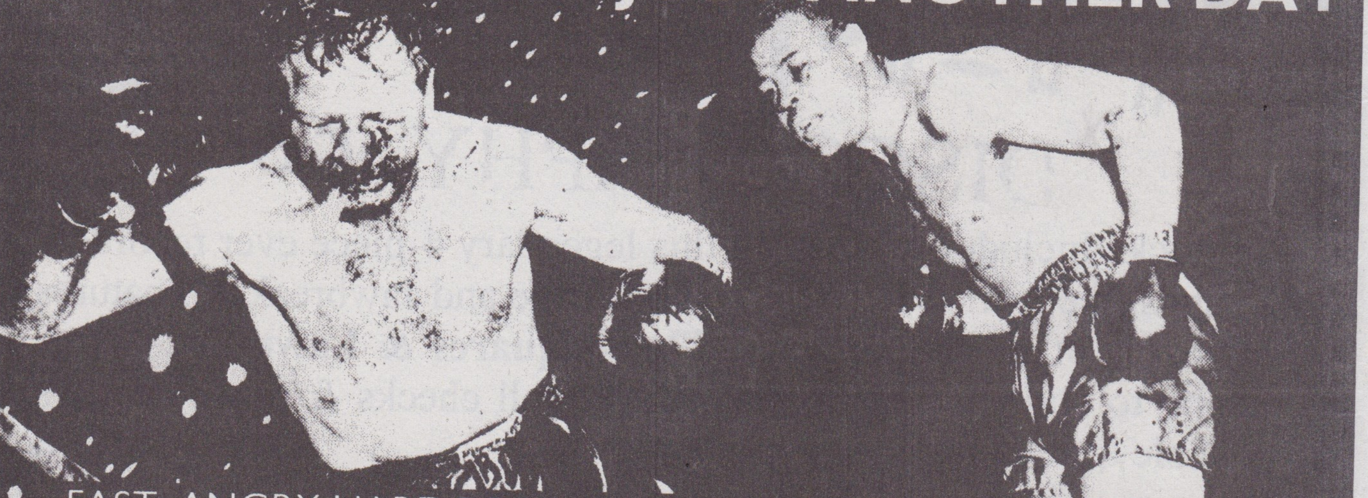

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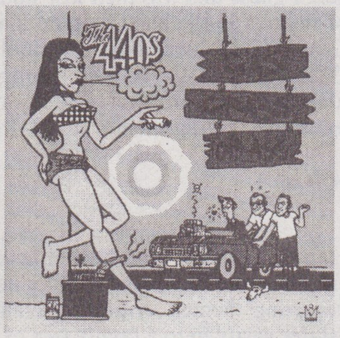


1 MIO SACHSCHADEN - "Fight People Fight Things" LP

Hard to peg this one: Anarchy signs on the record and songs that say "destroy fuckin destroy/burn it down." Then there's also songs that say "too much drugs" and "whiskey drinking woman." And to throw you off a little more, most of their songs are sung in German. Musically this reminds me of the CANDY SNATCHERS, but for some reason I think these guys have mohawks (there are no band photos in the record/insert). So there you have it, mohican Germans playing CANDY SNATCHER-esque garage-punker music...and it does rock. (AS)

(Umsturz, c/o Thomas Lindenbaum, Voxtruperstr. 12, 49082 Osnabrück, GERMANY)

THE 440's - "Gas Grass Or Ass"

Tucson, Arizona rock and rollers who make noise not unlike a tossed SUPERSUCKERS, STINKERBELL, and NASHVILLE PUSSY salad. LEAVING TRAINS and AC/DC covers, make this a rock extravaganza but not a must-have unless you're moderate fan. I dig 'em, and I could probably scrape up a few bucks somewhere. (RY)

(Rockin Bones c/o Pagani Gualtiero, Pazzale Della Macina 3, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

THE ABANDONED HEARTS CLUB - "The Initials Confessions Of" CD

Made to look like some horrible indie rock cover......and almost starting as such with a screwy intro, this kicks into that math-metal style hardcore that is good and thick, but ain't my cup of tea. Its super over the top, and well done, just not my thing. Plus keyboards on anything subtracts at least 5 points. (MW)

(Abandoned Hearts Club, 148 Barton Ave, Toronto, Ontario M66 1R2, CANADA)

ADRENALIN OD - "Rare & Unreleased 1982 Demos" LP

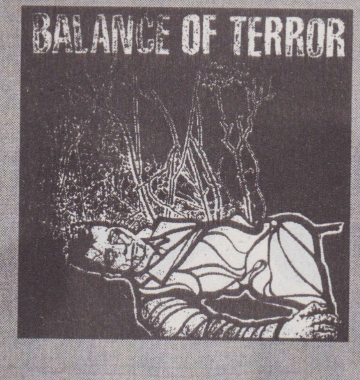
Here is a little tidbit of information from the liner notes. Did you know that ADRENALIN OD got their name from a NY Times article that said "the kids looked like they were ODing on Adrenaline" No, I didn't either. But I do know this. I have been a huge fan of A.O.D. since the very first time I heard them. As the title states these songs are from their 1982 demos and include a couple of songs that were never released. During their day, A.O.D. cranked out some ripping buzzsaw punk. Their songs were never short on speed, energy and ridiculously humorous lyrics. One thing to remember is that this is from a demo, so the recording is a bit on the raw side. I am not saying it is poor, it just doesn't have the highest production values. I was fortunate enough to see them years ago, and I remember being totally stunned at just how wacky they were. Shit, I can't end this review without mentioning the sweet looking feathered mullet on the bass player in the live band shot on the back cover. Long live the geeks! (RC)

(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN; munster-records.com)

AHISMA - "The Grueling Terror of..." EP

Fast, rough grindcore that has a few crustcore elements here and there. 4 songs total...all of them having multiple vocal styles, crazy time changes....this would have been a pretty damn good demo (for the style) but makes an OK EP. The rough recording adds a lot to this record though... If you like hardcore/grind...you'll dig it. (MW)

(Ahisma, PO Box 10811, Eugene, OR 97401)



ANGELIC UPSTARTS - "Live From The Justice League" CD

Here they are, still at it! - with this live recording as proof for those that didn't come to the show. I didn't realize it was being recorded. I'm not usually into live recordings because of the unpredictable sound but this was actually beautifully recorded. How could you not want to sing along: "If the kids are united..." ? (SR)

(TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, www.tkorecords.com)

ANTIDOTE- "Go Pogo" LP

Loud, fast, brash, and smart! From the Netherlands, ANTIDOTE is full of fast paced, high energy, intelligent chaos punk, musically similar to the EXPLOITED or later, the CASUALTIES. In fact, they even toured with the CASUALTIES in 2000. Straightforward punk, no bullshit, and a great message. If more punks wrote lyrics like these, there would be far less hatred and bullshit in punk. "I like it fast and loud, punk and proud." A fucking brilliant release all around! (EM)

(Charged, P.O.B. 157, High Bridge, NY 08829, chargedrecords.com)

ARTURO - "Conversazioni" CD

These Italians play hardcore that is on the verge of where 7 SECONDS went wrong. However, instead of drippy acoustic ballads these dudes float trippy guitar noodling and computer beats into their sound. Heaps of energy, but slightly weird. Super professional recording that makes everything a bit too clinical. (TH)

(Mastello Recortz, Via Pianezza 180 C, 10151, Torino, ITALY)

ASTERISK*/JENNY PICCOLO split 10"

We all know JENNY PICCOLO from the brutality of their split with FILTHY CHARITY, but this split is leaving me wanting something more... I guess this was their last studio output, and you can tell that they had lost a fair amount of interest in the band by then. Die-hard fans won't want to miss it, but I'd recommend their *Genocide* LP over this. One cool thing, however is a grind band referencing PALACE singer WILL OLDHAM in the opening track. ASTERISK* sounds like your run of the mill cookie monster vocals hardcore, but a few of their tracks fiddle with production and introduce cool ambient noise, giving them a MAN IS THE BASTARD sound. (RD)

(ADDRESS!!! WHAT IS THE ADDRESS?!?!?! look it up!)

ATESTABASSA - "Clone O.G.M." EP

The name of this Southern Italian band means something like "with bowed head;" the name of the record refers to genetic modification, superficially, but according to liner notes by label-guy Antonello, also touches one of the band's recurring themes, criticizing conformist thoughts and desires in the modern age. The band itself slides easily in to a family tree of Italian punk rock, hearkening back to mid-'80s Italian crossover with plenty of heavy guitar (both for better and worse), but also tracing lineage from early '90s melodic bands like KINA. I like this a lot, especially in songs like "Non Senso," which keep the pace quick. To "boot" (get it? huh, get it?), Antonello's point about the difficulty of daily life in the south of Italy doesn't fall on deaf ears. Neither does this EP. (AC)

($2.50: Rumble Fish, via G. Giusti, 93-72015 Fasano (BR) ITALY, utopia73@libero.it)

BALANCE OF TERROR - "Untold Stories" EP

This is exactly what I would expect out of Partners in Crime. It is HIS HERO IS GONE style hardcore with lyrics about a wild assortment of the most popular political ideals! Really low guitar parts with eerie riffs and all... YOU KNOW WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE. It's on Partners in Crime, alright? Just buy the t-shirt already. Jesus. (WR)

(Partners In Crime, 4507 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97217)

BESK - "The Heart of Civilization" LP

Swedish crustcore with most of the essential elements. You do get: black and white graphics (including skulls, KKK members, crosses and police), quick drumming, repetitive guitars and multiple vocalists. You don't get: a lyric sheet or a sense that they've never heard DOOM before. It's decent enough, but it simply too derivative with the sheer volume of this coming out nowadays. Maybe some pink and baby blue graphics or something? (TM)

(Arson, 112 Montreal St, Kingston, Ontario, K7K 3E8, CANADA, arsonrecords.com)

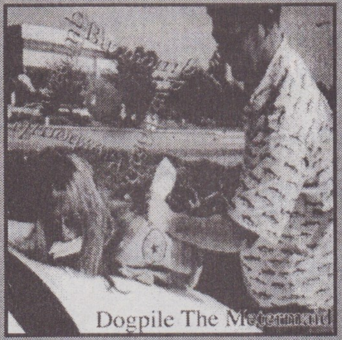
BHOPAL STIFFS – "1985-1989" CD

From the same circle of folks who brought us PEGBOY, NAKED RAYGUN, and THE EFFIGIES comes this rip roaring release from the previously mentioned years. Chicago punk rock from a band that played with many a big name band back in the day. Although 10 tracks here are live, the first 18 are Grade A punk from releases and a demo tape. I always liked their 12" and the extra tracks here just bolster that great release. (RL)

(Harmless, www.harmlessrecords.com)

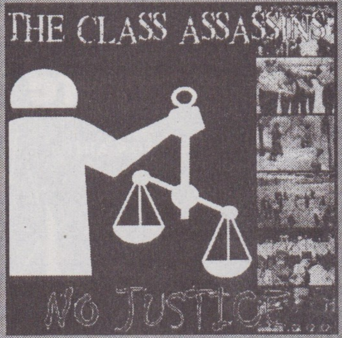
BOBBY SOXX - "Hate in the '80s/Scavenger of Death"

Those of you familiar with the "Killed By Death" series of ethnographic field recordings may recognize this crude masterpiece. Violent, insane drug addict nerd Bobby Glenn Calverley recorded these two mid-tempo punk classics in Texas before going to jail for assault (it's an ugly story). Both songs are great antisocial dirge-punk manifestos and are essential listening. This nice public-service reissue comes with a reproduction of the original sleeve and an enlightening obituary of Mr. Soxx from the Dallas Observer. And all for a fraction of the going rate on eBay! (JG)
(Kaplow!, no address. stickmenwithrayguns.com)



BRIGADES- "Von'ne Straße" EP

What REDUCERS SF does for San Francisco, I can see these guys doing for their hometown in Germany. It's always great to go out to a pub and see a bunch of local skinheads tear out a few punk rock songs in between ample beer drinking. Although the lyrics are mostly in German, the supplemental liner notes give a little insight to the tales of dreaming, partying, and bitching about the state of punk rock elitism. If you're a fan of German punk or skinhead rock 'n roll, this would be right up your alley! (EM)
(Brigade, Gerichtsstr. 5, 44649 Wanne-Eikel 02325, GERMANY)



BURNING KITCHEN - "Damn You If You Do Damn You If You Don't" 10"

Awesome socially aware raw punk rock with female vocals. Most of their lyrics challenge nationalism, socialization and the gender roles that are enforced within society. This is definitely a breath of fresh air from the old stale socially conscious stuff that has been around. Check out their 7"'s too! (SR)
(Funai, c/o Wagenplatz, Buchenhofenerstr.63, 42329 Wuppertal, GERMANY)

BURNPILE - "What About You" CD

So I've been looking forward to this release for a long time, and I am not one bit disappointed. No frills, blistering fast thrashcore (a much overused description, but man does it ever apply here) from Oklahoma. Thin, demo quality sound (that's being generous) adds to the appeal of this disc...until track nine, when they magically hopped into a pro studio (it's fucking weird; the sound is so weak and then it gets really thick all of a sudden). Shitloads of metal guitar leads (not solos, just leads) and a bass player that can come give me lessons any damn day. This is hot fucking shit, if you like it fast, raw and to the point. (13 songs in 15 minutes, by the way.) (WN)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln, Cotati, CA 94931)

BUZZBOMB - "Dogpile The Metermaid" CD

Wow, this CD is pretty slick. *Dogpile*, like their debut CD, is heavily produced and well performed. BUZZBOMB explore acoustic, rock, and punk. At best they remind me of MURPHY'S LAW or OFFSPRING, but their acoustic tunes and version of "I Write the Songs" kinda turn my stomach. They won't have to worry about me violating their "unauthorized duplication" warning. (HM)
(Abcess, buzzbomb.net)

BUZZCOCKS - "Small Songs with Big Hearts" 2xLP

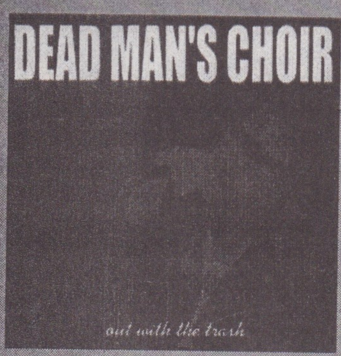
After being attacked with live records this month I finally get to the one that I really want to hear and the BUZZCOCKS did not disappoint me. This one was recorded at the Rainbow Theater in September of 1979. As live BUZZCOCKS records go, this is much better than *Live at the Roxy Club*, somewhat better that *Another Razor in a Different Face* and about equal to *Beating Hearts*. Although it is missing "Fast Cars" and "Orgasm Addict" there is a good selection of songs, including "Autonomy", "Moving Away from the Pulse Beat" and "What do I Get". The sound quality is excellent but you still get the live feeling. This comes highly recommended. (PA)
(Get Back, Abraxas srl, Via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze), Italy, abraxas.it)

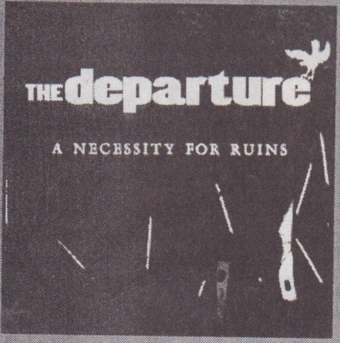
CARRY ON - "A Life Less Plagued" LP

Wow, this record is loud. If you are into youth-crew style hardcore with a little more intelligence and plenty of sheer power, this is the record for you. Although the style and subject matter leave me somewhat cold, there's no denying that CARRY ON has a complete mastery of the sound, from the galloping drums to the barbed guitars and "achingly positive in the face of rejection and insult" vocals. This album is full tilt. If this is your bag, you're going to love it. (AM)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052, bridge9.com)

CHAOSFRONT/FOLLOBSTLEICHEN - split EP

I had a hell of a time trying to figure out who was on which side, let alone how to pronounce the latter band name. What I perceive to be CHAOSFRONT is relatively generic dual vocal grind/thrash with vocals reminding me of HIS HERO IS GONE. The recording quality is very poor, especially towards the end when it seems to be just boombox recordings. The FOLLOBSTLEICHEN (?) side is essentially just three tracks of noise and strange sounds. Pots, pans,





spoons, random coughing, etc. Very forgettable. (SP)
(Front Core, c/o Thorsten Held, Ilsenstrasse 19, 56 472 Stockhausen-Illfurth, GERMANY)

CHARGERS STREET GANG - "Holy the Bop Apocalypse" CD

Choppy guitars, rowdy abandon. Adolescent angst abounds from the chorus of the first track ("you broke my fucking heart again"). Musclebound music that boasts horns and harmonica. Judging from an easily-overlooked logo buried on the back cover, the CHARGERS STREET GANG are an arm of the Young Lions Conspiracy—a mysterious aggregation of middle-American bands that share some involvement with ex-BIG BOY Tim Kerr and espouse their own exclusionary manifesto, none of which comes to mind at the moment. Music-wise, they're straddling a swaying tightrope between Music I Like (heartfelt and soulful MC5 big-stage rock backed with ten-point programs) and Music I Don't Like (emo hair-pulling and macho chest-thumping). Either way, you'll probably be hearing more of them in future months/years, though God only knows what they'll turn into by 2003. (JH)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA, gethip.com)

THE CHEAPSKATES - "Nobody's Prefect" CD EP

Despite that semi-clever title, this is still ska punk and for that I refuse to enjoy this. It's not bad, and ya' know the English accents are pretty cool, but still it's ska! C'mon! When will ska just die off? Worth a listen if you do like well done ska punk and not nearly as generic as the rest of the bullshit the world was plagued with a few years back. (BM)
(Good Clean Fun, 48 Cardigan Road, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire SA61 2QN, WALES)

THE CLASS ASSASSINS - "No Justice No Peace" EP

Hmm...so this is what Canadian street punk sounds like. Well, I guess this shit is punk rock, but on the first song I thought they were doing a cover of the Beverly Hills 90210 theme song with political slogans thrown in as lyrics. The second song is a cover of "One Tin Soldier" which is similar to the folk songs we used to sing at camp. This is the kind of band where every song is an anthem. THE CLASS ASSASSINS have very positive political aspirations, and I like that more than hearing about drinking beer. (WR)
(Insurgence Records, 2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2, CANADA)

COLONELS - "Guitarmageddon" EP

This Sacramento group plays metal-tinged retardo punk with ponderous vocals and rippin' leads, kinda reminding me of the early, lesser singles by the CANDY SNATCHERS. Pretty rockin', but it seems like they're holding back a bit. My advice: next time down a couple twelve-packs of the cheap stuff right before recording, guys. Act fast, kids—there are only 100 of these one-sided singles out there! (JG)
(Sacramento , 1114 21st St, Sacramento, CA 95814. sacramento-usa.org)

CONFUSIONE - "Taglio Corto" EP

Piercing sounds of super high speed hardcore from Italy. Fuckin' ballistic screeching vocalist and guitar licks galore! Variances and changes that keep my attention all the way through! Excellent! (SR)
(Heroine, c/o Boris Battistini, Via Galilei n.6, 47020 Montiano (FC) ITALY, heroinerocords@hotmail.com)

EL CORAZON DEL SAPO - "La Casa Magnetica" CD

At first I just wanted to say that this sounded like Argentina's FUN PEOPLE (and it does at times), but this band from Spain proves to be more dynamic the further into the disc I listen. While there is certainly a really crappy element of RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE style rap metal that pops up every so often, the majority of this release is catchy melodic hardcore, but with occasional dips into shitty commercial sounding modern rock or mediocre emo. Great political lyrics with multiple translations and explanations earn extra points, but the music could use some quality control. (WN)
(Sapos, Apdo. C. 290-50070, Zaragoza, SPAIN)

THE CRAMPS - "Fetischism" LP

This live LP was recorded at Larry's Hideaway in Toronto, 1982—just as the band was starting to make its second peak. The performances are enthusiastic, but a good portion of the mix is audience whistling and screaming along with the band, leaving the music to suffer behind poorly miked vocals and instrumentals. "I'm 5 Years Ahead of My Time" is a standout, but the intrusion of ambient noise is exasperating. For completists. (SS)
(Ghoul Ash, no address)

THE CRIPPLERS - "One More For the Bad Guys" LP

This is off to a really good rocking start. Not much info given... I guess they are from Missouri, all the songs were done in one take (allegedly thanks to two 40's of Milwaukee's Best Ice [I didn't even know they made those] and a "plenty of Stag" [what ever that may be]) and

this was done in '98. Trashy rock and roll with a definite grip on where country music influenced it all. Worth a few spins to say the least. (BM)
(Dionysus, PO Box 91507, Dionysus@dionysusrecords.com, dionysusrecords.com)

CRUDE - "Attitude" LP
Holy fucking shit on a shingle!!! I can't believe I put off listening to this all month! Raging but catchy and very classic-sounding Japanese hardcore—mix equal parts LIP CREAM and DEATHSIDE. This will abso-fucking-lutly destroy you. Essential. (MT)
(Straight Up, Kowa bld 2F, Minami-2 Nishi-1 Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062 JAPAN)

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR - "Out With The Trash" CD
So-Cal greaser rock, a tad reminiscent of what the LA DONNAS used to sound like before they became the "LA PLACEMENTS". Cousins of all the mid-tempo bands that reigned supreme a few years back, EF, TURKS and that lot. Real acceptable, rockin' and snotty. (RY)
(Know, PO Box 90579 Long Beach, CA 90809)

DEEP REDUCTION - "2" CD
The ever busy DENIZ TEK (RADIO BIRDMAN) and another project that includes him and former BIRDMAN singer ROB YOUNGER, teaming up with a bunch of other blokes who might be Aussie or American. The songs naturally take a jump of inspiration whenever Rob Younger sings (which is about 50% at best, I think) and these are the tunes that are closest to classic RADIO BIRDMAN that we remember. Generally the tunes are somewhat low-keyed, and almost sounds like RB songs that didn't make the cut on their later days. Also some tunes here are downright jangly, but once in a while they do lock in on that old BIRDMAN groove and I'm all smiles, though it ain't here all the time. Not as good as any NEW CHRISTS release but probably closer to the DENIZ TEK solo stuff. Could generally be bumped up on the intensity and songwriting quality here, but it could be a lot worse as well. (JY)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

THE DEPARTURE - "A Necessity For Ruins" CD
This is OK, I suppose. Relatively standard Warped-Tour ready Sno-Core, but with a bit more of a fast-paced hyperactive twist. The DEPARTURE sort of have me thinking of bands like BIG WIG mixed in with someone like the GET UP KIDS and a pinch of roughness. With so many CDs like this coming in, it makes me sincerely wonder, what really makes a band like this good? It can't be how well these bands play their music, because nearly every CD that comes through is flawless production-wise; it can't be originality, because there are so many bands that sound similar. What is it then? I'll let you ponder that one. (SP)
(The Departure, PO Box 19561, Boulder, CO 80308, thedeparture.net)

DEVOTCHKAS - "Live Fast...Die Young" CD
Completely moronic 1-2-1-2 punk from New York. Silly sung vocals and lyrics like "I have a wicked heart because of you/Now hate is all that I can do," and "how do you think you're cool/when we all know that your(sic) a bunch of fools." The only good part is the booklet centerfold full of photos of these ladies, their big hair, and their punk friends. That part had me rolling on the fucking floor. (Nice American Pride tattoo, by the way.) A complete waste of resources...but then again, I did just spend the last 20 minutes laughing. THE DEVOTCHKAS are finished but they have a new line-up and will forge onward as THE 99'S, so there are more laughs to come. (WN)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NJ 11953)

THE DICTATORS - "Avenue A/New York, New York" 45
.......man, some real old looking DICTATORS here....I mean like super old.....but, still sounding like the regular old DICTATORS....side two is a live cut.....a song from "Wild Kingdom".....all in all this record is a little on the limp side, and that's not just because I'm in a bad mood either....I'm a fan of these dudes, but this record, like the CRAMPS record.....is dull....zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!!!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

THE DICTATORS - "D.F.F.D." LP
It's great that a legendary band like the DICTATORS didn't succumb to drugs and alcohol or move to the suburbs to sell car insurance, but this record is not very good. The ballads are too slow and wimpy. On the couple of fast songs the band delivers decent JEFF DAHL style rock 'n' roll, with much guitar wanking, but for most of this record, the DICTATORS sound like the CARS after they were past their prime. If this was not the DICTATORS, nobody would give this record a second listen. This shit isn't quite as bad as the REAL KIDS reunion, but it's better to just throw on 1975's *Go Girl Crazy* and listen to "Master Race Rock" or the BEACH BOYS influenced "I Live for Cars and Girls." (BR)
(Dictators Multi Media, PO Box 220-330, Brooklyn. NY 11222)

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS - "Dog Meets Girl" CD

I'm not disappointed or thrilled about this CD. Fast, tight and energetic, but something's missing. Could it be their emo tunes or their BLINK 182 similarities? You should buy this, and tell me what the f*ck I mean. (HM)
(Ambition, ambitionwear,com, thedisappointments.com)

THE DOGS - "Class of 1970/ Rebel Rock"

A new one and an old one from those Michigan DOGS. "Class of 1970" is the new one. It has a nice rocking sound, but the lyrics are kind of dumb. "Iggy was the president. Youth gone wild with rocking revolution". I guess they want us to know they were around back in the day. "Rebel Rock" is a live recording from Michigan Statue University in 1971. The back cover warns me that this is a lo-fi recording, but it didn't mention anything about it being practically unlistenable. You'll have to be a real fan to sit through repeated listenings of this track. (CK)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 95107)

DOWNWAY - "Defeat Songs" CD

SPECIAL BULLETIN: "Surrender" has already been covered more than it ever needed to be. The soldiers were "falling off", not "falling down" and before they married "your mother served in the WACs", not "the war". Now that that has been said, the cover is not a very good one. The rest of the CD can be explained rather well by the fact that it was produced by Russ Rankin (the singer for GOOD RIDDANCE). Up tempo, "melodic hardcore" in the vein of many of the early Fat Records bands. For the most part DOWNWAY is pretty good at what they do, the recording is clean and the playing is tight. (PA)
(Sessions, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066, sessionsrecords.com)

DRAGNET - "Better off Dead" EP

According to the short letter that accompanied this release all the members of the band are 16! Damn, if two of the guys added their age together I would still be older than them. Yikes! Well, with that said, let me just point out that the youth of today are keeping the hardcore spirit alive with solid releases like this. Tough as nails fast hardcore with a slight touch of some youth crew antics that makes me think these guys go nuts when they play live.. Strong vocals and pissed off lyrics that literally scream "fuck off". This comes on a nice shade of stale urine vinyl and probably is limited or something special like that. (RC)
(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

LES DRAGUEURS - "...A la Surboum!" LP

On the heel of last year's single, this neo-'60s outfit offers a generous sampling of general styles (they claim to like the STANDELLS and LYRES) and lets your imagination go from there. However, LES DRAGEURS are kind enough to offer annotations as to the style of each song: "jerk," "rock," "twist," "surf," "shimmy"—and a few are even accurate. For me, the French language and '60s tuneage mix like helium and crude oil, but there's some aggressive guitars and a sense of fun that should probably be given its due. (SS)
(Wild Wild, BP 5592123 Montrouge Cedex, FRANCE)

DRIFTNET - "A Sample of No Commercial Value" LP

When did being a "modern" hardcore band mean you had to have these really arty cover photos, etc....I never got that. This band is fast modern hardcore, with all the guitar hooks, high pitched strained vocals (ala IGNITE), and other elements that are cliche. I shouldn't bag on this record so bad....its got energy, and live they might rock, plus their hearts are probably in the right place, and hell, even their lyrics are pretty right-on....think later TURNING POINT. (MW,)
(Dead Serious, Helenenanlage 3, 66299 Friedrichsthal, GERMANY)

DUN 2 DEF - "Bomb Squad" EP

OK sing-song-ee Brit-punk in the vein of THE BUZZCOCKS and THE LURKERS. With all the old records and second, third and... wave bands in this genre. This doesn't make too much of an impact on me. (RL)
(Dislocate, PO Box 321, Durham, DH7 7YG, UK, disclocate)

DYING BREED - "Genocide Can No Longer be Denied" CD

Great Aussie (I think!) hardcore with some of the better lyrics I've read in a bit. The music is ferocious hardcore with gasoline vocals—there's some throat pain in there for sure. Lyrics cover some of the standards, i.e. punk politics, all ages shows, racism, money, and so forth. To their credit, they presented themselves in a manner which was more intriguing than boring. Excellent stuff—if you're smart, and like your hardcore totally raw and uncompromising, get to it! (TM)
(c/o Grant Johns, 8 Glendene Court, Werribee, Vic 3030, AUSTRALIA, dyingbreed.8m.com)

EDÖRA - "Tomorrow Is Ours" EP

I don't know what the band name might mean to you if you're from Singapore, like these

guys, but as far as I'm concerned it's a synonym for "thrash it till you go insane," a tempting excerpt from the first song on this EP This five-piece (that's one guitar player, two singers) tear through nine jagged-edged hardcore songs, dropping the tempo for a total of only two or three short breakdowns. Contrasting pitch in the vocals is a plus, lending some variety to the sound. The lyrics are pissed, condemning the twin evils of scene bullshit and genocide. (AC)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

ELECTRIC EELS - "The Eyeball Of Hell" 2xLP
.......now this is more like it....a real quality job here....two slabs of nice firm vinyl tucked into a smooth gate-fold jacket chock full of over the top info....my pistol is packed for this ride....noisy arty tangled redundant passages......over and over again on the head-phones....loud....If you're an EELS fan, this two record set will give you all the pleasures of a big hard cock up your ass...so sit on it, baby....every reviewer here should put this on their top-ten this month.....show the world you got good taste...(SW)
(Scat, scatrecords.com)

END ON END/THIS ENGINE BURNS - split CD
Both bands do five songs here. END ON END has the better half of the CD. They play a mixture of pretty straight forward hardcore, screamo and a couple hints of the new "melodic emo", for lack of better words. The first song is strait three chord hardcore with screaming vocals and the obligatory breakdown. The next four songs are slower with heavy parts that move into slower quite parts that build back into the heavy part while the vocalist goes from talking to screaming. THIS ENGINE BURNS has more of a pop element to the band. At times they sound like FRICTION but a little heavier and at others they sound somewhat like HOT WATER MUSIC. The only problem is that they really aren't as good as either band. THIS ENGINE BURNS may also be hindered by the fact that the vocals are often too up front and drown out the music. (PA)
(This Guy, P.O.Box 25725, Los Angeles, CA 90025, thisguyrecords.com)

EPOXIES - "Need More Time" EP
Synth heavy new wave pop...TONI BASIL, (Mickey comes to mind) DEVO. Side B is an ADAM ANT cover, "Beat my guest". Not bad... (JT)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

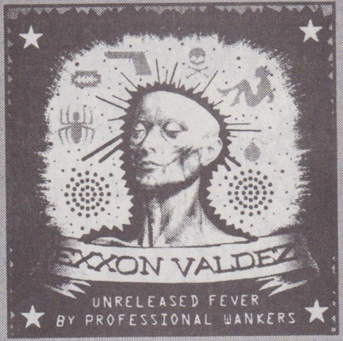
EXCLAIM/JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS- split EP
You ain't kiddin: thrashcore... Not only that, but Japanese thrashcore. Loud, fast, and for the most part completely incomprehensible. Both EXCLAIM and JELLYROLL ROCK-HEADS have their moments, but for the most part, they are a little too boring and screamy and lacking in substance for my taste. Don't get me wrong, though, if you're about Japanese hard-core or thrashcore, you'll probably be all over this! (EM)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142)

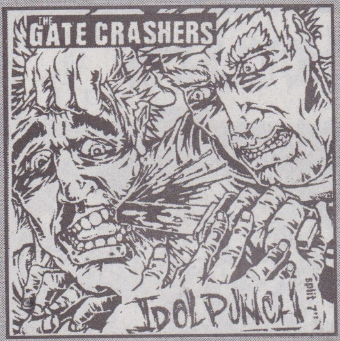
EXCLAIM - "Critical Exploder" LP
Yeah! EXCLAIM was here a few weeks ago from Japan and they were super as a live band. The LP is a pretty good representation of them as a band. They play kind of sloppy but really good thrash with rad drum parts and everything. You can shout along if you can keep up. Unfortunately I can't read the lyrics because I don't understand Japanese. From what I can tell, a lot of them are politically charged. I'm not a big fan of the production on this record. There is a HIGH amount of distortion on everything. It definitely gives them a unique sound, but I like to be able to here all the elements separately. (WR)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

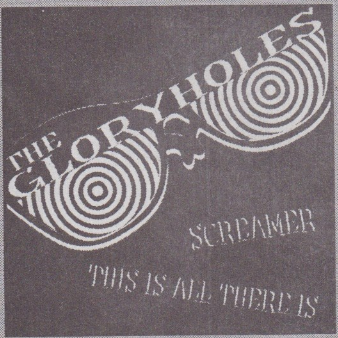
EXXON VALDEZ - "Unreleased Fever By Professional Wankers" CD
I know drunken Exxon Valdez captain Jeffrey Hazelwood's sister, no shit, nice lady too. A full length from 1/2 of last month's split with mates The DON'T CARES. Fast and furious, screeching French garage punk. Flying back and forth between the insanity of 80's hardcore like RAW POWER and the tunefulness of the DWARVES or TV KILLERS. I'm backin' this all the way. (RY)
(no address)

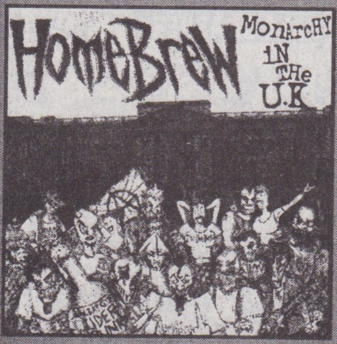
FLASH GORDON - "Troma City Pollution Attack" LP
Quick fast Japanese hardcore assault that rewrites the soundtracks of such cinematic tri-umphs as the *Karate Kid, Toxic Avenger, Surf Nazi's Must Die, and Road Warrior.* Blazing thrash throughout that routinely gets corralled by solid guitar rock'n'roll. So, there's speed and hooks. So, you'll buy it. So, beat it you jerk. (TH)
(Answer, Hase Bld. No. 2 B1 5-49, Osu 3 Naka-Ku Nagoya-City, Aichi 460, JAPAN)

THE FOUR EYES/MILHOUSE USA - "The Official Tour T-Shirt Tour Official Record" split EP
Yep, a split tour record for the FOUR EYES and THRILLHOUSE tour... MILHOUSE









USA broke up before the tour. A classic tour of sick members going home mid-tour, band breaking up before the tour, shows falling through, but never fear, THE FOUR EYES prevail. You can still try to coerce the Hat Nerds to your town. A fine limited to 100 copies EP. Scramble for your copy today. (HM)
(Sacramento, 1114 21st St, Sacramento, CA 95814, sacramento-usa.org, thefoureyes.com, milhouse-usa.com)

FREE RANGE TIMEBOMB/SAPERE AUDE - "Die Dunkle Seite Des Nordens" split LP
I fully expected another run of the mill metal/hardcore release when I saw the cover. Bremen's FREE RANGE TIMEBOMB quickly showed me how wrong I was: six punk as fuck songs with the same drumbeat (that's a good thing) and all the sing-along parts you would expect from a record that had a mohawk and a middle finger on the cover. Most of the tracks are a bit too long for my taste, but it's quality punk rock through and through. SAPERE AUDE has less "fuck you" and more mid-tempo melody. Their side sounds more like a record that would have come out 15 years ago, with a thin guitar sound (again, a good thing), lyrics that are spit out so fast they can barely even be screamed, and very overt anti-government politics. Not at all what I thought I was getting, and I'm certainly happy I didn't have to sit through two sides of shitty clean boy metal. (WN)
(Twisted Chords, Postfach, 76327 Pfinztal, GERMANY)

GC5 – "Horseshoes And Handgrenades" CD
A five song EP from this tough- as- nails combo that rocks with the intensity of HUDSON FALCONS on the street punk front. Top notch "Street" that brings it home with a great cover of THE REPLACEMENTS "Bastards Of Young". Proving bands that rock can have good songs too. (RL)
(Leprock , Ballinclougher, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry, IRELAND,www.thegc5.com)

THE GATE CRASHERS/IDOL PUNCH- split EP
Both these bands are fucking boss. THE GATECRASHERS are really tight thrash with sweet breakdowns that are tasteful in size. If I can remember from their split with DOWN IN FLAMES, their lyrics are "Fuck you, you suck!" style. Unfortunately there are no lyrics in this one, though they do have a song called "The Gate Crashers 7" would be so much better if it didn't come with lyrics". IDOL PUNCH, who are from Japan, who I've never heard of before, are fucking awesome. They are thrashing as well, they are doing all sorts of insane stuff with the guitars and with the bass. And I hear some rock and roll influence. There are brief melodic parts that leak through over the chaos. Do it!!! (WR)
(XMoshstacheX, 652 Evelyn Ave., East Meadow, N.Y. 11554)

GAVIN BLACK - "Seventh Generation Rock and Roll" CD
Dude, I looked at the cover, and I totally thought I was about to listen to the Midwest's newest emo sensation, and here I am getting pummeled by a modern day CAVITY. Fuck, this thing crushes! I wish that more heavy bands would take note and learn how to write good songs instead of relying on a good sound to make us ignore their boring riffs. Vocals remind me occasionally of Phil Anselmo, but hey, I can live with that. Fans of burly ass downtuned rock, take note and hunt this disc down. Shit's good, man. (WN)
(Friction, PO Box 6605, Grand Rapids, MI 49516)

THE GLORYHOLES - "Screamer/This Is All There Is"
Bopping garage punk with a lethargic, slurring singer conjuring up images of the MOTARDS, the FELLS and any band on the Rip Off roster. (CK)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

GREAT UNWASHED - "The Fire Next Time" LP
Euro-punk n' roll of the German variety that sounds like a latter-day toned down CANDY SNATCHERS or HELLACOPTERS. THE GREAT UNWASHED go for that big turbo-charged sound, that's washed up and dried out. Falling somewhere in the wastelands of mediocrity these songs are purely forgettable. Next. (DL)
(Pandoras Box, Rellinghasuserstr. 214, 45136 Essen, pandorasbox_records@yahoo.de)

THE HARD FEELINGS - "Are Having A...Soul Party!" EP
The A side is a cool fuzzed and kicked around version of "Leave Me Alone" by Nathaniel Mayer. It doesn't come across too self conscious or ironic, either. Just excited and agitated. There's a nice hyper solo in it as well. The B side is a cover of a song SOLOMON BURKE popularized, called "Home In Your Heart". Unfortunately, this one suffers from too much JOHN SPENCER style of over doing the vocals, and thus sounding a bit mannered. Whatever, the A side is worth the price of admission. I'm curious what the rest of their songs sound like. (BG)
(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142)

HAYMAKER/OXBAKER split EP

This is one humdinger of a split. I feel bad, though, because for me, HAYMAKER steals the show. While OXBAKER comes off sounding like INFEST clones (for all I know, they could have former members of them... it is on Deep Six), HAYMAKER hearkens back to the heyday of hatecore, conjuring images of NEGATIVE APPROACH, SHEER TERROR and YDI. Check this out, for sure. (RD)

(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510-6911; oxbaker911@hotmail.com or haymaker-willkillyou@hotmail.com)

HIGH HOPES - "S/T" CD

This is well produced, energetically played poppy punk in a Cruz records vein. Ultimately it comes off a little faceless, and goes down like empty calories. Still, stuff like this has it's place, just not necessarily in my record collection. (BG)

(Let It Burn c/o Daniel Nagel, Kraulgarlenweg, 3a 86663 Asbach Baumenheim, GERMANY)

HOLIER THAN THOU? - "The Hating of the Guts" LP

Goddamn! This is totally ferocious hardcore—spastic in pace, accurate and tight in delivery. Blazing at this speed and still hitting on every cylinder is such an amazing thing—the guitar on this doesn't let up. Lyrics are refreshing in that they aren't things I've already read ten times tonight. I've always preferred lyrics I can relate to, and when you talk about reality as in "Drug Count," my attention is kept more effectively. Another essential, blazing Six Weeks keeper. (TM)

(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

HOMEBREW- "Monarchy in the UK" EP

Is it just me, or is Left punk making a resurgence!?! Maybe it has something to do with how damn obvious the bourgeoisie bullshit has become! The 'BREW come at you with tales of revolution told by cider punks jokingly proclaiming to be the "best looking band in punk rock entertainment," playing "real punk rock with balls the size of grapefruits." A solid single. Oi! the Ciderpunk Revolution! (EM)

(Dislocate, PO Box 321, Durham DH7 7YG, UK, dislocate.com)

HOMO ERADICUS - "Misanthropology" EP

Take the driving rhythms of a BORN AGAINST, add in the intensity of RORSCHACH, pay close attention to some of the better BOTCH riffs, then listen to some of '90s metalcore and mathmetal at the same time and you'll at least be in the ballpark. The whole thing is pretty fucking brutal, and the influences are varied enough that I listened to this twice, and still find myself looking forward to a 12". Totally original record, which is something that doesn't happen often enough. I've got a feeling this is a project band, but hopefully my intuition is wrong and we'll be hearing more from them...they've got a song called "Beard Envy" for fuck's sake, how can I not love this? (WN)

(Rock'n Roleplay, 634 NW 48th, Seattle, WA 98107)

IN CONTROL - "Breaking the Curse" CD

I haven't seen IN CONTROL in a few years, but this is how I remember them. Really simple youth crew style hardcore, sometimes melodic, continuing the tradition of Nardcore. It is really positive hardcore. This is a CD which collects their demo and their first 7". I like this stuff a lot better than their new LP which is the natural progression musically (a lot heavier) but the lyrics have gotten unbelievably negative. I would check this out and avoid their new stuff. (WR)

(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

INCRIMINATED - "Illusion of Love" EP

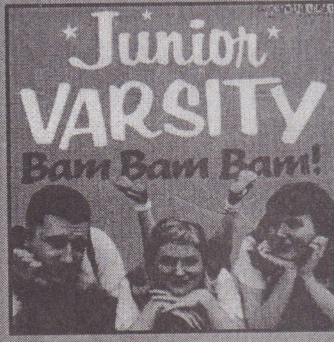
The cover certainly mislead me on this one! Totally slick, religious graphics, printed lyric sheet—thought I'd be in for something similar on the platter. Instead, I get raw, distorted, and fuzzy hardcore, longer songs (several minutes each, three songs on the EP...one of which is a total dirge), totally indecipherable singing, monotone drumming, and elementary structures. Which is to say, I loved it! I'm still a sucker for generic hardcore when it's well executed, and this certainly wins on effect over style. (TM)

(Northern Heritage, PO Box 21, 15141, Lahti, FINLAND)

INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL - "Screams of Suffering" EP

Burly, pedal to tha' metal ass ripping German hardcore that not only kicks major booty in a neo-powerviolence sort of way (sans super slow parts) but also in its lyrics, which rip with vengeance at the evils of religion, sexism, multi-death corporations and meat-eating. My personal favorite would be the lyrics to the song called "Floorpunch" (obviously about the band). They are simply "Die." Solid. (MT)

(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)



JACK PALANCE BAND - "Get This Shit Under Way" CD

Cool melodic 'core stuff outta Florida, earnest and driving with a real knack for a hook. These guys thread on familiar territory yet still sound pretty convincing and forceful. Imagine a even more gruff JAWBREAKER with more classic pop-anthemic sensibilities, and the combination could be pretty cool, as demonstrated here. All the tunes are a joyous blast from beginning to end. A band bristling with the good stuff. (JY)

(ADD, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674)

JENIGER - LP

A truly impressive, ultra-heavy seven-song LP from these German sludge-core warriors. Think of a more upbeat UNION OF URANUS, complete with the huge stadium guitar octave layering, with a bit more vocal variety and songs that don't really drag on as long. I really like this, the songs are memorable and put together well and the sound is just immaculate. I would urge you to seek this out. (SP)

(Ruin Nation, PO Box 1417, 49363, Renningen, GERMANY, rnrstivie@aol.com)

JUNIOR VARSITY - "Bam Bam Bam!" EP

Alright, this band included a little note to the person who assigns records the records out to us lowly reviewers... they stated (and I quote), "give this to a dork who will like it". And to that I say, fuck you. I am not a dork. I assure you I am not. In any event, what the fuck is up with this EP??? Fifteen songs??? Full songs at that. Not just stupid noises that last a few seconds, I'm talking fifteen full mid-fi pop-garage nuggets. It's somewhere between really cute and really annoying. It's good but in a really sugary way. Three singers, two of which are female, really make this a pleasure to listen to 98% of the time (the other two percent I am reminded about that dork comment). (BM)

(Twist Like This, PO Box 540995, Houston, Texas 77254)

KAIVOSURMA - "Bronstein" EP

Two man punk-attack unit from the freezing wasteland of Finland. Lo-fi production makes it sound sorta like early TERVEET KADET or RATTUS, but what the hell is up with those vocals, huh? Sounds sort of like a hamster running away from a cat and screaming its head off the whole way. Weirdness, but I'm down for the cause. Run hamster, run!!!! (MT)

($6 ppd: Slode c/o M. Mälkki, Ilmarinkatu 36 D 37, 33500 Tampere, FINLAND)

KARP - "Action Chemistry" CD

Hey, one of those retrospective CDs with single and comp tracks from years past. Includes stuff that got put out on the Up/Karate Brand/Atlas/Kill Rock Stars set of labels. Also includes an unreleased BLACK FLAG cover to round out the package. A blur of joyous arty party music that's alternately "heavy" as well as "murky," all framed by a certain charming spastic quality. Never quite saw the metal roots before, but it's all over the place here, but of course in its own weird context. A good shiny piece of plastic to own and treasure. (JY)

(Punk In My Vitamins, PO Box 2283, Olympia, WA 98507)

KEITZER - "To Destroy the Planet Earth" LP

Wait, you're pulling my leg, you mean super heavy metallic grindcore with death metal vocals coming from Germany? No way.....This is well executed fast black metal influenced grindcore...driving drums, black metal guitar tones, low vocals, that bigger than life production......lyrics about, what else, the earth being destroyed. A little too metal and over the top for my tastes, but this will stoke fans of the genre. (MW)

(Farewell c/o Micha Meyer, Gustav-Freytag-Str. 18, 47057 Duisburg, GERMANY)

KISMET H.C. - "Our Message is of Anger...Our Voices Are of Pain" CD

These songs just have such an immense explosion of energy. Some songs get a bit bizarre sounding but the energy level of this female headed hardcore band is something else. A powerfully layered sound played at a fast tempo with strong vocals. Interesting explanations accompany their lyrics. (SR)

(Vivify, c/o Kismet HC 434 Werrington Rd., Bucknall, Stoke-On-Trent, ST2 9AB, ENGLAND, diddyann65@hotmail.com)

KNUCKLEHEAD - "Voice Among Us" CD

I know people say punk rockers today can't write original shit, but damn if this isn't an exception to that fucking rule. This is strong feft street punk with great lyrics, sung fantastically! It's time to grab their Canadian lefty brethren the CLASS ASSASSINS and PROPAGANDHI, force Bill Owens to reformulate NJ Redmen THOSE UNKNOWN, and hit the road on a tour to take back the hearts and minds of the wasted generation KNUCKLEHEAD sing about. If you hate the rich, consumer culture, TV, Hollywood, power—or if like me, you hate all that horseshit—buy this fucking record now! (EM)

(Whiskey Voice, 1008 8th St., SE Calgary, AB, CANADA, knucklehead.ca)

LOS FEDERALES - "La Maldicion De Los Federales" CD

Beach-core punk without the surfboards. Gutter punk you can tap your foot to. Catchy and perfectly produced without the sugar rotting yer teeth out. Opinionated without preaching. Guitars without overkill, yet without apology.
Good modern punk without a keyboard in sight. Wow. *Really ugly cover*, throw it away and make your own. Just get it. (RW)
(No Theme c/o PO Box 44338, Tucson, AZ 85733)

LOUTS/TWO FISTED - split EP

THE LOUTS put out two scratchy sing along street punk tunes. A bit too bland for my tastes. TWO FISTED is definitely a bit stronger. Also a street punk act, they guys have raspy voices and sing loud and proud about the working class. Its pretty amazing though if these guys really do work 80 hours a week (as stated in their song) and still have a band. Hmm... (SR)
(Murder & Mayhem, 1500 Miriam Ave., Garner, NC 27529)

MAHALIUM - "Du Ar Såld!" EP

Basic mid-paced political punk from Sweden. Not exactly hardcore, it sounds old, like late—'80s old. Reminds me of that KAFKA PROCESS split with DISORDER. This could be a grower. This is the third or fourth release from this band on a brand new label. Send demos to... (AD)
(Falafel Media, c/o Bovetevagen 15, 260 40 Viken, SWEDEN)

MAKARA - LP

Hailing from Cupertino, CA in the mid-to-late-'90s, MAKARA sort of represented what was left beneath the rubble when many "key players" of the screamo scene went on to form indie-rock bands.Though MAKARA did contain an ex-member of MOHINDER (and future members of YAPHET KOTTO, JENNY PICCOLO, and RUHAEDA), their sound was a bit more strained and heavy than the hectic, often catchy assault for which MOHINDER was known. The music ranges from really chaotic, to very delicate and quiet, to really odd and arty. Mostly, this is very much in the same category as HONEYWELL, especially the vocals, which sound almost identical to some HONEYWELL material. Note that this is a discography (though it's not described as such) and as a result there is a large variety in the recordings, which sort of disrupts the flow of the record as a whole. I think the average person could have benefited from a little more information in the liner notes (what releases these songs originally appeared on, dates, etc.), but nevertheless, this release serves as an appropriate last will and testament. (SP)
(Blood of the Young, PO Box 14411, Minneapolis, MN 55414, blood-of-the-young.com)

MEATAXE – "Straightedge Thrash Violence" CD

I know what your thinking, "oh great more straightedge violence bullshit." Well actually from the looks of the pictures on the lyric sheet these guys are too nerdy to be even remotely scary. Even with their aggro lyrics it stills seems pretty tongue-in-cheek to me. Musically, these guys tear it up hard. Balls out thrashing hardcore with harsh vocals and most of the songs clocking in under a minute. It is a tad sloppy, but the sheer aggression takes charge and makes the songs stick in your head. I have heard these guys before on the "Violent Hornsby Straightedge" compilation. I liked them then and I like them even more now. (RC)
(Snapshot, PO Box 175, Georges Hall 2198, NSW AUSTRALIA; jay_snapshot@hotmail.com)

THE MIGHTY MOGULS - "Let's Do The Finkin' Dance" EP

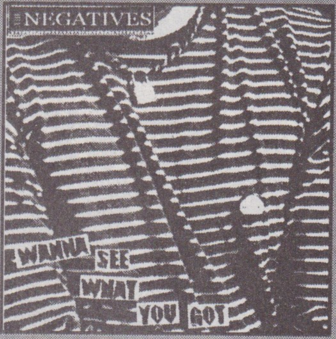
Further proof that the denizens of that enterprising seahorse nation of Japan do well whatever they set their minds to doing. An obvious reference point in this case would be the 5678s owing to the husky gal vocals and retro aesthetic, but THE MIGHTY MOGULS seem considerably less in control and you'll get no complaints from me on that account! (DD)
(Deckrec/U.K. Project Inc., 5-2-14 (@UKP), Daizawa, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-1132, JAPAN kt.rim.or.jp)

THE MIGHTY MOGULS - "Teenage Party with The Mighty Moguls" CD

A very rockin' band from Japan. Garagey frat rock with some nice surf guitar and a fantastic female singer. She has a great deep voice and sounds like she is screaming her head off, jumping around, and having the time of her life. (CK)
(Reelin' & Rockin', 6-25-16-1011, Nishi-Shinjuku, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo, 160-0023 JAPAN)

MINDBLASTER/HATHOR - split EP

Well, shit. The artwork and bio that come with the thing pretty much sum it all up... Collectors of obscure Swedish hardcore can skip over these two bands. MINDBLASTER formed in a barn, since then they've mastered the art of taking 40 seconds worth of horrible, generic crust and painfully dragging it on until I'd really love to hear the sound of a pair of dull scissors being jabbed into my ears. two out of the three members have long hair, and better yet, their guitar player only has four and a half fingers on his left hand! HATHOR offer mid paced, guitar wanking anthems about getting laid and getting fucked up. The insert reads "pro-porn, pro-drugs, pro-meat, and pro-a-lot-of-other-stuff." Two very Possible candidates for a Swedish



chapter of the Confederacy of Scum... ugh. (VH)
(Mindblaster c/o Martin Hogebrandt, Hogar 5, 457 92 Tanumshede, SWEDEN)

MINIWATT - "Assimilated" CD
Good, really good, mechanistic robot rock without the keyboards. I don't mean goofy SERVOTRON robot rock, just intelligent gritty indie-punk that moves along metronome-style and achieves a hypnotic repetition broken up by the precise guitar work and imaginative drumming. Sterile description, but these guys are kinda dry. An effective band. (RW)
(Arbeid, 616 Willett Ave, E. Providence, RI, 02915)

MONKEY BUZZNESS/PRIMATE 5 - "Dead Satellite/Soylent Green (is still people)"
High concept time - two monkey bands on one seven inch hunk of vinyl, each doing a catchy, pleasant (toe-tapping, even). Give these guys some bananas, they earned 'em! (DD)
(Rockin' Bones, Pagani Gualtiero Piazzale Della Macina.3, 43100 Patma, ITALY, rbones@rsad-vnet.it)

NK 6 - Keep On Keeping On - LP
Holy fuck this rages! You know a record is good when you get goose bumps just sitting there listening to it! According to my sources from deep within the MRR compound this band has somebody affiliated with GAUZE in it, though it isn't an actual band member of GAUZE. And speaking of GAUZE band members, the album was produced by one of them. In fact the two bands are so alike the comparison between the them is inevitable. NK 6 blast through nine songs of mind-blowing punk. It is dead on classic Japanese thrash. Ferocious drumming, buzzing guitars and really strong vocals. Jesus fucking Christ this is an amazing record! Absolutely essential! (RC)
(Deranged, PO Box 543 STNN.P Toronto, Ontario M5S 2T1 CANADA)

THE NADS - "Saigon Hooker" EP
What a fucking great title for an EP (and song). Good stuff. While all three songs are fairly different from each other, they all maintain some common ground. They are all catchy, mid-tempo—almost methodical, at times—traditional punk rock songs. The B-side cuts, in particular, remind me of the old British band THE USERS. Anybody who knows THE USERS will understand what a huge compliment that is. Good shit. (KK)
(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142)

NAZIS FROM MARS - S/T LP
Yes, Ethel, there is a NAZIS FROM MARS. It lives way up North in the Netherlands, and survives on a diet of non-dancey techno, 70's punk, harsh guitar noise and fuzz boxes. Some of its children are named 'Girl From Another World', 'Fuck You Anyway' and 'I Don't Like Your Favorite Bands and DJs'. If you pray really hard to NAZIS FROM MARS maybe you will get a copy of this record in your mailbox and you'll listen to it twice a day, like vitamins. If you are bad, no NAZIS FROM MARS for you. So be good. Or be human. (RW)
(Astral Anarchy, Varenstraat 374, 3765 WZ Soest, NETHERLANDS)

THE NEGATIVES - "Wanna See What You Got" EP
In case the other nerds here haven't been mentioning it, the *MRR* house recently acquired a *Charlie's Angels* pinball machine. Ahh, bliss. This record paired perfectly with that game - all flashing lights and snotty shouting. While their press release may hail them as the next ADOLESCENTS, I think they've done one better and emulated a more bilious, pogo-friendly NIP DRIVERS, with CHINA WHITE's harmonic sensibilities. This is better than the slew of all those muddled, generic, albeit catchy singles coming out... this has what it takes to be an instant classic. (RD)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

NO DENIAL - "Soundtrack of Decline" CD
Another Crucial Response release. I've always been a fan of his taste, and while I couldn't listen to stuff in this genre exclusively, there's a thread of quality that runs through most of the Crucial Response stuff. This rages in a blazing yet decipherable manner—it's fast, but you could follow along with the singer, and not get totally lost. Hardcore played the old fashioned way—straightforward, fast, powerful. (TM)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

NUMBERS - "Downtown Girls" EP
Snot-nosed and sarcastic in what I've always considered to be the traditional Orange County form—I can hear the ghosts of the ADOLESCENTS and DI rattling around on this one, along with any number of bands on the old *Someone Got Their Head Kicked In* LA compilation. The NUMBERS might not be a rough-and-ready gang of beach thugs (maybe, ain't my place to comment) but they still form a unified front on this record, ready to storm stages and rob liquor cabinets. Fun stuff, worth repeated spins. (JH)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92651, hostagerecords.net)

O.B.N.I./MOB HARDCORE - split CD

O.B.N.I. knocks out tunes like an anarcho-punk KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS. Female-Male vocals trading off at top speed with wailing guitars and a cranked up rhythm section. Don't let this review suggest NAUSEA to you, this is much faster and right before the nuclear winter. MOB HARDCORE is similarly with the quickness but much tighter. Precision breakdowns that add to the crunch of their solid early SO MUCH HATE sound. Strangely, they break into rock jams at various points. Both bands are from Spain, a European country. (TH)

(Mala Raza, Ap. Co. 6037-50080, Zargoza, SPAIN, entropia@arrakis.es)

ONE LEAF/THE THUMBS - split EP

ONE LEAF, from Japan, plays catchy, scrappy pop punk, with an innocent upswing to the melodies and vocals. Nicely layered vocals compensate for the dubiously wrought English lyrics. You know about the THUMBS: they write a good song as a matter of course, and the two on this EP are no exceptions. They're tight, fast, and keep the punchy hooks coming without sounding too clean. In addition, they have full mastery of the English language—I particularly enjoyed the image of "afternoon tea at gunpoint" in "They Improve Ideas." (AC)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 155-0033 JAPAN)

ONWARD TO MAYHEM - LP

Yeah! Charged Records has another bullet! Here's some Chaos punk that'll make your spikes stand at attention! The politics lean to the left, responsible beer drinking is encouraged, and the guitars fucking scorch the planet! ONWARD TO MAYHEM have all the punk urgency that you need to break some glass, overturn a police car, and ignite some highly flammable liquids! The punk music here has shouted vocals with Waring blender guitar and bass mix. Very thrashy! This Minneapolis cluster of Riot Punks play vicious, inspired, UK 1980s style punk rock. Recommended. (BR)

(Charged Records, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)

OPERATION MAKEOUT - "(First Base)" CD

The cover of this CD is a close up of two tounges making out, which totally grosses me out, but with a name like this maybe that is the point. This is extremely poppy with a hyperactive enthusiastic girl singing fragmented introspective songs about personal relationships. It is totally overproduced and the backup vocals are horrible. (JT)

(Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6, CANADA)

PANIC - "Dying for it" EP

Six songs of fast, energetic, no bullshit Boston hardcore! PANIC are sure to send any room of straight edge kids into a sweaty, finger pointing frenzy. These guys seem to have found a good style of dishing out hardcore that doesn't seem to plop straight out of the cookie cutter, both musically and lyrically, while still appeasing traditional youth crew hardcore purists. (VH)

(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052)

PHOBIA – "Ousar Lutar, Ousar Vencer" CD

Note #1, this is not the SoCal grindy PHOBIA, but an entirely different type of band from Brazil. That being said, it is times like these that I wish I spoke or at least read another language. Unfortunately I can't read Portuguese, so I really have no idea what this band is talking about. Still with the picture of a punk battling the pigs and a pictures of Sacco and Vanzetti I am betting these Brazilian kids are anarchist with a capital @. Music wise PHOBIA play a spiky punk melodic style ala the CASUALTIES or early '80s UK punk, but a little bit more rudiment. While nothing earth shattering is done here, I just can't help but smile at the amazing worldwide punk community. (JF)

(dmntacp@hotmail.com)

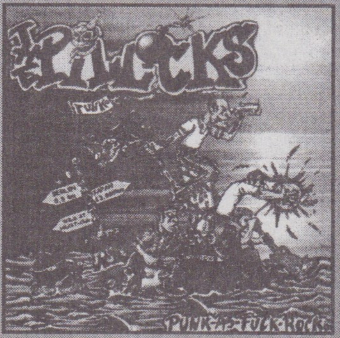
PIGNATION - "You Would Hate to Know" LP

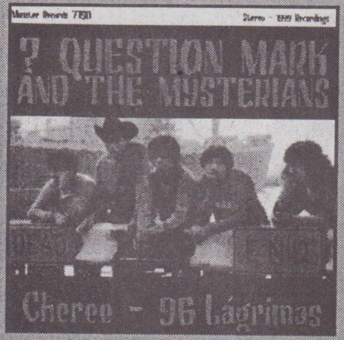
I am always at odds with whether or not to hold foreign bands (especially bands from countries where punk and hardcore really aren't that big) to a different criterion than bands from the US or places where the scene has had decades to grow. PIGNATION really represents this type of dilemma. The music is solid, heavy metallic thrash with guttural vocals and intricate time changes. It's done well, no question, but it's nothing groundbreaking or amazing. Yet they *are* from Poland, so I guess that should count for something, right? I don't know, you be the judge. (SP)

(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Box 7092, 200 42 Malmo, SWEDEN, putridfilth@bigfoot.com)

PILLOCKS - "Punk-as-Fuck-Rock" EP

On the heels of their Japanese tour, the PILLOCKS' latest EP has five songs, all with pounding, kick-ass production designed to leave no doubt that they're punk as fuck. The style is mostly a variant of '84 Britpunk with its singalong futbol-type choruses and and peppy tempos. The final track is a raw live track recorded in Fukuoka—better for its ear-scouring quality





than material. (SS)
(Intensive Scare, Lilienthalstr 4, 10965 Berlin, GERMANY)

PINKZ - "Something About You" EP
This band reminds me of a band I reviewed last month called TINA & THE TOTAL BABES. The music is solid, catchy and soaked in fuzz. It has a Dangerhouse quality. My only complaint is that the vocals are pure bubblegum with no edge whatsoever to ward off all that sweetness. (DP)
(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142, www.thepinkz.com)

PITCH BLACK - "Half Empty" EP
Pure hardcore punk rock, that what this record is kids. Think early TSOL guitars, no bull-shit yet still understandable vocals, and a good fast pace, and you have PITCH BLACK on this 7". Impressive. (JF)
(Cheetah, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

POLICE BASTARD - "Cursed Earth" EP
Ex-DOOM member.....first song is good crusty thrash that threw me for a loop. The cover is all computerized, but when you get to it....its good, thick crusty hardcore. Then they have these really moshy parts (eg, their song Mental Slave) that are straight out of SEPULTURA or some-thing. Hhhhhmmmm, jury is still out. Stick with the crusty-thrash. (MW)
(Twisted Chords, Postfach, 76327 Pfintzal, GERMANY)

PRE-TEENS - "Mess/New And Old" 45
Here's a local San Francisco band that sounds a helluva lot like early SLANT 6 to me. Rhythmically PRE-TEENS are too choppy to be straight punk rock, but too rocking to be K Records-esque. This is really good release for fans of gal and grrl rock. (RL)
(Cheetah's Records, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704, pre_teenssf@hotmail.com)

QUESTION MARK AND THE MYSTERIANS - "Cheree/96 Lagrimas"
Listen up and hear the very slow and painfully sensual vocals of ? doing a very con-vincing attempt to not cum in his jeans in "Cheree". "Cheree" just sops with a hot n' bothered reverby wet sound that you will definitely have to put in your songs to make love repertoire. On the b-side is the Spanish version of "96 Tears". Good stuff. (DL)
(Munster , POB 18107, Madrid, Spain, munster@munster-records.com)

RAMONETURES - "Johny Walk-Don't-Run Paulene" LP
An awesome follow up to their debut. The RAMONETURES rip through a best of X (the band) in a surf style. Billy Zoom and DJ Bonebrake make it into the cast for authenticity and added credibility. Billy Zoom on guitar, flute, and sax? Ha! D.J. Bonebrake on drums and vibes? Hee hee! Excellent elevator music! (HM)
(Blood Red Vinyl, 2134 NE 25th, Portland, OR 97212, bloodred.com)

RASTA KNAST - "Bandera Pirata" LP
How come I get all the drunk German bands? More beer drenched sing-a-long pogo-friendly (not "street" anymore...) "Hofbrauhaus" style punk. Sometimes when my hair's bleached and I've had a few too many and people can't understand my slurred accent, they mis-take me for a German. Naturally I feel a close link to my inebriated Nordic brethren, and always like this stuff. It's your basic formula: 3 chords + 9 beers = fun. Not for the overly posi-tive or political among you (although I can't understand the lyrics, so I could be wrong) this will appeal to those who own the odd European punk record and think the TOY DOLLS are a way under-appreciated band. Those crazy Krauts... (AD)
(Nasty Vinyl, Oberstrasse 6, 30167 Hannover, GERMANY)

RATS - "No Complex" EP
Australian old-school trio influenced equally by the Killed By Death/Rip Off Records asthetic and everybody's yearning for a simpler time from wayback. This is your badly record-ed, grit-punk that does have some of the classic Aussie influences (VICTIMS are mentioned here) as part of its charm but probably is snottier than that as well. Chainsaw, grating guitars, snot-vocals, quick but not hardcore tempos. Songs are suitably goofy, with not much in the melodic department but not lacking in that clunk-headed, relentless power-chording almost brain-dead (and I mean that in a good way!) groove that we all hoist our glasses to. You know who you are. (JY)
(Freshwater, 169-1 Ochiai, Nakatsugawa-city, gifu, JAPAN, freshwater@aa.alles.or.jp)

RAZZELS - "Throttle" CD
The RAZZELS hail from upstate New York and I bet you'd find more than a few DESCENDANTS CDs in front of their stereos. Their songs all have catchy choruses and vocal harmonies straight from "Milo Goes to College." And as far as I'm concerned, songs about girls,

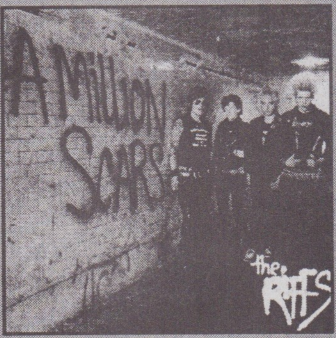
romance and heartbreak are always a plus, but crappy metallic multi-tracked Peavey guitar tones are always a minus. Nicely done stuff, but I'll take the YUM YUMS. (JG)
(Get Hip, P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15233. gethip.com)

REAL ONES - "Fulfill The Prophecy" EP
TSOL drama meets Dungeons & Dragons on this three song EP. Massive guitar chops and a raspy vocal mumble that hide lyrics about taking a shit in Pandora's box and getting cocks sucked by the beast. I'm sure not too many people are ever going to hear this record, but I'm stoked I did. (TH)
(Gloamin's Lair, 1201 NE 6th Street, Moore, OK 73160)

REBEL ASSAULT - "Straight On View" EP
"There is no escape unless you create it!" Digital hardcore from the Netherlands, in the same vein as ATARI TEENAGE RIOT. Anti-car, anti-money songs. Not bad... (JT)
(Astral Anarchy, astralanarchy@hotmail.com)

THE REDS - "It's About Time" LP
A lot of folks don't like the Rip Off Records phenomena. They say all the bands sound the same. While there may be a certain amount of truth to that, I also tend to find that the bands that put out records on Rip Off tend to fucking rock. This is not an exception. From the very first track, these guys deliver, mid-tempo, catchy punk rock that is no way at all wimpy. And they do this with a sense of urgency that really makes you take notice. Highest recommendation. (KK)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

THE RIFFS - "A Million Scars" EP
THE RIFFS, from Portland, Oregon deliver another quality punk record for you on the Vendetta label. On side A, THE RIFFS play the mid-tempo melodic punk rock song "A Million Scars." The singing is well executed, with guitars chiming in at just the right spots. These American punks have incorporated all the hooks from early English influences like the SEX PISTOLS and the DAMNED. Side two picks up the pace with "Outta My Way," which manages to capture some of the snotty attitude of SMOGTOWN while keeping the polished guitar work churning behind the scenes. Song number three, "I Won't," finishes you off with a 1977 style punk nugget. Look for a full length on TKO Records in the new year! (BR)
(Vendetta Records, 1951 W. Burnside, Box 1951, Portland, OR 97209)

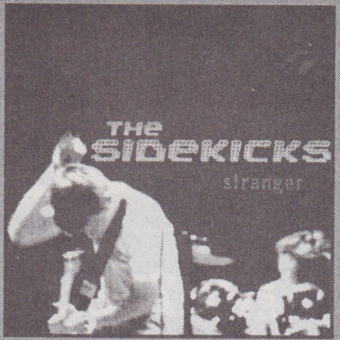


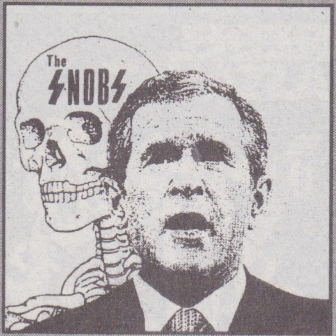
ROMEO IS BLEEDING/WAITING FOR BETTER DAYS - split CD
ROMEO IS BLEEDING has a variety of styles going on, some which I like and some which I don't. At first, they employ sort of a tech-core approach reminding me of a much more simplified DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN or DROWNINGMAN. It's good: really heavy, not too technical, and done well. Then, they go into this cheesy CREED/STONE TEMPLE PILOTS-esque, '90s rock melodic vocal thing that makes me turn my head and stare at my stereo, wondering just what exactly I'm listening to. I wasn't too into that. I liked WAITING FOR BETTER DAYS a bit more. They have a sort of SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE thing going, then delve into something a little more chaotic with screamed-over vocals. The guitar work here is really good and the songs themselves are structured fairly well. Both bands are produced nicely and on the surface sound relatively decent, but yet both have this slight mainstream-rock vibe that seems to dilute their impact. (SP)
(Nilhilove, c/o Cedric Manine, 14 Rue Montessori, 60000 Beauvais, FRANCE, nihilove.com)

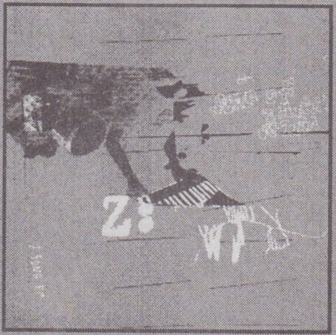
SENSELESS / SIRUP ZA IZKASLJEVANJE - split EP
Each band play good grindcore thrash that is more on the punk tip than the metal one. SZI are from Slovenia and they play mid-tempo rough hardcore/grind. SENSELESS (from Croatia) play fast thrash that is on the verge of grindcore. The thing I like about SENSELESS is that have that UK vocal style, like early DOOM. Good stuff. (MW)
(Abnormal Beer Terrorism c/o Miha Novak, Kunaverjeva 4, 1117 Ljubljana, SLOVENIA)

SICK ABUSE/REASON OF INSANITY - split EP
SICK ABUSE rip though 6 songs of fast punk/thrash with some great snotty vocals. I would have pooped my pants over this about 10 years ago....I wish there were lyrics printed though, because with song titles like "Butt Pirates", etc...I have to seriously wonder where they are coming from. R.O.I take a more intricate path, with well written song structures, good hooks/leads, ...just good old metallic fast hardcore. Again, no lyrics printed... (MW)
(Eminent Domain, PO Box 884, Poplar Bluff, MO 63901)

SIDEKICKS – "Stranger" CD
Solid melodic punk rock, that has many of today's modern influences. Yes I hear a little JAWBREAKER, a little SCREECHING WEASEL, and a dash of GET UP KIDS. Before you start thinking you're going to hate this though, think of sausage. A bunch of miscellaneous stuff, that blends together as one tasty treat. (JF)
(Let's Go, PO Box 156, Campbell, CA email: flyingmojo@aol.com)







SIN DIOS - "Ingobernables" LP

Wow. OK, with this release, Spain's SIN DIOS attempt to: describe and thank the international anarchopunk community, explain what DIY is and why it's important, fight the powers that be, condemn politicians, the EU, NATO, the International Court of Justice, the ineluctable pace of technology, and major labels. In addition, they return to the Scala case of 1978 (in which a Barcelona nightclub was set on fire and "liberatarian" labor organization CNT targeted as culprits by the media and police—see booklet for more details). Songs about these topics, and many, many more, are complemented by a 32 page booklet and a gatefold cover, which detail said agenda in an impressive layout complete with graphics and stirring photographs. I really appreciate their point about DIY not requiring shabbiness, in production or content. This package contains a hell of a lot of information to digest in one sitting, that's for sure—but the chance to make an LP like this doesn't come along every day in some parts of the world, and I sure don't blame them for making every second count. I can only imagine how many hours of work went into this LP. Even among such a crowd of ideas, the music still floats to the top—it's straight ahead, angry and driving all the way through. (AC)
(Twisted Chords, Postfach 76327, Pfinztal, GERMANY)

SNOBS - "Schools Out, Let's Skate" EP

This fucking rules!!! Get this, get this, get this!!!! Eight pissed off, poorly recorded, raw skate punk songs played by 15 year olds from Texas. Reminiscent of the early Dischord releases like S.O.A. and YOUTH BRIGADE. It says here that the kids in this band had to get their parent's permission to put this record out....ha ha, pretty funny. Lucky for us they said yes! Hopefully, they won't be grounded for having bad attitudes, and they'll come tour the the West Coast. I'd also like to take this moment to say—thank god, skateboarding's punk again.(AS) (My War, 36 Kings Circle, Malvern, PA 19355)

SONICS - "The Savage Young Sonics" LP

The question on the mind of anyone bothering to read this review is, undoubtedly, whether this LP of early (1961-1964, before as Larry Parypa's liner notes put it, "had grown sufficiently barbaric to record "The Witch") Sonics live and home recordings is essential or merely a historical relic. Unfortunately, my Solomonic abilities are confounded in this case owing to my great love of the Sonics, so I'm going to call it an essential historical relic. Further proof (as though more was needed) that rock historians / "critics" who maintain that America needed the British Invasion to "revive" rock and roll are (shockingly!) full of shit. (DD)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

SONG OF ZARATHRUSTA - "2 Song" EP

According to their interview in *MRR*, this band hates to be called "emo-core." ....Hmmmm, well can you do if the shoe fits? Wear it, and these guys wear it well. Which, by the way, is perfectly fine by me. I like godamn "emo-core," so I don't think that's a negative description to give a band. The problem is (which I would understand why they'd hate being pigeon holed) that the emo sub-genre has grown too broad these days. You've got your whiny "my girlfriend just broke up with me" PROMISE-RING emo, and you've got your "I'm fucking pissed off and frustrated as shit" HEROIN emo; both being "emo"-tional expressions. Right? Sowith that in mind, these guys are emo (sorry), but they're fucking great! Their sound is: HEROIN meets RITES OF SPRING meets some dude that plays an organ. You should get this. (AS)
(Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelten Pl, Newhall, CA 91321)

SPAZZ – "Sweatin 3: Skatin' Satan & Katon" CD

Dude, what the fuck else can be said about this band. I was lucky enough to be in attendance at their last show ever at Gilman Street. There were like 700 fucking people stuffed in there, and it was so crowded it was nearly impossible to move. People had flown in from all over the world just to see that show. And yet SPAZZ just calmly took the stage just as they always did. Just three guys rocking the house with no egos or bullshit attitudes getting in the way. I mean they even fucked up on their last song they played that night and just brushed it off with a laugh as if they were saying, "we wouldn't be SPAZZ unless we fucked up the last song we ever played." So what about the music you ask. Well, this particular CD is number 3 in Slap A Ham's reissue series of everything that SPAZZ ever did. On here you will find 67 songs that are all from splits and compilations as well as the "Tastin' Spoon" picture disc. There is nothing new here, just the same old blast beat grindcore with great time changes and growling dual vocals that everybody loves. One thing about SPAZZ that I have always enjoyed the most is their hilarious lyrics. If you have never stopped to read their lyrics, then do yourself a favor and check out songs like "Lather Punx" or "Animal Liberation Now!" and tell me you are not smiling. Obviously this is an essential release for those of you who have large gaps in your SPAZZ collection. Hmm, now if can only get my hands on that elusive 1" record they put out.....(RC)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 7337, Alhambra, CA 91802-7337; slapaham.com)

THE SPITFIRES / HELL CAMINOS - split EP

THE SPITFIRES deliver two solid, if unspectacular, mid-tempo cuts that are full of pent-

up anger and have some serious "metal" tendencies. It's not bad, but that shouldn't be enough. HELL CAMINOS pick up the pace a tad, but continue with the same "metal" edged style, with a good dose of rockabilly. Again, it's not bad stuff, but it's nothing that gets me all hot and bothered. And another thing, as my friend Jon Von once said, "small record, big hole... 45 rpm"—not 33! Speaking of numbers, the release is limited to 500 copies. (KK)
(Rockin' Bones Records, c/o Pagani Gualtiero, Piazzale Della Macina 3, 43100, Parma, ITALY)

SPITS - "19 Million AC" EP

Thrilling, inspiring. The SPITS are a willfully and gleefully retarded set of triplets born and raised in an A-bomb crater, spoon-fed on Seconal® and chewable aspirin. Four tracks here: "19 Million AC", "Shitty World", "Dumb" and "Tease Baby", all of 'em punch-drunk and punchy, classic and highly classy. Listen and learn the (real) truth about de-evolution. (JH)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

STEVE & THE JERKS - "Buy" EP

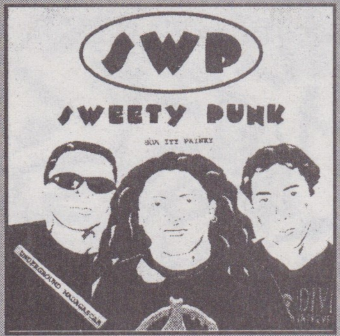
I'm slightly embarrassed to admit that I haven't kept in line with Parisian four-piece punk combo STEVE & the JERKS since the salad days of '98 or thereabouts, and fuck me if they haven't changed. Rather than the 1-2-1-2 retardo punk of their earlier material ("Girl You Made a Jerk Out of Me" being the preeminent classic), this model of the band are a classy-sounding outfit with sweeping guitars, pop leads, melodic and harmonic vocals, and swelling emotional flourishes (?). Sounds a lot more like later BOYS or a even the LURKERS (think "There's a New Guitar in Town"). They even cover Burt Bacharach's "Walk on By" on the flip side, for Yahweh's sake. Not sure if I approve of or even understand their new direction, but hey...you gotta go where the money is. (JH)
(Square, no address)

STEVE & THE JERKS/HECKLERS - split EP

Okay, STEVE & THE JERKS are back. I have no idea where they've been hiding themselves for the last three years or so, but welcome back. I'm sure ya'll own their really easy to find French import records, or the comp CD on the fabulously distro'd Solamente label, right? No? Well, it's really loose and non-musclebound garage slop with the *right* guitars and the *right* accented vox. The HECKLERS are even better. Mastered really quietly...so turn it the fuck up. (RW)
(Rockin Bones Records, c/o Guatilero Pagani, Piazale Della Macina 3,
43100 Parma, ITALY)

STRAIGHT AHEAD/NYC MAYHEM - split LP

What matters right now is that I'm listening to the pure killing power that was the wrecking ball STRAIGHT AHEAD. Fuck, this shit is still so awesome. Equal parts LÄRM and NYC hawd-kaw like SICK OF IT ALL, tons of blasting thrash and quality mosh. Fuck this is so ripping. Fuck, the tracks from the *End The Warzone* comp are just perfect. Why couldn't Craig Ahead have kept this going instead of joining SICK OF IT ALL? And who, you may be asking, is NYC MAYHEM? Well that would be the band that preceded STRAIGHT AHEAD—think of them as sort of the beta version of the hardcore mastery that would later emerge—this includes their demo. Essential hardcore that serves as good lesson for all you youngsters out there, and even you old folx who thought hardcore died in '83 when you got your job at the bank. THUMBS UP! MOSH! (MT)
(Kill For Christ, no address)



SUBJECT TO CHANGE – "What Tomorrow Brings" CD

Damn, it has been sometime since I have heard anything new on Crucial Response. So I was excited to hear a new release from them. This is just what you would expect from the label. SUBJECT TO CHANGE kick down 14 songs of clean and crisp straightedge hardcore with powerful vocals. The music is fast and tight and the production is top notch. Unfortunately the lyrics are fairly simple and predictable. I wish more straightedge bands challenged the norm in this department. They get bonus points for doing a PUSHED ASIDE cover. Don't see that band covered very often. Overall I thought this was pretty good and a solid addition to the Crucial Response roster. (RC)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY; crucialresponse.de)

SUICIDE PARTY - "You're all invited..." EP

The second 7" from TALK IS POISON members. They give us a handful of dirty mid paced hardcore songs with gruff vocals and a little bit of guitar noodling thrown in. I really wanted to like this, but found myself growing impatient waiting, and waiting, for the rock to kick in. THE SUICIDE PARTY are worth checking out, but i feel like these guys were even more bored writing these songs than i was listening to them. (VH)
(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

SUPERSLEUTH - "Thirty-One Months" CD

Overall this is youth crew hardcore that is, at times, competently played. If INSTED were around today with the same vocals but a thicker Indecision Records sound, and a peculiar CRIMPSHRINE fetish, someone might claim that SUPERSLEUTH were ripping them off. (TH)

(Failed Experiment, www.failedexperiment.com)

SWEETY PUNK - "Soa Ity Painky" EP

A rock and roll band from Madagascar. Each songs has a distinct style, going from bar rock to metal to power pop. Songs are long, slow and simplistic. (CK)

($6 ppd: Darbouka, c/o Fred Brahim, 17 Rue De La Foret, 67340 Menochhoffen, FRANCE, darbouka@netcourrier.com)

LES TECKELS - "Aboivent Z'en Francais" EP

LES TECKELS is a French, lo-fi, mid-tempo, punk band. Iwan from the popular French punk band the NO TALENTS plays in LES TECKELS. After one full LP and a single with a VELVET UNDERGROUND cover song, LES TECKLES present the "Aboivent Z'en Francais" EP. I really don't know what they are singing about since this is strictly in French. Se la vie. (DL)

(Ecrivez Nous Encore, BP55 92123 Montrouge Cedex)

TEEN CTHULHU/IRON LUNG - split EP

Whoa. Threw this sucker on and felt my mood immediately improving. Harsh, wall of noise grindcore with an amazing ethereal feel. Worth a second and third listen at once. It's not uplifting "mood" music, but it suited my mood perfectly! Good timing. Flip (IRON LUNG) is slightly more "conventional" grindcore—dual vocals, and a reasonable mastering of the start/stop technique, along with some odd pacing which raised an eyebrow. Worth tracking this one down! (TM)

(Rock and Rollplay/Satan's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507)

TEXAS MOTHERFUCKERS - "Wreckingball/Hitch Bitch"

I certainly expected another scumfuck drunk punk redneck record, and it ain't really that. For one thing they're French and not Texan. Real fucking noisy, and not real good. Nothing to grab on to. I 'spose what they write themselves inside the sleeve really says it best, "...an inverted supergroup with no respect for talent or skills, just pure energy." They should probably redirect that "energy" to writing some better songs. I can take it or leave it. (RY)

(Mansfield c/o Frederic Planche, 2 Avenue des freres Lumiere 69008 Lyon, FRANCE)

THINGZ - "Tim Johnson" EP

I'm not sure if this record sounds like a cross between BLONDIE and a bad garage, or if it just sounds like a more rudimentary '80s new wave influenced band.(I swear I hear a part of WHAM! in the last song) I can picture this band playing to about twelve people at the old Al's Bar(RIP), but nothing else. The real question is, since this band is from the L.A. area and has male-female vocals, is a record on Sympathy far behind? (JF)

(Thingz, 966 Redondo Ave, #316, Long Beach, CA 90804, www,thethingz.com)

THINK I CARE - "Phase" EP

Pounding slow parts give way to fast hoarse thrash at the drop of a hat on this record. Someone should get the singer some Celestial Seasonings Throat Coat™ tea, because I'm sure his larynx must feel like sandpaper right about now. Although the music is dark, doomy hardcore, the lyrics follow the youth crew format of disillusionment with the scene, being true till death, and getting stabbed in the back. Right about now, with New York still on fire and the population of Afghanistan being alternately bombed and starved to death, my hope is that bands will find something different to sing about. (AM)

(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

THE TIE THAT BINDS – "Half Past Heroes" CD

These guys have been around awhile now. Still doing the emo pop punk thing a la SAMIAM or early JIMMY EAT WORLD with strong results. Now that everyone wants to sound like HOT WATER MUSIC, it might be a good time check out these guys if you haven't already with their tuneful but rocking style. (RL)

(Arms Reach, 1824 W. Columbia ls, Chicago, IL, www.armsreachrecordings.com)

TILT – "Been Where? Did What? LP

A full length of unreleased TILT songs and demos. In this age of "style is king", this actually sounds ok. At least we have decent songs with strong vocals. This is mostly for the TILT crowd though, since this is an odds and ends kind of release. (RL)

(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119, www.tilt.cc)

TOLTSHOCK - "A Few Toltshock More!" 10"EP

TOLTSHOCK play pretty straightforward, mediocre street punk. When I put on a good Oi! record, I'm bouncing around the room—but this doesn't get me even close to leaving my seat. Not to mention the lyrics glorifying street violence and the good old (bloody) days of '69 and '82. Those are the two songs in English—I have no idea what the French lyrics are about. If you're going to have boots and braces on your record cover, there's no room for fence-sitting. Put your politics on the table! (Hopefully someone will write in and explain that the three French-language songs are rousing anti-fascist anthems. Hopefully.) (AM)

(Coquenais' Revenge, E. Felder, 32 Rue De Bruyères, 92310 Sêvres, FRANCE)

UK SUBS - "Day Of The Dead" EP

It's not much of a secret around here that I'm a fan of the UK SUBS, so I was pretty excited to see a healthy stack of SUBS vinyl in the review bin this month. Unfortunately, it appears to be mostly compiled from material from the *Quintessentials* LP of a few years ago, along with old recordings of classics. And the fact is, although the newer tracks on this record are still better than a lot of the punk rock that's around today, the vintage 1978 recording of "CID" wipes the floor with them. I'm willing to bet that the same is the case on the other records in the series. Still, if you don't already have all these songs in other formats, or if you're not that familiar with the band (shame on you!), this is a good chance to sample some stuff from both ends of their career so far. Dedicated fans might not find anything new here, but then, you'll probably buy this anyway. (AM)

(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)

UK SUBS - "CyberJunk" EP

Another "Limited Pressing" of this 1997 release. I guess this is some sorta 20th anniversary colored vinyl thingy. Decent enough to pick up before you can't. (HM)

(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)

UK SUBS - "War on the Pentagon" EP

The UK SUBS were one of the most influential punks bands to emerge from the 1977 British punk groundswell. The team of Nicky Garrat (guitar) and Charlie Harper (vocals) were the best songwriting duo out there during the *Another Kind of Blues* era. Fucking Nicky Garrat can play guitar like a man possessed! This EP is a reissue of the 1996 EP that accompanied two other Red Archives releases. The "20th Anniversary" version is worth the money just for the 1978 song "I Live in a Car." Great! (BR)

(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)

ULTRABAIT - "Bitch 4 Hire" CD

Here we got a big tough in your face sound from three tits-at-attention females and two make-up wearing males. Somewhere in between the LUNACHICKS and the TOILET BOYS is ULTRABAIT pounding out their brand of glam bitch, raunch it up and roll. Lap it up baby.(DL)

(Voo Doo ,4221-125 Pleasant Valley Rd, VA. Beach, VA 23464)

UNIFORM - "Black and Vain" CD

Guitars and dramatic compositional techniques. Try these titles out: 'Dictionary of Deconstructionists'. 'Anatomy of a Burmese Beauty Secret'. 'I'll Be Glad When They Retire the Bag'. 'Calling All Eunuchs'. Very high-concept band, like the movie 'Twins'. You follow? The guitars remind of early-to-mid period Amrep, as does the sinewy bass. I am waiting for the LONELY MOANS comeback tourette. These guys headline over them. (RW)

(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203, www.morphius.com)

VARUKERS - "Vintage Varukers—Rare and Unreleased 1980-'85" LP

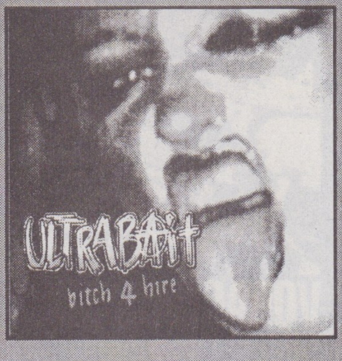
Another compilation of rare and unreleased tracks dug up from underneath that pile of hair spray and bullet belts. Thirteen solid recordings, with no filler, from these legendary UK punkers when they were at their best. I can't stress how fucking happy it makes me to see these kind of releases actually come with some lyrics and background info about the tracks for once. However, reading about the inspiration for the song "Good time girls" seemed a little to much like something out of the liner notes to POISON's "Greatest Hits!" Some things might be better left unsaid. (VH)

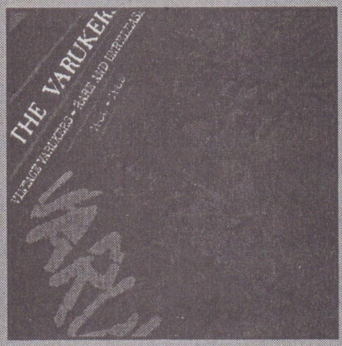
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

THE VIRUS - "Singles and Rarities" CD

Aaah... more from the classic PA upstart chaos punks. With all the lineup changes and dye jobs, they're as good now as they ever were... Shit, with the bullshit backdrop of everything going on in the world, they're probably more important than ever. Take note: "The Time is Now," "There's Nothing Left," a live cover of the ANGELIC UPSTARTS "I'm an Upstart," and especially "No War Can Be Won." If you've never heard THE VIRUS before, this album has nineteen tracks, a couple of new ones, and handful of live tracks... a great semi-anthology to temporarily save your soul from corporate death. (EM)

(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953, punkcore.com)



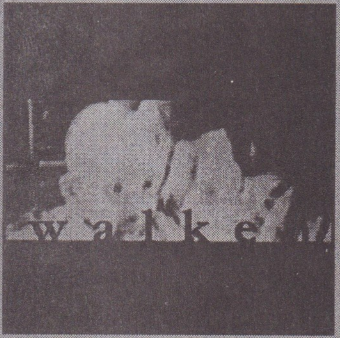


VISITORS - "Thanks for Nothing" CD

I really don't know what to say about this album... there are very few redeeming qualities, other than a STOOGES cover and it's mercifully short length. While this isn't my thing, if you must hear every band with tinny production that sounds like the UK SUBS, check it out. (RD)
(no address, thevisitors@cbgb.com)

VORACIOUS SOUL - "Adrenalin Storm" EP

Japanese hardcore that is way more on the "rock" end of that spectrum. Think SMASH YOUR FACE or ROCKY AND THE SWEDEN (but a little slower and way noisier than the latter). Fast, steady and to the point, this is the shit that puts my fist in the air and a smile on my face. Fans of dirty raunchy rock like THE CANDY SNATCHERS listen up, cause this ain't just a hardcore record. Only five songs, but hopefully there's an album in the works. (WN)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto, 624-0913 JAPAN)



WALKEN - "r.02 (The.New.Manerism)" CD

Let's start this way, shall we? RORSCHACH was a killing machine—pure and simple, they were one of the most powerful bands ever. Seeing them was like getting a baseball slammed into your chest over and over and loving every minute of it, so I think calling these folx their bastard children is totally justified—"bastard" as in "illegitimate." Solid thick wanky metalcore played very well, so well they could hold their own in a battle to the death against bands like DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN or CONVERGE. But something is missing...while RORSCHACH had one of its feet firmly planted in the punk rock, these folx just seem to be full-on metal and that is a definite turn off as far as I'm concerned, so no matter how much they like fucking (as the banter on the last track seems to indicate) they ain't getting in my pants tonight! (MT)(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510)

WATCHMAKER - "Kill, Crush, Destroy" CD

Man, this sounds pretty much like the ABANDONED HEARTS CLUB CD I just reviewed...although this is better. This is super fast, thick, and more over the top. While the HEART's focused on math-metal song structures, WATCHMAKER go for broke with straight forward blast beat driven songs. 11 of them in all....(MW)
(Wonderdrug, PO Box 230995, Boston, MA 02123)

WILDBUNCH - "Danger! High Voltage" EP

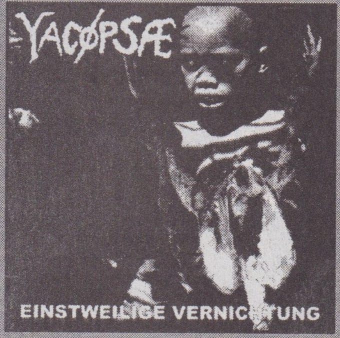
No band photo. Fuck 'em. Side 1: a mock disco thing, real WEEN, only not funny. Side 2: got a real rock out with your cock out SPINAL TAP thing, only not funny. So heavy I've fallen and I can't get up. (RY)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038 Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

WINEPRESS – "Complete Recordings" CD

From the mid 90's Chicago pop punk scene, these guys put out a few strong singles. Here is everything they put out. Eleven tracks in all of WALKER, MUSHUGANAS, and WEASEL type Chicago pop punk. Certainly under-produced by today's standards, but still charming and fun. A welcome reissue. (RL)
(Harmless, 1218 W. Hood Ave., Apt #2, Chicago, IL 60660, www.harmlessrecords.com)

THE WOGGLES - "Live! At The Star Bar" LP

There's sweat and beer in your hair. People are dancing and bumping into you, but this is no macho punk pit. This is celebration music played by a party band unashamed to shake their hips and look a little ridiculous. Oh, and the songs are hot and engaged, too. This is a great SONICS style live party record. Makes you wish you were there. (BG)
(Bloodred, 2134 NE 25th Portland, OR 97212)



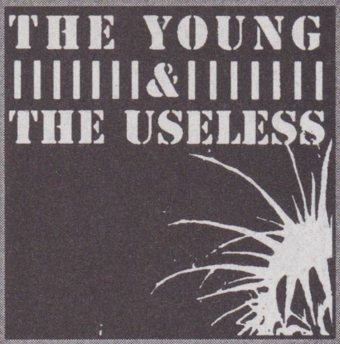
YACOPSAE - "Einstweilige Vernichtung" CD

Several bands are reassuring in their predictability. YACOPSAE are one for sure. Everything they've ever released (that I've heard!) has totally ripped the paint off my walls. This is insanely quick, insanely tight, and simply insane. Holy shit. I've already listened to another eight songs in the time it took to type that sentence. And I touch type! (Only useful thing I learned in high school.) Fuck. This is fast. Like no joke, holy shit, how do they do that fast! Awesome. You need this, if only to play for other people and amaze them that this exists. Thirty seven songs on this, including some nutty grind whistling! Totally essential stuff, once again from the master of ham slapping. (TM)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 7337, Alhambra, CA 91802)

YOUNG AND THE USELESS - "Flash Gits in the Hour of Chaos" CD

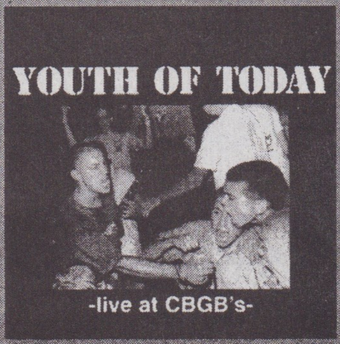
Yeah, so I'm a dork. I totally assumed this was the old NY hardcore band (circa '81) until I checked the lyric sheet. I was actually surprised that they'd get a CD out, as they didn't have all that much material that I knew about. Whoops. Wrong band. This is the snotty, brash

East Bay band who raged through the area a few years ago. This is live recordings from Gilman and a couple of tracks recorded to four track in 1997. As you might expect, it's a snotty, brash, distorted mess. Funny thing is, that description is good sometimes, and annoying at others. Think I was one of those people who went outside when they were on... yikes! (TM)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)



YOUTH OF TODAY - "Live at CBGB's" EP

I don't believe that I have to explain what the band sounds like because you are going to have to be a fan to buy this. The sound on this thing is really a mess, although it is possible to make out all the instruments and song structure. The biggest plus is being able to hear Ray preach in between songs. I was also looking forward to "Youth Crew," a defining song for a whole generation of kids, at the end, but the policy of sticking the mic out in the crowd does not make for a good live recording. I'd like to say that at least you can feel the energy but I'm not even so sure about that. (PA)
(Reality, tomc@village.uunet.be)



ZUBY/VITAMIN ROSTA - "Underground Tatarstan" EP

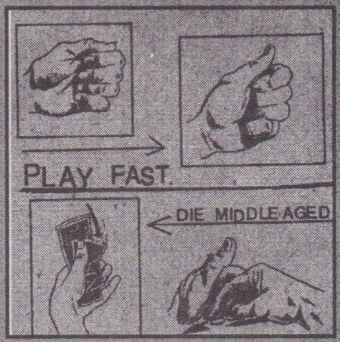
I'd never heard of Tatarstan, though in these days of American shenanigans in Central Asia it's become clear to me that there's a hell of a lot of places ending in "stan" that I never knew existed. The *Tian An Mien 89* label is releasing records by bands from parts of the world where bands find it near impossible to have their music heard—good luck to them, it's a great idea, and it's infinitely more interesting than say, the latest Jade Tree release. First up, ZUBY play a nasty, driving mid-tempo snotty dirge, not unlike a DIY FEAR. The band hails from Nalchik (search me) and has rampaging around the Republic of Kabardino-Balkaria ever since. Here's the funny thing—ZUBY rule! VITAMIN ROSTA are poppier: as my friend Dougie just noted, "VITAMIN ROSTA must be the Tatarstan SEWER TROUT..." this could have been on the *Turn It Around* comp (except of course for the Tatarstan vocals.) Did SWEET BABY extensively tour the former Soviet provinces or something? This record has more charm and sincerity than the rest of the review section combined. Next releases from this label possibly include bands from Kosovo, Papua New Guinea, Taiwan, Vietnam, and Lebanon. Cool! (Just wait, ZUBY will be the next big thing on Epitaph and I'll look stupid.) (AD)
(ZUBY, Yudina Irina, Ul. Gastello 60, 360004 Nalchik, Republic of Kabardino-Balkaria, RUSSIA zzubi@mail.ru / Vitamin Rosta, Novikov Dmitriy, PO Box 23, Post Office 9, 423579 Nizhnyekamsk, Republic of Tatarstan, RUSSIA vitamin_z@mail.ru / Tian Am Mien 89, geocities.com/tam89rds)

V/A - "Aliens, Psychos, and Wilds Things"

This is great start to finish. Really catchy mid 60's garage from the coast of Virginia. Ballads, rave ups, everything that was good about pre-psychodelic rock and roll. As usual Norton offers tons of info on the bands. It's strange to see how many were drafted for Vietnam. I never stopped to think about the war's affect on garage bands from small towns. Something to think about as I rock out. (BM)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

V/A – "Murderous Grind Attack, A NipponAmerica Compilation" CD

If you can't tell by the title what this CD is about, than put down this magazine and go enroll in remedial reading comprehension. What we have hear kids is 17 bands doing 53 songs of good old fashion grindy hardcore. I use the term hardcore because this compilation doesn't get bogged down by a bunch of kids who have just discovered electronics and want to think as themselves as "noise" artist. Nope this is just some rip roaring shit from two different sides of the Pacific. HE WHO CORRUPT kick this thing off and GODSTOMPER end it. In between we get tracks from such bands as UNHOLY GRAVE, CATHETER, PHOBIA, INSANE' N THE BRAIN, and more. As a general rule I like the shorter songs and the ones with higher pitched vocals the best, but there are all types of goodies on this CD. BATHTUB SHITTER easily when best lyrics for their original bathroom humor, but their SORE THROAT cover is also the low point. A good buy, and a grind compilation that I will be playing again. (JF)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)



V/A - "Nepali Punk" EP

Two bands on here from Nepal. Yup. Nepal. INSIDE TWO STOOPID TRIANGLES mix it up with early hardcore and punk styles, strictly early '80s action that of course is recorded in that perfect field-recording style. Duh. Actually really good and stands on its own without allowances for locale. Flipside is RAI KO RIS, not so good. Buy it for the novelty, keep it for great energy of the 'TRIANGLES. (RW)
(Tian An Men 89 , darbouka@netcourrier.com)

V/A - "Play Fast, Die Middle Aged" EP

Damn, in another review I was just talking about how old a particular band was making me feel. And now this compilation is saying to "die middle aged." Ugh! Anyway, lets get to the meat of the review shall we. As the title states, you would think that the common theme here

would be bands playing total fastcore. Well hold up partner, cause it isn't quite the case. While many of the songs are fast. There is some sappy emo, slower grind and other varieties here as well. The band line up includes GET UP & GOERS, 2 YEARS AFTER, MAN/MACHINE, SNIFTER, BIZARR ONANI, SENGAIJA, REVOLT-DANIEL, BLOOD ALL OVER, HELD-BACK, OFFENSIVE, INTERFEAR, THE JAM SESSION, BIRDFLESH, DTAKTERS, SIVERSTON, BROTHERS, MEMBERS OF TINNITUS. A few of the bands were pretty good, but overall I wasn't into many of the bands. They just weren't that good. And besides, there was absolutely no information on any of the bands. No insert or anything. Just a little piece of paper with their email addresses on it. That was a bummer. (RC)
(Spirit Of The Mindless, J. Svensson, Oxhagsv. 4A, S-392 38 Kalmar, SWEDEN; joe_hard@spray.se)

V/A - "Supersonic Sounds From the Fuck You Movement" CD

This CD starts off with the CHARM CITY SUICIDES, who are the bestest aggressive arty-core punk band that not *many* people have heard of. I'd be thrilled to death if their cult was exploded into mega popularity. Get their *Green Blood* EP, you won't regret it. Jeez, a whole bunch of other bands here...let's see: KOJAK, CRANK STURGEON, P.C.P. ROADBLOCK, BASTARD NOISE, SUPPRESSION, RAPISTS IN SHANGRI-LA, loads of contenders. All half in love with easeful noise, some cutting it up with pastiche, some with hardcore damage, some just rock out. Attention: Vermiform Records fans! Don't buy that radio/receiver thing-y at Radio Shack, buy this instead! (RW)
($8 ppd; C.N.P., PO Box 14555, Richmond, VA 23221)

V/A - "This Is The Life Vol. 5" CD

True that! Here's a killer little CD comp from our fine friends at MCR. Nineteen tracks of pounding punk ranging from the melodic street punk variety to fullbore thrash attack—something for the whole family! Personal faves would be RESISTANCE, VICIOUS REVENGE, BLANK GENERATION, and DISTRICT. Solid front to back and good to go! (MT)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN)

V/A - "Transcendental Maggot" CD

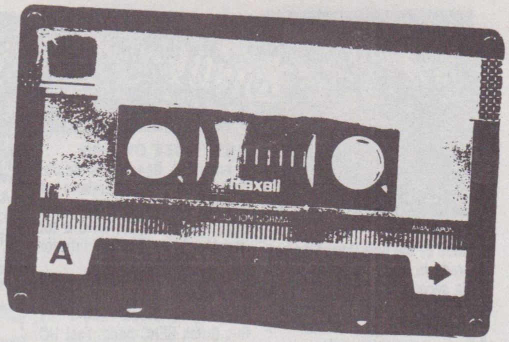
Besides the name, this comp is pretty pulverizing....featuring heavy weights like AMPUTEE, NOOTHGRUSH, SOURVEIN, BENUMB and GNOB. You get 19 tracks in all....some fast, some slow, all pretty painful and brutal. Cool comp. (MW)
(Meconium, PO Box 9064, Hickory, NC 28603)

V/A - "Twilight Zone" CD

Here's a well put together, but pretty mediocre compilation of "alternative" and punk bands from a European country which is unspecified. There is a quite a bit of garbage on here that just makes me want to throw up. A lot of Fat Wreck kind of stuff on this comp. The special these weird effects and production qualities that you just don't hear on American recordings. Like flanger on nearly everything and chorus on the vocals. It's really kind of cool. If you are interested in hearing a different spin on the melodic punk rock thing, you might want to check out this comp, or some of the bands like RAUBERTOCHTER, GOTTA SPINOZZA, or CLINT. (WR)
(Twisted Chords, Postfach, 76327 Pfinztal)

DEMOS

please send all demo's to:
Erin Yanke PO Box 1113
Portland, OR 97207



Hey, y'all, if you include the post paid price of your demo, as well as a street address the kids have no excuse not to order your demo!

C.D.R.G.M.B.K. is a cassette compilation of Wisconsin punk bands. On side 1 we have ED TEMPLE who play polished and poppy mid tempo songs, LEGHOUNDS have a strong rockaroll feel, including guitar solos, and a vocalist that knows all those howls and little screams that add so much, IFIHADAHIFI slow paced, mainly you can hear the synthesizer and low level vocals that sound spoken but drawn out and nasally, BORIS THE SPRINKLER put vocals over a basement recording, so this song won't be the smooth production you're used to, but of course it's pop punk , HILL OF THE DEAD is metal influenced andmid tempo with amazing wind tunnel screams coming from the vocalist, PISTON HURRICANES play straightforward mid tempo 3 chord punk, and SELDON CRISIS are mostly thrashy with some requisite mosh parts with good screaming vocals, but this band's recording is really quiet. HUSKER DU cover. Side 2 brings us a dry humping story, then more music. YESTERDAY'S KIDS are play really melodic punk, and a GO-GO'S cover, MYSTERY GIRLS play sloppy GAUNT style punk rock, FRAGMENTS mid-tempo catchy and real singing vocals, MODERN MACHINES tough and catchy pop, HUSKER DU in guitars and vocal stylings, PINHEAD GUNPOWDER cover, STRONG COME ONS sound kind of fast, getting towards the end of this comp, but these songs are just a bit faster than the company they keep, shouted vocals, ELECTRIC COMPANY have kind of a cabaret sound, synthesizer and up front vocals, and solos galore. The song has a mix like it's in a musical. And last but not least, INFANTICIDE who sound evil after all this catchy stuff. Crazy super fast instruments sound like a fucking jackhammer, with both the super deep moaning vocals and the evil lizard man style of screaming. Sure, a lot of my descriptions are repetitive, but hell, it's a scene, there's bound to be some cross over, right? (33 song cassette, 2 songs have lyrics printed, 2 songs have tabliture (sp?). 618 N. Ashland Ave. Green Bay, WI 54303)

DREAD FABRIK are sometimes rough and catchy, breaking into faster tempos occasionally, for the most part it's simple straight forward basic punk. Some mixing it up happens, like when intros get reggae influenced. (11 song cassette, lyric sheet. 149 George St. New Brunswick, NJ 08901.)

THE ONION FLAVORED RINGS are the west coast FUNYONS, who I could not describe better than Greg Davis did: "a depressed SWEET BABY JESUS". Exactly right. "The Shame of Quantum Physics" is the song that's haunting me. Clever, catchy, and great. ($3 ppd. 10 song cassette, lyric sheet. 1450 7th Ave. #6, San Francisco, CA 94122.)

THE SHRUBBERS are a predecessor to THE MODERN MACHINES, a band that regular readers of this section will recall that I could not stop listening to this hard and long summer of 2001. Oh, enough reminiscing. THE SHRUBBERS are straightforward punk rock, early BAD RELIGION in the pace catchyness, and the BR influence comes in through the mostly yelling vocals with a bit of crooning and harmonies. Hilarious DESCENDENTS cover. (9 song cassette, lyric sheet. 618 N. Ashland Ave. Green Bay, WI 54303)

SOMNAMBULIST is a band I would have played really loud while my older brother was on acid in the next room, just to fuck with him. Drone, a humming thing, faint electric drum machine. Underwater mind fuck. PRUNALOG SUSAN PENTAGRAM sounds like a tornado, drums and crusty style vocals come through this recording, and the guitars and bass are making a wall of noise. (9 songs on side A, a big ol handful of songs on side B of this cassette, no lyric sheet. 618 N. Ashland Ave. Green Bay, WI 54303)

X, or maybe it's a ROMAN NUMERAL 10 kind of an X, are on the first side of the split demo, sounding like a really rough SNUFF, mostly in the vocal harmonies, backups especially, and the catchy but not saccharine pop, but no thick production here. There was one point, I was in the kitchen and I thought, wait, now they sound like GREEN DAY, then it turned out it was a cover song, and those vocals were total Billie. I guess it figures for a cover song, though. I DON'T WANNA is sloppier and more rockin' out than their demo mates. They don't wanna do much of anything, but they make you want to jump around with your friends. Then at the end, they get all positive, and do a cover of "Now I Wanna Be Your Dog." (8 songs on side A of the cassette, X's lyric sheet has very small print. 7 songs on IDW, lyric sheet that my bad eyes can read. 618 N. Ashland Ave. Green Bay, WI 54303)

THE BUSTED LIVES play a slowish, hip shaking tempo style basic rockaroll with sometimes an organ presence. The vocals are more melodic than Iggy Pop, but they have the same slurring and venom.($8 ppd. 12 song CD, no lyric sheet. 6517 Farallon Way, Oakland, CA 94611.)

DISGRUNTLED NATION play some tough rock with a yelling vocalist. It's got a POISON IDEA flavor to it, but way more spit-like vocals. Way less guitar solo's, too. Some of the songs are previously released, one 7" and one cassette only, but the first 7 are brand new. (19 song CD, lyric sheet. 917 Patrick Creek Road, Kalispell, MT 59901.)

EASTSIDE SUICIDES play the low-down rocka roll that seems natural for Texas, but they play slowrock pace. The vocals make it easy to picture the singer guy strutting around stage and flirting hardcore. Basic and tight. (6 song CD, no lyric sheet. 5203 Martain Ave. Austin TX 78751.)

I GIVE UP has the sonic style of the BUTTHOLE SURFERS, but this band is more straightforward with a steady mid tempo beat and 2 sore throat vocalists.($5 ppd. 9 song CD, lyric sheet. 707 E. Wright St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.)

IT TAKES ALL KINDS play the first 17 songs on this cd, and are straightforward and mid tempo, and have a snotty speaking style female singer. I thought they had NAKED AGGRESSION style, and then they did a cover of one of their songs. **THE YOUNG ONES** play the last 11 songs, and they're mostly dance around paced, with gravely singing vocals and I can hear OPERATION IVY in their songs, with the pop element that doesn't take over, and sometimes fancy bass playing for texture. (28 song CD, P. O. Box 57, Olean, NY 14760.)

JANE DOZ are an even mix of punk and rock, straight forward guitar driven, and not particularly fast or slow, with deep tone shouting vocals. They sound like a good band to see at a party, as it's easy to spot the parts where you'd sing along. (9 song CD, lyric sheet. 5334 Airport Road, Roanoke, VA 24012.)

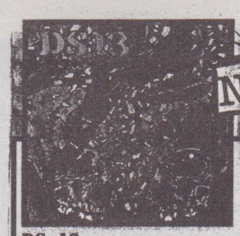
K25 seem to be more about experimentation and layering than rocking out, and although I don't know if normally it would make the cut here at MRR, it sounds pretty interesting and cool to me today. There's way way more rock involved than say the BEASTIE BOYS more recent stuff, but there's that kind of mixing it up going on here. (6 songs, no lyric sheet. P. O. Box 2624, Fitzroy, BC VIC, Australia, 3065.)

THE MACHETE go back in forth between and MC5 style power rock and more standard punk-metal fusion of today. The vocals though, are all sore throat inducing screaming passionately at the top of his lungs. (2 song CD, lyric sheet. P. O. Box 344, Winchendon, MA 01475.)

THE MOCKINGBIRDS are a slower street punk band, the vein of ONE MAN ARMY or a more poppy ANTI-FLAG with the genre's gruff singing and catchy group backup vocals. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. Overlyckevagen 3, 294 31 Solvesborg, Sweden.)

NAILGUN has a guitar sound that incorporates a lot of effects, and yet is really clean. Drums sound electronic, and the vocals are shout/spoken variety like NOMEANSNO. (10 song CD, no lyric sheet. 3739 Third Ave. Glendale, CA 91214.)

SLICKPIG is the one man band of Nathie, a 13 year old kid, and it's layered and evil. Lots of weird and scary vocals. The songs are mostly slow and the guitars are noodling. (5 song CD, no lyric sheet. 126 Oakdale Rd. Newton Hlds, MA 02461.)



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They Made a Wasteland and Called it Peace Furious hardcore punk from beneath the streets of Minneapolis. (7") HC 7008

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Texas Death Match 7" Snotty, harsh, early 80s hardcore with a seriously bad attitude. 3/4 of Nine Shocks Terror. (7") HC 7007

MASSKONTROLL
Warpath 7" EP Brutal Swedish-style hardcore similar to Doom, No Security etc. ex-Resist, pre-Detestation. (7") HC 7006

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Doomed Society 7" EP Blistering hardcore punk. Ex-Destroy but more of a punk/HC sound than full-on grind.
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V/A When Hell Freezes Over Compilation LP Featuring Code 13, Misery, Dreadnaught, Onward To Mayhem, Arden Chapman, Segue, Feed the Machine, Scorned, Calloused, Fallen Graces, and Pontius Pilate. All new material by 11 Minneapolis punk/HC bands. Styles vary from street punk, to crust, to grind, but it's all punk and all Minneapolis. Split release between Havoc, Sin Fronteras, and local bands.
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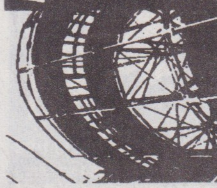

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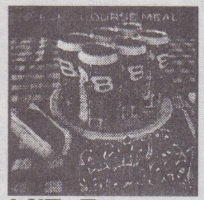

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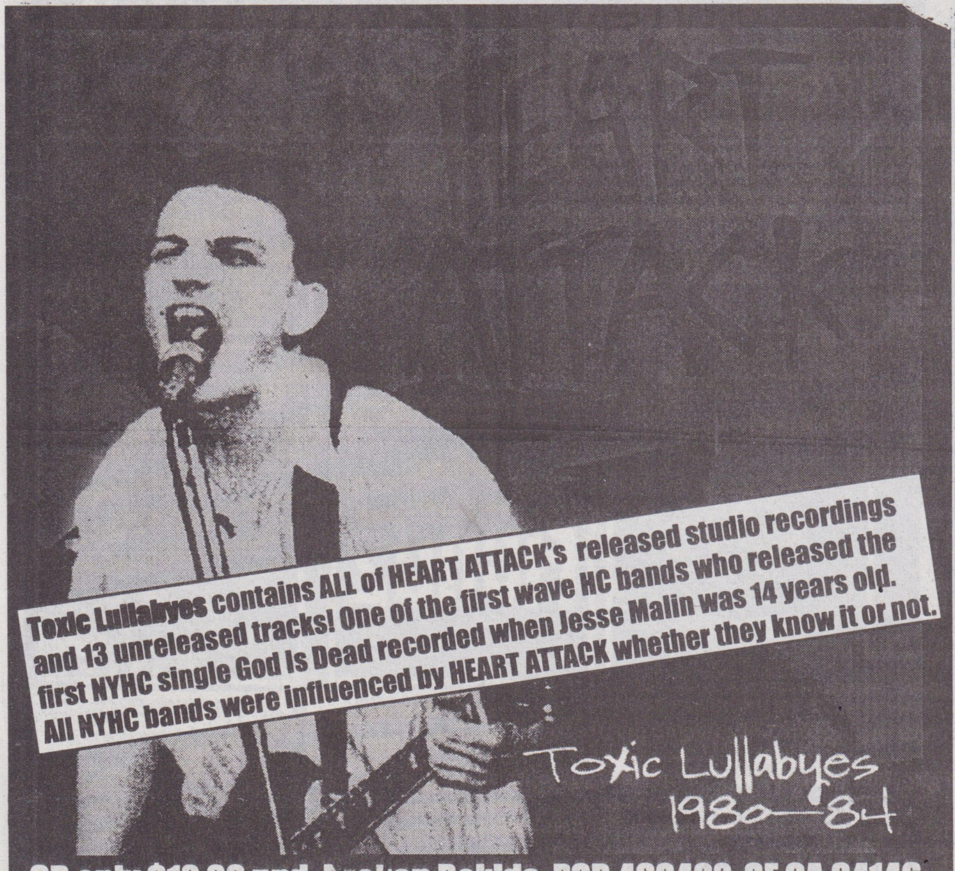

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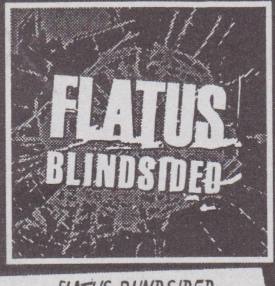

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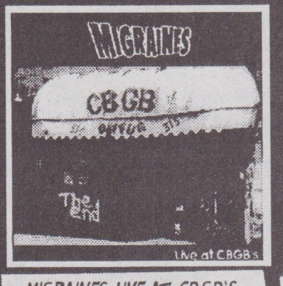

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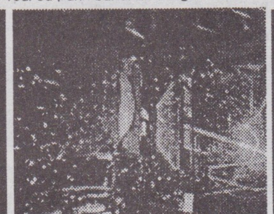

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (MT) Mike Thorn, (AW) Amy Watson, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ALARM #10 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
Super slick *Punk Planet* type zine with a college-town flair for mixing hip hop politics and indie rock. This issue contains interviews with the Donnas, Alkaline Trio, a few hip hop artists, and a group working on clearing landmines in Asia. An OK magazine, but I'll take a cut and paste punk zine with heart over this one. (CR)
PO Box 200069 / Boston, MA 02120

ANYWHERE BUT HERE #4 / $1
5 x 8 - copied - 44 pgs
The punk rock scene is for the young and this per-zine tells the story of why. Travelogue of the gender-rebel scene, most of this zine is drama and thoughts on relationships and sex. The protagonist seems to be living outside of their own body, telling the tale of its turmoil, and we all know the ending of this story. This scene, more than many others, ends up publishing zines as school projects, ending up in the high indie to low corporate press, and maybe writing a book at some point, that ends up reading exactly like a zine. (AR)
PMB 143, 603 W 13th St #1A, Austin, TX 78701-1795

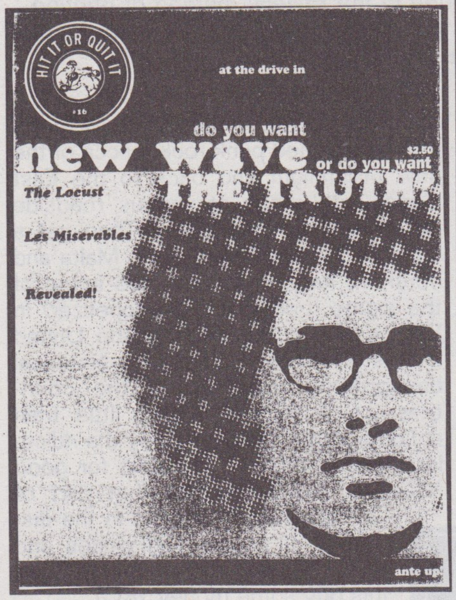
BARRICADA #8/#9 / $?/$1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - printed/copied - 40 pgs/20 pgs
Militant, class-conscious, "revolutionary anarchist" zine that rises above the genre. #8 is concerned mostly with "Building the Revolutionary Anarchist Movement" and most of this double issue is devoted to discussing tactics of Black Blocs and street fighting in general, as well as reporting back from anti-capitalist protests in Genova. Like most of the militant anarchist press, they are as fearless of typos and the occasional awkward sentence as they are of the cops, but there is a lot of interesting stuff in here. My main critique would be that in many places the need for "organizing" and "movement building" is hinted at or mentioned, but that in the entire issue, only discussions of protest militancy and street tactics are given major amounts of space. #9 is a post-9/11 issue with articles on why leftists should not "cower in the wake" of the Pentagon/World Trade Center events, a history of anarchism in Argentina, anti-fascists in Italy in Mussolini's early years in power, and a review of the demonstrations against capitalism in DC in late September. (GZ)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133

A BOY AND HIS #7 / $1 and 2 stamps
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
I'm always a sucker for the travel zines, and this is no exception. I especially like the fact that the author has no love for Portland...which is refreshing these days. Travel from South Bend, IN to the aforementioned punk rock mecca of the new millennium and back to the East Coast with stops at various roadside attractions along the way. Then get a summer job that lands you in Malta and southern Italy for awhile...see some of the sights (briefly, like an appetizer) in Europe and come back to the United States. Good stuff, and nice historical background on some of the countries...oh yeah, throw in a little train action and the ability to enjoy the ridiculousness of certain situations for good measure. I like the fact that part of Doug's love of travel is in the discovery of people and places and really living in the moment. Send this guy some money. (KC)
2604 Pine Knot Dr / Vienna, VA 22181
aboyandhis@hotmail.com

CLASS WAR #82 / £5 for 5 issues UK, £10 Europe, £20 world
11 1/4 x 16 1/4 - offset - 16 pgs
It seems like if you've read one issue of this British tabloid dedicated to destroying the rich, you've read 'em all. (Just like *MRR*?) This edition had editorials regarding the September 11th attacks in NYC and the racial violence in the UK this past summer, in addition to anti-cop, protest, sport and prisoner news, book reviews, etc. I've never been to the UK, but I'm skeptical that it's "the left" who've "racialised working class communities"... And when two of three Londoners are white, non-white folks are certainly still minorities (*CW* claims otherwise). I don't believe race can be divorced from politics, as called for in an editorial. (JM)
PO Box 467 / London E8 3QX / UK

COUNTER THEORY #4 / $1
51/2 x 8 - offset - 64 pgs
Well done emo/indie rock zine from Florida. Well done short interviews with the like of Milemarker, Geoof Farina,

Engine Down, Le Shok, and The Haggard (the only one I really cared about). Lotsa columns, reviews and fancy computer layout. Not my thing really, but if you're into this sorta stuff you'll eat it up like like I eat up 4th generation Discharge rip-offs. Comes with a CD sampler filled with a slew of punk-lite. (MT)
8608 NW 59 Ct / Tamarac, FL 33321



CRUCIAL #2 / trade, 3 stamps, or $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
For a basic hardcore zine, this is a little better than average. Since I am a fan of basic hardcore zines, I liked it pretty good. What you get—an article against penalizing youth as adults that reads as if it was written for high school, reports from Japan and the Chicago fest, an opinion piece saying don't trash show spaces, how to brew beer... For sure there are interviews - Yellow Machine Gun, Vitamin X, Reproach, and Christ on Parade reprinted from *MRR*. The price is fair. (JM)
48 Camino Alto / Millbrae, CA 94030

DIG IT! #23 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 44 pgs - French
Definitely one of the best zines I've reviewed from Europe. *Dig It!* delves more into the garage side of punk, this issue having interviews with the bands the Pagans, the Gee Strings, and the Cellophane Suckers. There are also great articles on Quebec R'n'R scene and the record series *Desperate Rock and Roll*. And of course there are lots good record reviews. Read French or die! (HH)
c/o Armadillo / 32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France
chez.com/digitfanzine

DOLL #172 / $?
7 1/4 x 10 1/4 - offset - 130 pgs - Japanese
It's big, it's fancy, MikeThorn™ says, "Ah like the pictures!" Interviews with Oxymoron, Mad 3, Supersnazz, and pieces about lots of other bands. And of course, there's a great Balzac ad. (GF)
No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9, Kita, Kohenji, Suginami-ku / Tokyo, Japan

EARQUAKE #77 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 28 pgs - French
There are a couple of interviews in this small zine, one with Oi Polloi, and the other with Voice Of A Generation. There are also lots of zine and new record reviews mostly featuring French bands. (HH)
Frederic Leca / Le Menil / 88160 Le Thillot / France

EAT YER HEART OUT, MARTHA #2 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 80 pgs
Absolutely incredible. Self described journal of poetic terrorism, radical motherhood, and practical autonomy. As soon as I read that, I knew I was in for a treat. The writing in here is about home schooling/unschooling, depression and mental illness, natural birth control, gardening, composting, and various DIY crafty bits (duct tape belt, pillow case skirt, hand dipped candles, homemade soap). I wish I could describe the strength of the information in here and do it justice...the whole time I was reading this I could feel the fire of inspiration running through my veins and in the very best "fuck yeah," fists-in-the-air way possible. I cannot wait for the next issue. This is an essential piece of work. Order this now. (KC)
1122 S. 20th St / Fort Smith, AR 72901

EXTRA #42 / postage
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 76pgs
Extra is sort of like a less slick *Doll*. It's all in Japanese, so I can't read a word of it, because I'm a stupid American who can only speak English. It's got tons of interviews (I mean *tons!*) with Japanese punk and hardcore bands that seem to run the stylistic gamut. Personally I like this for the same reason I like *Doll*, the photos and to dig through the ads to see what new Japanese records are out. (MT)
2-3 Kanda Awajicho / Chiyoda-Ku Tokyo 101-0063 / Japan

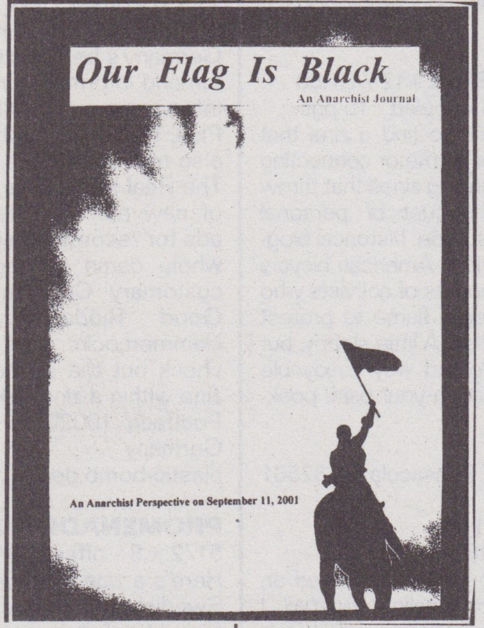
eXTRaZINE #5 / $1 or 1 Euro
6 1/2 x 11 1/2 - offset - 24 pgs - Spanish
This has the basic zine ingredients: interviews (with Safety Pins, Wallride, and Airbag), articles (on Turbonegro and Devil Dogs), and music and zine reviews. What makes it better than average is the writing quality, thoughtful and quickwitted. I especially liked the article on "New Promises of Spanish Punk," where the writer gets statements from six bands about their own punk ethics. Deftly written and highly recommended. (NN)
PO Box 152 / Daimiel 13250 / (Ciudad Real) Spain
extrazine@jazzfree.com

GHOST PINE #6 / $2
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 100 pgs
A Cometbus-like adventure that takes you to various towns in Canada, where you will have many experiences with friends, food, drinking, crushes, music, staying up all night and pondering the meaning of life. I can't quite say it's original, but it was actually more enjoyable than most zines of this genre. (MD)
114 Canter Bl / Nepean, ON / K2G 2M7 / Canada

HC SCENE #4 / $?
8 1/2 x 6 - copied - 48 pgs - Portuguese
This aptly self-described, compact zine lays out the Brazilian scene in terms of records, tapes, zines, and current events. Its political focus is centered on animal rights, with pieces on bull-fighting and vivisection, among others. An unspectacular but organized layout, with plenty of graphics, keep this an informative read. (AC)
Caixa Postal 990 / Londrina / PR / Brasil
hcscene@sercomtel.com.br

HER SIDE OF THE SIDEWALK #1 / $3
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
This is a true gem. A handbound, pocket friendly chunk of introspective, somewhat heartbreaking, a tad bit tragic, yet totally beautiful writing. Courier font, a few wood block prints, things that constitute a home, railroads and bicycles, contradictions, clogged arteries, suburbs killing cities, anger, gender dynamics and food service, ovaries and microwaves, the schwa of vinyl, learning to let go...and a few weather patterns. I love this. (KC)
PO Box 3444 / Portland, OR 97208-3444

HIT IT OR QUIT IT #16 / $2.50
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs
Jessica Hopper's zine is obsessive about music. Not being very familiar with this scene (post emo-straight edge) I had no idea how bizzare it had gotten and how much tension there was. The reference points and name drops are very scene-specific. The writing style is gushing revolutionary style rants. ("Style Revolution?") The first thing I thought of was the liner notes from a Nation of Ulysses record. Aside from interviews with The Locust, Cave In, Botch etc., one theme that came up over and over was the lack of real passion and meaningfullness found in the post emo quagmire. Special attention given to "how the steady influx of cash has changed the way we work, the way we look at each other, the way we listen." Most everything in this scene that I have a problem with seems to be a problem also to Hopper and crew. For all that though, They seem helplessly drawn to it, as if it is the only thing going on, as if no matter how terrible they are, we must analyze and worship The Locust and everything they stand (?) for. Beyond this weird fatalism, I am even more confused by Hopper herself, and where she percieves her place in all this. Hopper PR is a public relations company that puts out hype about major label acts At the Drive In, and Cave In, along with many "indie" acts. I can't really think of an aspect that symbolizes better the wholesale surrender to the Music Industry than punk bands using PR companies. I don't really get that worked up about people "selling out;" I don't think it's good, but it doesn't make me hate them or anything. But why Hopper devotes a whole zine to complaining about something that she is a major player in is hard for me to figure. This zine makes all the arguments about this I would, and then goes on to participate in those shortcomings with relish. To quote Hopper, "Context is everything, baby." (GF)
PO Box 14624 / Chicago, IL 60614
hyper@macconnect.com



IMPACT PRESS #35 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
This publication has gotten a lot better since the first time I read it twenty issues (or so) ago. Lots of varied articles (a response to the co-mingling of religion and evolutionary theory, genetically-engineered animals, and the obligatory post-9/11 "what makes terrorists?" article). The well-written articles seem to come from people rooted in their communities which can be refreshing in a political zine. For example, a teacher writes about a convention where corporations try to win science teachers to their version of environmental education, and this was something I knew nothing about previously. The duds, and there aren't very many, come off as a little naive and liberal. One writer is horrified that furlined coats labeled as coyote are really made from cat and dog fur! This zine is free in Orlando. (GZ)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817
impactpress.com

KICK IN THE BALLS # 5 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A well done zine for those who ènjoy oi, punk, and zines done with a nice DIY feel to them. Most of this is music—lots of reviews as well as interviews (Chester, the Bus Station Loonies, Beerzone, the Vibrators, and punk publisher Mark Brennan. Good interviews, sloppy layout and football (not the American kind) reports. Thumbs up. (MD)
Dave Robbins / 85C Harcourt Road / Crookes / Sheffield S10 1DH / England

LISTEN TO THIS #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
Listen To This is a collection of short stories by Paula Mayberry. Although short-short in length, these relationship-focused tales are effective and well written. Mayberry has a clear voice that left me wanting more stories. Her use of reoccurring characters does not so much link the stories, but instead creates a small village of interesting people. *Listen To This* is in the same vein as Melissa Klein's *Inkling;* I like this format and hope more people make use of fanzines to publish straight up fiction. (SD)
Overground Distro / PO Box 1661 / Pensacola, FL 32597

LOITERING IS GOOD #6 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
Wow, this was a pretty good read. I hadn't heard of this zine before, but I will keep my eyes open for it from now on. It has an interesting article about graffiti removal—you know, when you see big painted rectangles over graffiti—as art. The zine also has photos of some big graffiti pieces and a short interview with Iggy Scam. This zine made up for the mediocre ones I have been getting lately. Like a breath of fresh air. (DS)
PO Box 424881 / San Francisco, CA 94142-4881
loiteringisgood@hotmail.com

MASS MOVEMENT #11 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 - offset - 76 pgs
This fat zine from the UK will keep you occupied for a while. Includes columns, some annoying, some enjoyable. Interviews with Hirax, Raw Power, Incredible Strange Wrestling, and more. I think I liked the interview with an editor of *Thrasher* the best. Couldn't find the price on it and didn't have a chance to look on the website, massmovement.com, for it either. A good zine,worth looking up if you are interested. (DS)
18 Hazeldene Ave./ Brackla, Bridgend / CF31 2JW UK
massmovement@currantbun.com

MESSAGE FROM THE HOMELAND #7 / $2
8 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
The pursuit of spiritual fulfillment has never been my quest. I consider it a tra-

ditionally European result of the spiritually bereft society that we (as Americans) have been raised in. This is the journey of this author, who happens to be a competent writer and generally thoughtful person. Lots of rants about everything—from whether it is Christian to hate gays, to voting—most of which are uninspired but well-intentioned. There is also an interview with Sepultura's lead singer Derrick Green. (AR)
PO Box 1725, Westfield, MA 01086

MINDLESS CONFORMITY #6 / $?
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
Australian crust/grind zine with band interviews (Deviated Instinct, Melee, Change Over, Charcoal Human), show and album reviews, crusty illustrations (heavy on the inking, lots of skulls, no pupils in eyeballs, etc.) and a couple of

short articles. Punk unity is a focus of this zine and fellow crusties (as well as other stripes of punks) are taken to task for their bad attitudes. The interviews are good and fun to read, which is odd, because the questions don't seem all that different from any other zine. Must be the author's ability to draw people out. Somehow this zine just feels friendly and you won't mind having it around your apartment. (GZ)
PO Box 279 / Enmore, NSW 2042 / Australia

NEGRITA #1 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Glo, zine editor of *Negrita*, wields her sharpie pen with plenty of enthusiasm. Short personal ramblings dominate this zine. Some bits seem hastily written and incoherent, with the 2-3 page topics ranging from vomiting and shoplifting to a piece called "I Love Fucking." These handwritten stories are accompanied by a few odd drawings. (SD)
Overground Distro / PO Box 1661 / Pensacola, FL 32597

OUR FLAG IS BLACK / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Despite the terrible name, this anarchist journal is fairly interesting. This issue is an anarchist response to the September 11 attacks, focusing mostly on the clampdown on civil rights and the scapegoating of Muslim Americans. A few of these are reprints, but definitely worth reading as a response to the massive conspiracy of silence by the mainstream news media. Though maybe this is not the best zine I've ever read, there is something very comforting in knowing that there are other folks out there willing to raise their voice in protest, and supporting them in these days has a certain value. (CR)
PO Box 1661 / Pensacola, FL 32597-1661

PASSING SIDE #12 / $1.50
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 16 pgs
It's always nice to find a zine that has no central theme or connecting thread. I like finding zines that throw together a bouquet of personal reflection on suicide, historical biographies of African-American bicycle racers, and reprints of activists who set themselves a flame to protest war and injustice. A little sloppy, but in a cute, affected way. Enjoyable and fun to keep in your back pocket.
(CR)
309 6th Ave / Pensacola, FL 32501

PEE #20 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 - offset - 48 pgs
Over five years ago when I reviewed an awesome Aussie zine called *Fuzzball*, I noticed they kept hyping a zine called *Pee*. Well, it was worth the wait. In an age when most fanzines just seem stale and too inside joke-y, this is a great read. It's witty, it's interesting, the writers are intelligent and the layout is refreshingly easy on the eyes. Although the interviews (Autopilot Off, Pulley, the guy who runs Fearless Records) may be oriented towards the Fat Wreck set, you'd be crazy if you couldn't find something you like in here. (RD)
PO Box 238 / Marden / South Australia / 5070

PICK YOUR POISON/CHOLESTEROL JUNKIE #1 / $1 each
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 46 pgs each
Though these are two separate zines, these are both written by the same author and deal with similar themes and subject matter—mainly thoughts and reflections on "growing up," childhood experiences, and the perspectives of young people on the adult world and its expectations. *Pick Your Poison* is a series of stories and recollections of some really funny, absurd antics involving the author, his friends, their parents, cops, and other authority figures. The second zine, *Cholesterol Junkie*, contains stories from eight past issues of a zine that Nate wrote when he was in high school—kind of a "best of," if you will. I really enjoyed these zines for the entertainment value and how they express young people's take on the world, not in a cheesy emo way that treats childhood as a time of nostalgic innocence that is lost and corrupted, but as formative experiences that the author still seems to feel connected to. (JL)
PO Box 8995 / MN 55408

PLASTIC BOMB #36 / $6
11 x 8 - offset - 124 pgs - German
More cool punk rock from one of Germany's best fanzines that is always a fun and informative read. This issue has interviews with Olho Seco, Moloko Plus, Red Alert, and Conflict. There are also reviews of gigs by Leatherface and The Real Mckenzies. Plus there are lots of new record reviews, with plenty of ads for records one just has to buy. The whole damn package comes with its customary CD sampler that includes Good Riddance, Speedway 69, Hammercocks, plus lots more. Finally, check out the section "Plastic Girl," a zine within a zine. (HH)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
plastic-bomb.de

PROMENADE #12 / $3
51/2 x 8 - offset - 84 pgs Swedish
Here's a zine from Sweden. I don't read Swedish, but one of my good friends is from Umeå, but that doesn't really matter does it? Wish I could though cause this look's really rad—interviews with This Heat, Dialog Cet, iDeal Recordings, and Arsedestroyer. Kick ass clean layout and lotsa reviews, reviews reviews! (MT)
Durgränd 1 / 386 31 Färjestaden / Sweden

RAPID FIRE #21 / $2 cash or trade
8 3/8 x 10 5/8 - offset - 32 pgs
First, allow me to be positive... If you like motorcycles and New England metal

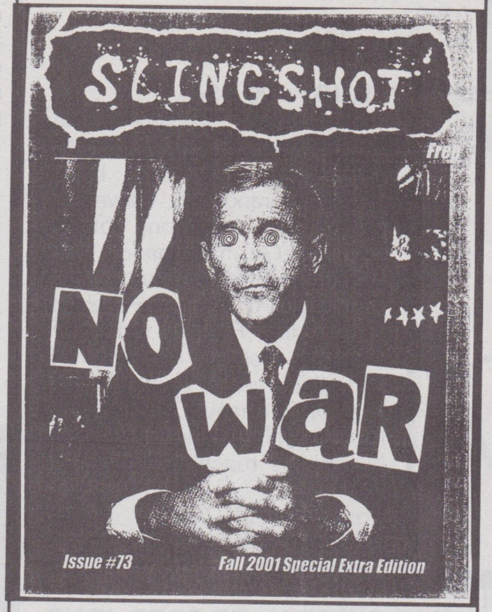
bands, you may wanna check put this publication. Also, the editor gets major DIY points for printing this in his basement. Bring on the negative! Al Quint is an idiot because he said the Warped tour sucks??? Skipping the Unseen for the Metalfest??? I like metal perhaps more than any other zine reviewer, but look at punk and metal—which is for the kids, which for the business? Punk has plenty of chumps, sellouts and fucking marketing pieces of shit, but it don't even touch the metal scene in this regard. Also the basement press left white streaks on a number of pages, making them difficult to read. (JM)
3497 Theo Roos Hwy / Bolton, VT 05676

READY TO FIGHT #1 / 1 stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
I can't say I'm a big fan of the one-sheet fanzine. It's over before it even begins. This has some reviews and some opinion type pieces on the co-opting of hardcore style, oi, work, and cars. (MD)
185 New St Apt 1 / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

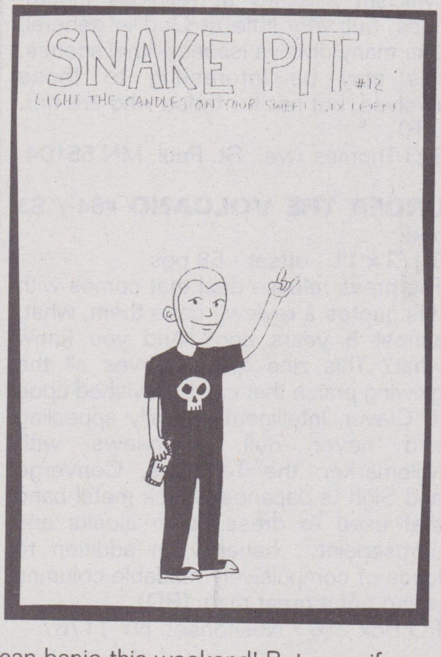
RUNNING IN PLACE #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A nicely done little (as in short read) music zine out of Las Vegas. Excellent use of typewriter/cut and paste format. Good photos, interviews with Planes Mistaken for Stars and Fields of Fire, a local scene report and some store/restaurant recommendations. I give it an A for effort, but probably best if you're a Las Vegan (who don't eat bacon...oh never mind). (KC)
2447 Winterwood Blvd / Las Vegas, NV 89122
xmoosex@hotmail.com

SELF ANNIHILATION #1 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
The title sums up this depressing zine pretty well. Done by a depressed 30 year-old and a suicidal 21 year-old, light-hearted is not the word I would use to describe it. Includes poetry, articles about going to Ladyfest, and the author's going off his meds. Send these boys a dollar and maybe it will bring some joy into their lives. (DS)
PO Box 37 / Munger, MI 48747-0037
joecabdriver_2000@yahoo.com

SINGING GARBAGE AND HARDWARE #6 in Sub City Series / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 19 pgs
Rymodee sums up his zine, subtitled *The Mysteries of Amateur Instrument Building Revealed*, with these succinct words of wisdom: "Sounds is music. Everything makes sounds." *Singing Garbage...* is #6 in the Sub City Series (a collection of punk-as-teacher publications from that zine churning city by the



sea, Pensacola) and I must say that it *rocks*! Rymodee has a gentle guiding voice that walks you through the steps of building your own instrument from basically anything lying around your porch—hell, I bet he could even teach you how to turn your *porch* into an instrument. I'm getting started on my tin



can banjo this weekend! But even if you don't build an upright bass or five-string banjo, this music-making manual is a must-have. Rymodee's friendly tone describes the basics of playing all of these instruments, plus he has helpful hints and funny descriptions. There are also sections on how to make a tuning peg, fret positions, and a brief history of a few of the instruments. (SD)
918 E Gonzalez / Pensacola, FL 32501

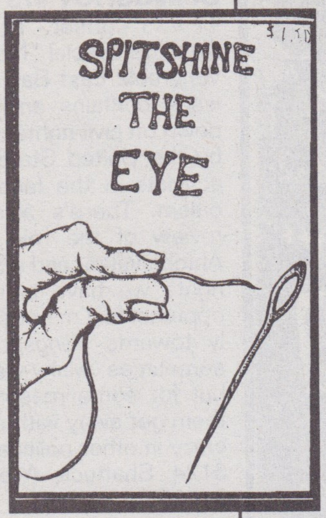
SLINGSHOT #73 / free
17 x 11 - offset - 12 pgs
An extra special "No War" issue of this venerable East Bay activist paper. This issue contains analysis of the crack-down on civil rights, millitary aggression by the United States, and the role of activists in the face of massive patrioitism. There's also a very cursory review of the role of colonization in Ahfghanistan, and a timely article on the rights we have in the face of police oppression. I'm not sure why I feel kindly towards *Slingshot* even with their sometimes wishy-washy lefty politics, but for some reason I'm happy to let them get away with shit that makes me crazy in other political zines. (CR)
3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705

SNAKEPIT #12 / $1?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
A short collection of illustrated comic strips detailing the author's experiences in the month of September. The drawings are very simple and deal with pretty mundane, everyday experiences that come across in an interesting way that is a nice departure from the usual boring, journal entry-type autobiographical zines. There is nothing particularly revelatory or gripping about this zine, but the style is unpretentious and the monkey-like drawings of the author going about his daily routines of drinking, going to shows, working, hanging out, etc. are endearing and kind of cool. (JL)
2100 Guadalupe #138 / Austin, TX 78705

$PARE ¢HANGE #11 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Rants on personal stories and theories that are actually interesting to read. A lot of it is about growing up isolated in a small town, which I totally relate to, but it's a good read even if you don't have the same experiences. Funny metal stories, too. And his zine reviews are better than mine, so if you've read this far, definitely check it out. (NN)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

SPITSHINE IN THE EYE #1 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 5 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a zine about sewing—what a treat for an arts-and-crafts dork like myself. And with an opening line like "I...laugh in the face of designer America and say, God, you lazy bunch of

fucks!" I mean really, how can you go wrong? Punks and safety pins have an affectionate history already; I say, go forth and sew! Here's what this cute, handwritten and diagramed zine teaches you how to make: a patchwork quilt, various useful stitches, a bike tube belt, and a bike bag. In addition, it explains how to repair backpack zippers and how to troubleshoot with your sewing machine. Other goodies, like the history of the safety pin, a few recipes, and a couple of anecdotes round out this little package of DIY goodness. This is minimal, for sure, but if we had zines like this exchanging information about all of the useful, simple things we pay cash for all the time, what richer punks we would be. (AC)
918 E Gonzalez St / Pensacola, FL 32501



STUPID OVER YOU #10 / $5
8 x 6 - copied - 80 pgs - German
This small but thick zine tends to cover more the eastern side of Germany, hence a lot of the bands are not so well known. This issue covers such bands as Volxsturm, Mind Melt, Tonnensturz, and Screeching Weasel. There are also zine and record reviews and tidbits of punk information. The zine also comes with a pretty good CD sampler that feature a number of not so well known German bands. Overall this is a worthwhile package of zine and CD. (HH)
Thomas Bachmann / Kastanienallee 18 / 14471 Potsdam / Germany
rockstarcrew@freenet.de

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #54 / $1 plus stamps or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This issue got a warmer response from me than previous ones I've reviewed. Normally show reviews bore the shit out of me, but this time they just seemed to catch me in a good humor, and, more to the point, you actually feel some of the writer's enthusiasm for the music. Show reviews of Subscribe, Sin Desires Marie, Hank III and Assjack, Against All Authority, and The White Stripes, to name a few; interviews with Effloresce, Tormentula (funny!), Rainbow Sugar. Record and zine reviews, a couple decent pieces on the 9-11 mess. Definitely a more lively mood to this issue. (NN)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329
ttwn@hotmail.com

TRUST #90 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 68 pgs - German
This issue of *Trust* includes interviews with the bands Unitas, Durango 95, Dawncore, White Flag and one of my favorite German bands, Die Goldenen Zitronen. There is also a superb article on the situation in Bosnia. Finally, there are columns, record reviews, ads and of course the best gig listing in all of Germany. Only ten more issues until the milestone of one hundred is reached, good luck! (HH)
Postfach 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
trust-zine.de

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #5 /
8 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
Straight-edge zine answering a question that is unanswerable. What is the role of religion in the hardcore scene? Reprint of an old Porcell interview, interview with xDisciplex a.d., Good Clean Fun, Intercine, and Heros Drive. Most of the discussion is very narrow, with some cynicism directed at religious institutions, but very little at God in general. Like many divisive issues within scenes, this may be interesting to those involved, but not for those who are not. (AR)
803 Thomas Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104

UNDER THE VOLCANO #64 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 58 pgs
The press release deal that comes with this quotes a review I gave them, what, almost 5 years ago? And you know what? This zine still deserves all the glowing praise that can be lavished upon it. Clever, intelligent, visually appealing and never dull. Interviews with Milemarker, the Templars, Converge and Sigh (a Japanese black metal band that used to dress up in cloaks and corpsepaint... hehehe), in addition to loads of compulsively readable columns round out a great mag. (RD)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

WIEDZ'MA #1? / $?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs - Polish/English
The most striking thing about this zine is the beautiful layout. The backgrounds and pictures have this flowy, goth-y feel to them, not because of the music but because most of the zine contains specifics of witch "trials" and witch murders several centuries ago. Although the zine itself is in Polish, there's a pamphlet of English translations of nearly all the material. The articles, written by a self-described radical anarcho-feminist group, have really good information on the European history of witch persecution and also a good overview of the religious (and to some degree, political) climate then. I recommend emailing to find out how much this will cost ya, then send for it right away. I loved it. (NN)
PO Box 21 / 08-100 Siedlce 1 / Poland
witchgrrrl@poczta.onet.pl

more listings

CLIMAX / stamps, trade, or $2 ppd
A guy writes about his orgasms. There's no postal address.
zines@fastworks.com

FINGER ON THE TRIGGER #2 / $1.50
Adee writes about life in Lake Worth, FL. Her zine is short and comprised of handwritten/typed text. Topics include hair, cops, and living in a messy house.
1214 N 7th Ave / Pensacola, FL 32503

SHREDDING PAPER #11 / $4
You know the drill...75+ pages of reviews, be it records, books or websites. Also, a Dickies interview.
PO Box 2271 / San Rafael, CA 94912

SLUG #152 and 153 / free (send stamps)
A 12 year magazine I'm just now seeing; lots of variety and wiseassery, interviews with Coil, TSOL, Mike Watt and Jade Tree Records. Very cool stuff from bumfuck Utah.
2225 S 500 E Ste 206 / Salt Lake City, UT 84106

SWEET DREAMS FOR TALULA / $2
An indie comic about a very sad girl, touching on depression and mental illness.
PO Box 163463 / Sacramento, CA 95816

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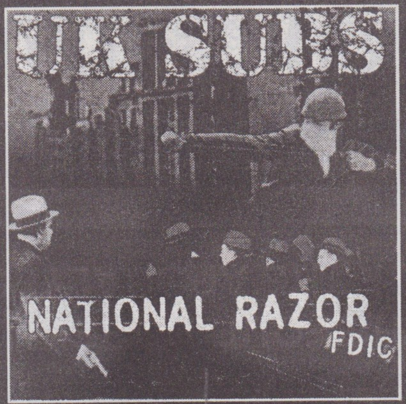
The UK Subs started in the winter of 1977 and have been playing punk rock ever since. One of the most known and notorious bands of the era the Subs have been going strong for well over 20 years. If you aren't familiar with these guys you may as well go home and kill yourself today. Some of the best and catchiest Subs material to date. A must have for any UK Subs fans.



NATIONAL RAZOR FDIC

The bastard offspring of many great Baltimore bands has lead to this melodic, yet abrasive, catchy as hell punk rock machine. National Razor is more addictive than heroin and just as good for you. After just one listen you will find yourself singing the songs while in the shower and you will come to terms with your new founded addiction. Catchy enough for the Pop-punk kids and Abrasive enough for Street-Punkers, National Razor has something for everyone.

VMS RECORDS WWW.VMSRECORDS.COM

adam@vmsrecords.com
www.vmsrecords.com

This is the first installment of the Gruesome Twosome Series Available now through mail order and in Stores 11/20

The Gruesome Twosome series is a split series dedicated to putting some balls back into Punk Rock. An old school style, fuck off mentality series wrestling control of the underground back from the pretty boy punk movement.

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info@morphius.com www.morphius.com

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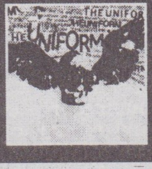
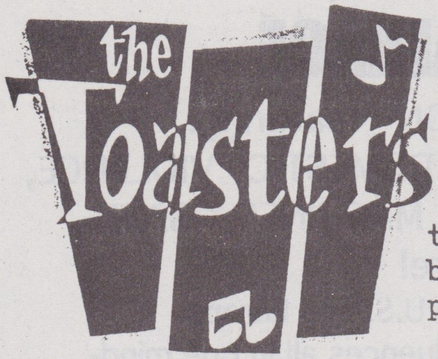
CD



No Trend
"More"
CD

SORRY IF IT'S NOT COOL ANYMORE,
BUT WE @ ASIAN MAN RECORDS STILL LOVE SKA



"ENEMY OF THE SYSTEM"

CD/LP AVAILABLE APRIL 22nd 2002

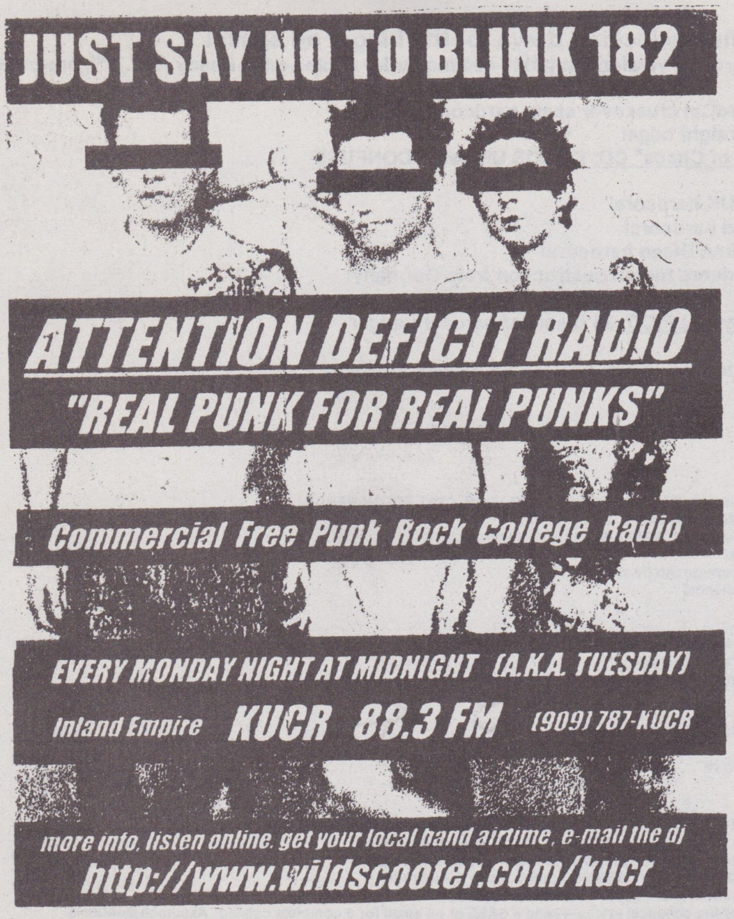
Since 1981, the Toasters(NYC) have played over 2,000 shows, released over 10 albums worldwide, toured over 15 countries, & have stuck with SKA because they love the music, not because it's the popular trend http://www.toasters.org

"ULTRA PANIC"

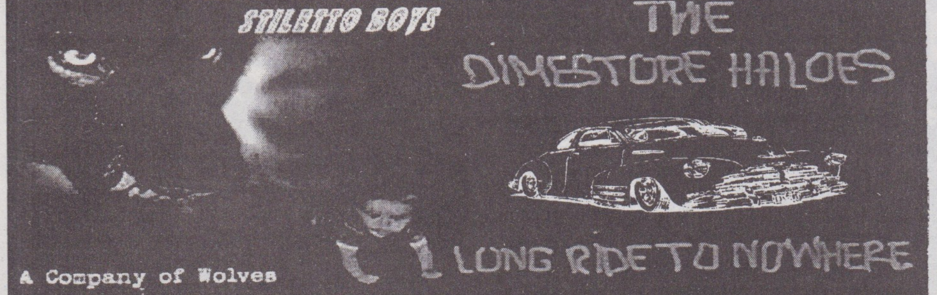
CD/LP AVAILABLE APRIL 22nd 2002

Since 1988, MU330(St. Louis) have played over 1,400 shows, released 7 full lengths, toured over 15 countries, gone through 5 vans, and also play SKA because they love the music http://www.MU330.com

AMR: PO BOX 35585 MONTE SERENO,CA.95030-5585
E-MAIL-mike@asianmanrecords.com
HTTP://WWW.ASIANMANRECORDS.COM



PELADO RECORDS & ROAD TO RUIN MAIL ORDER



The STILETTO BOYS "A Company Of Wolves" Brand new full length CD available now, also vinyl version on High Society Records available via Pelado Records. The Stiletto Boys are the bastard child of the Dickies, Dead Boys, Descendents, Cheap Trick, Foo Fighters, 77 Punk & 79 Power Pop all mixed into one great band! The CD and LP have completely different names and art work but are the same songs.

The DIMESTORE HALOES "Long Ride To Nowhere" CD This great Boston band just recently broke up after a six year fun. Once again the Haloes deliver their brand of real authentic punk rock. Influenced by the greats of 57, 73 and 77 Haloes always stayed true to the ideals of true punk rock!! Leapord print creepers, leather jackets and eyeliner!! Look for The DISARRAY GUNS coming from the ashes of the Haloes very soon!

DON'T MISS OUT ON THE GREAT NEW 7' BY: The STUPOR STARS 4 songs of 2 minute greatness from ex-members of the Stalions (NYC). Fans of bands like Loli and The Chones, Bobbyteens etc. will want to pick this up!

TEEN COOL "Adolessons" CD/EP is another one you don't want to miss out on. Snotty Texas Punk Rock full of attitude that you come to expect from Texas, they are the kids of the 77 American and UK Punk!

CDS still in stock from THE CHEMO KIDS, RIFFS, COMMIES, BLADDER BLADDER BLADDER, PROSTITUTES and more! ROAD TO RUIN MAIL ORDER has tons of new items TRASH BRATS "American Disaster", DUANE PETERS & The HUNNS, PAGANS, GENERATORS, BOMBSHELL ROCKS, REGISTRATORS, DRAGONS, BLACK HALOS, JAKE & THE STIFFS lables such as HOSTAGE, JUNK, TKO, SYPMATHY, RAPID PLUSE, RADIO and many many more!! See web page for details. PRICES for Pelado items only. USA 7" $4, CD/LP $8, CD/EP $6. Can/Mex add $1 on all items except the 7" are same as US. all others add $2 on all items but 7" are $5 if you buy more then one item otherwise they are $5.50. U.S funds only, cash or money order to P. Grindstaff.

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pat@peladorecords.com

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sndidea@ix.netcom.com

ORDERING INFORMATION

Minimum order is $10 or it will be returned.
MAKE PAYMENT TO BOB SUREN.
PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE FOR THE U.S. ONLY.
In the US, add $3.50 for first class postage, if you want it.
Can and Mex surface mail: add $1 per item
Can and Mex airmail: $3 for first item, $1 each additional
World surface mail: $2 for first item, $1 each additional
World airmail: $4 *each* for first 2 items, $1 each additional
PLEASE list alternatives or you may get a credit slip.
CATALOGS: Send $1 US, $2 world.
CREDIT CARDS: We grudgingly accept your yuppie plastic. Call (813) 653-2550, 12-8 PM EST

V/A "Killed By Hardcore #2" LP $10
Municipal Waste 7" $3.50
Subterranean Kids CD $13.50
Antidogmatikks LP+7" $13.50 or CD $13.50
Minor Threat/Youth Brigade "Demos" LP $12
Abstain/Nasum 7" $5
Attitude Adjustment "American Paranoia" CD $13.50
E.T.A. "No Faith" LP $8.50 or CD $11
Soap And Spikes zine #8 $4
Countdown To Oblivion/They Live 7" $3.50
Godstomper/Bizare X LP $8.50
Lie "Time Passes" LP $8.50 or CD $12
Life's Halt/What Happens Next LP $8.50 or CD $12
What Happens Next/Overthhhrow CD $12
What Happens Next "The First Year" CD $11
What Happens Next "The Second Year" CD $12
Misery/Extinction of Mankind LP $8.50
Scholastic Deth "Shackle Me – Not!" 7" $3.50
Spazm 151 "Sworn To Fun, Loyal To None" 7" $3.50
Deathcharge "Plastic Smiles" 7" $3.50
Dumbstruck "We All Fall Down" LP $8.50
Jellyroll Rockheads "Intense and Mild" 7" $3.50
Soar Throat "Outside of the Skull" 7" $3.50
Seein' Red/Vuur 7" $5
Demon System 13 "Killed By The Kids" LP $8.50 or CD $10
Severed Head Of State "Dansons La Ravachole" 7" $3.50
Agathocles/Mitten Spider 7" $3.50
Hellnation/Merda 7" $5
Killed In Action/Crucial Unit 7" $3.50
Stupid Babies Go Mad/Braineaters 7" $3.50
Roach Motel "Worstest Hits" CD $10
Scrotum Grinder "The Greatest..." LP $8.50 or CD $11
Defiance "No Future No Hope" CD $8.50
Defiance "Nothing Lasts Forever" CD $8.50
Detention "Expelled" CD $12
Offenders "Died in Custody" CD $12
Yacopsae "Einstweilige Vernichtung" CD $12
V/A "Alle 24 Goed" CD $12
V/A "Russia Bombs Finland" CD $13.50 (Finland 1983)
Hirax "Barrage of Noise" CD $6 (8 songs)
Unholy Grave "The Unreleased Demo" 7" $3.50
Unhloy Grave "Tortured Alive" 10" $8.50
Urko/Minute Manifesto LP $8.50
Hated Youth "Hardcore Rules" 7" $3 (12 songs from 1983)
Bread and Water/Reason of Insanity 7" $3
Bread and Water "Future Memories" 7" $3
Terrorain "1988 Demos" 7" $3
Business "Suburban Rebels" LP $10
Indigesti "Osservati Dall Inganno" CD $13.50
Indigesti "Suguardorealta" CD $13.50
Indigesti "Lubeck Live 02/09/87" CD $13.50
Unseen "The Anger and the Truth" LP $8.50 or CD $12
Victims "Neverendinglasting" LP $8.50
Holding On "Just Another Day" LP $8.50 or CD $10
Gatecrashers/Down In Flames 7" $3.50
Infest "Slave" LP $8.50
Infest "Live KXLU 1991" LP $8.50
Reason Of Insanity/Sick Abuse 7" $3.50
3 Way Cum/A.O.S. 7" $3.50
Rapt/Final Blast 7" $5
Fuck On The Beach/Godstomper 7" $3.50
Spazz "Sweatin' 3" CD $12
Tear It Up "The First Four Months" CD $11
Decontrol "In Trenches" LP $8.50 (10 songs)

STORES: GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE RATES!

And be sure to visit the Sound Idea Store
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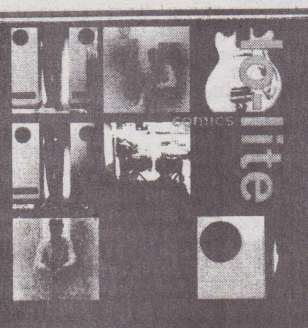
USE THE PO BOX FOR ORDERING!

SIX WEEKS RECORDS: finally kicking down for the bigger ad space!

RÖVSVETT-"kick Ass"LP/CD Bulldozer Swedish Hardcore! LP version limited to 400 mailorder copies only. Ready Nov. 1st!, pre-orders accepted!!
HOLIER THAN THOU? "The Hating of the Guts" LP/CD: SoCal crossover skate hardcore!
BURNPILE "What About You" CD: Blasting Oklahoma straight edge!
THE YOUNG AND THE USELESS "Flash Gits in the Hour of Chaos" CD: CHAOS UK battle CONFUSE in the Gilman Street bathroom!
VOORHEES "Crystal Lake's Legacy" LP/CD: Old school UK hardcore!
IN CONTROL "Breaking the Curse" CD: Awesome Oxnard hardcore!
THE NEIGHBORS "Negative Attraction" LP/CD: Ripping San Diego hardcore!
STACK "Konkret Lichtgefchwindigkeit" LP/CD: Total hardcore thrash destruction from Germany! CD has EPs and splits as bonus tracks!
STRONG INTENTION "What Else Can We Do But Fight Back" LP/CD: 24 blasts of hardcore anger from Maryland!
"HURT YOUR FEELINGS" comp. CD: 50+ minutes of hardcore punk raiding the Six Weeks archives from past to present!
ABUSO SONORO "Herencia" LP/CD: Brazilian political hardcore brutality!
FUCKFACE CD: Brutal and dark San Francisco hardcore!
"AMERICA IN DECLINE" comp. CD: 26 U.S. punk and hardcore bands!
HOLIER THAN THOU? 7": Furious SoCal skate attack!
CAPITALIST CASUALTIES/STACK split 7": yet, it's back!
CAPITALIST CASUALTIES "Planned Community" 6": West Coast political thrash! MAILORDER GETS RED VINYL COLLECTOR NERD!
"SOUTH AMERICA IN DECELIN" comp. LP/CD: 25 of the best South American bands today. 30 on the CD!
"CRITICAL PEDAGOGY" comp. LP/CD: Comp. Of teachers in punks bands like MDC, ABSTAIN, CLUSTER BOMB UNIT!
ANAL MUCUS "1986-1997" discography CD: classic Concord hardcore punk!
STRONG INTENTION "Each Day Lived an Act of Defiance" 7": Speedy hardcore thrash from MD!
SOUND LIKE SHIT "Once Upon the Metal" 7": Crazed Japanese hardcore violence!
THE DREAD "Bonnie and Clyde" LP/CD: Punch-in-the-face pogo-core!
PLUTOCRACY "Sniping Pigz" LP/CD: West Bay grind killing spree!
DESPITE "The Destroyers Will Be Destroyed" LP/CD: Rapid-fire downtuned Midwest bombraid!
THE NEIGHBORS "The More Money One Has..." CD: Snotty, blistering HC from San Diego!
VIOLENT HEADACHE "Bombs of Crust" LP/CD: Furious political hardcore grind from Spain!
RUIDO 7": Ripping LA thrash!
INTENSITY "Virtue of Progress" 7": Raging fast and heavy hardcore Spain!
BOILING MAN "Roadkill Museum" 7": Crunching early 80's hardcore like THE PIST or FILTH!
VOORHEES "13" LP/CD: Total UK thrash destruction!
FORCA MACABRA/ARMAGEDOM split LP/CD: Brazil legends vs. fast Finnish HC
NAILED DOWN "Honour and Glory" 8" flexi: Australian thrash terror
"EUROPE IN DECLINE" comp. LP: 25 Euro thrashcore—very few left!

LP prices postpaid: $8 N. America/$15 Europe/$16 Japan & Australia
CD prices postpaid: $10 N. America/$12 Europe/$14 Japan & Australia
7"/flexi prices postpaid: $3 N. America/$5 Europe/$7 Japan & Australia
6" price postpaid: $4 N. America/$6 Europe/$8 Japan & Australia
make checks & m.o.s out to "Six Weeks"—thanks!

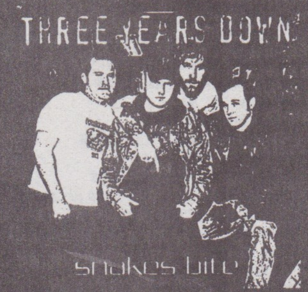
We also distribute hardcore & punk from around the globe for the cheapest prices—send a SASE or an email for a complete catalog: Akautsch@aol.com
We're distributed by Mordam: www.mordamrecords.com
SIX WEEKS: 225 Lincoln Avenue/Cotati, CA 94931 U.S.A.



lo-lite

"Comics" LP

This is a Dutch two-man band, excelling in an original mix of raw stompin' blues and a high-octane punky rock. A slithering slideguitar, some maniac vocals and pounding drums make a barebones primitive, soon to be classic rock & roll record. LP only $8 usa / $10 world



THREE YEARS DOWN

"Snakes Bite" LP/CD

[illegible] $8 usa / $10 world

scared of chaka

"Seven Stories Tall" CD

All the classic out of print 7" singles together with a coupla new tracks and some live rock action. Comes with a full color booklet with liners by Osco. A must for fans of SOC
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CLASSIFIEDS

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. Really, it's true.

CLASSIC POSH BOY records and CDs by Agent Orange, Channel 3, Youth Gone Mad, UXA, TSOL, F-Word, The Nuns, Rik L Rik, The Crowd, Social Distortion, Redd Kross, Catch 22, Pariah & more at www.poshboy.com.

PUNK ROCK MAGNETS: Sex Pistols, Misfits, Siouxsie, Rocky Horror, Black Flag, Cramps, Generation X, Anti-Pasti, DK, Necros, Buzzcocks, Damned & more. 3.75 each including postage US. Send a stamp list. Andre' 11002 Magnolia Blvd #296 No. Hollywood, CA 91601

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, Specials, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict. SAE (UK), 2 IRCs (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50 a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. Email: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Rancid, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Ruts, Ignite, Subhumans, Dwarves, Leatherface, Turbonegro. SAE (UK), 2 IRCs (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. Email: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk.

SELL YOUR BODY to the Strap-Ons "Geeking Dream" 25 song CD with songs like "Strap-On Sally" for only $9 postage paid to: CNF PO Box 8241, Norfolk, VA 23503. Bodies in the streets Limbless Torsos begging to die. www.thestrap-ons.com.

MAD MEN OR GENIUS? You decide. Get the latest free cassette from Skidd Freeman. Simply send your mailing address to: PO Box 4281, East Lansing, MI 48826 or email at: skiddfreeman@webtv.net (one per household please).

CHRISTIAN BROKE NECK BASTUURDS HOBO JOKESTER JUDGE ME-NOT JAM BAND tour fundraisers. Calligraphy, handpainted logo poster $15 or personalized debut tape $15 MO/check. No cash. Payable: DSame, 7090 N. Oracle, 178PMB129, Tucson, AZ 85704. 818-623-6450. 3 month backlog. We personalize: This belongs 2 (your name)! Don't steal it, ya clepto hobo!

VIDEOS! Anti-Flag, Buzzoven, Capitalist Casualties, Chaos UK, Crudos, Dead and Gone, Defiance, Drop Dead, MDC, Nausea, Propagandhi, Reagan Youth, Rorschach, Subhumans, Suicidal Tendencies, UK Subs, & more! Write to Mike Macdonald, PO Box 68 Bishop, CA 93515 for complete list. Trades welcome.

PAMELA ANDERSON & TOMMY LEE/Vince Neil & Janine Why pay $20.00 or more for each video when you can get both on the same tape (must be 21 for only $15.00. Cash, Check, M.O. James McElroy, POB 793, Vinemont, AL 35179.

VLAD THE IMPALER Ultra rare Romanian (subtitled in English) film which depicts the true life story of the real (historical) Dracula. $14.00 cash, check or money order. James McElroy, PO Box 793, Vinemont, AL 35179

I WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND with punx from Japan in order to exchange records of Polish punk rock to Japanese punk rock bands. (I am not interested in bands that play HC or crust.) I own records from 80's (on MC) and 90's (MC & CD). Remiqiusz Tobys, Piotrowo 22, 64-020 Czempini, Poland. sopelpoznan@poezta.onet.pl

SURPRISE GRAB BAG! Get two pounds of assorted CDs, stickers, pins and magazines for only $8. Make check or MO out to Under the Volcano, Inc., PO Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767. New York residents, please add 8.25% sales tax.

GG ALLIN All new merchandise catalog: Lots more pics & pages. Many new t-shirt designs, new concert posters, jabbers poster, promos, DVD, the book, videos (many masters), lots of new color covers, artwork, gg doll, cassettes, cd's, singles, & murder junkies stuff. This catalog kicks ass. Don't settle for second best. In business over 10 years. $2.00 for pro printed XL catalog over 20 pages. Merle Allin, 72 Union Ave #1, Rutherford, NJ 07070. Call (201) 372-0182.

VIDEOS: Over 1500 shows. GG, Dwarves, Nashville Pussy, Misfits, Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Social D., Bad Brains, Dropkick Murphys, Circle Jerks, Donnas, Hole, nofx, Bikini Kill, Fantomas, Rancid, Pistols, Danzig, Mummies, Hellacopters, Casualties, Clash, Dead Boys, Dolls, Samhain, Ween, NYHC, Metal, Industrial & much more. Fast reliable service for over 10 years. Merle Allin, 72 Union Ave. #1, Rutherford, NJ 07070. (201) 372-0182. $1.00 for xl list.

JAPANESE - ENGLISH English-Japanese translation for MRR Readers only. Lyrics, inserts, interviews, zines, trading, tours. Reach more people! Ask for details: email in English or Japanese to diddlyshit@hotmail.com.

MRR BACK ISSUES WANTED #1-100 needed for online archive. I'll pay $5 for readable copies with cover. Leave a message at (425) 501-0260 or altmill@yahoo.com. Donations appreciated.

ANTI-MODERN FOUNDATION Worried about the future? Do you dare to be different? Can you think for yourself? Then read the Resurrection of Aristocracy by Rudolph C. Evans for $12.95, Breakout Productions Inc. For a copy of the review and more information contact RC Evans, 8 Cliff Avenue, Hempstead, NY 11550.

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IT'S BAAAAACCKK...

BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE!!!

Do-It Yourself Punk/Hardcore Resource Magazine No. 10, 2002

For nine years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're mailing in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing.

In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings from the web site database in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to May 1, 2001 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #10. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

Note: Last year we maxed out the number of listings we could print. By 2002, we'll have even more listings. As a result, for issue #10, we will not be printing the band listings. However, the band listings will continue to be accessible from the web site and will be updated (or deleted) the same as any other type of listing.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc. Ad deadline is Feb. 10, 2002.

DEADLINE: FEB 1, 2002 - DUE OUT: APRIL 1, 2002

SUBMIT!

Mail Submissions:
Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St. #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303-1805

Web Submissions:
http://www.byofl.org
(preferred method)

Send Ads to:
Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA
94146-0760

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!! <----- READ THIS

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it,s dated later than May 1, 2000.
4) Be brief! We,re not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
5) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it,ll only take you a couple of minutes and you won,t have to hunt for a stamp.
6) Don,t use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we,ll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
7) We don,t need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
8) Don,t send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you,re in-just for the ones that are really active!
9) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene,s listings done, but....
10) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).

ople?

oo pricey at $12.
y, but they closed down.
is family in Philly ran out
e got to Philly, it was shut

'd have to say that Austin
, Berlin Falafel, or Austin

at on tour, or world-wide

s utmost relevance to our
wn, even more important
e search out the best fuck-
ve go stuff ourselves...So

sometimes we even play

ning of tour, he was talk-

no more...Then he chews

All: Enough Kelly!
Jack: I'm in this band out of spite, first and foremost. And second, definitely eating.
Todd: Spite? Spite for what?
Jack: The kids. The fucking kids.
MRR: Todd and Kelly, how did growing up in small, rural towns effect you? In ways both punk related and non-punk related?
Todd: I simultaneously detest the racist, alcoholic environment that I grew up in, and I also think that environment because that was what pushed me out of that society and into discovering punk and discovering that there was more to life than Jack Daniels and country music, and the bullshit that I grew up around. While it was a crazy world to grow up in…
MRR: Where did you grow up?
Todd: Tullahoma, Tennessee. About a mile and a half from the Jack Daniels distillery in Lynchburg.Kelly: Ironically, while Todd was trying to escape Jack Daniels culture, I was readily embracing it as an escape from my small town hell.
MRR: Where was that?
Kelly: I grew up in a small town on the Oregon coast called Manzenita, which in the '80s had a population of about 350 people. I lived there for a long time, and it made me quite socially retarded and angry.
Todd: For me, growing up in that environment, it helped form a really idealistic view of punk, because before I found punk, I felt totally alone...It was just me, my brother (Paul Deathreat/Tragedy), and one friend (Billy Deathreat/Tragedy). That was all we had was each other and out band, and up until the point that we found other bands, we thought that all we had was ourselves and that was a really lonely feeling. Eventually, there came a time that we realized that there was a "punk scene" and that there were punks everywhere in the world. I began to feel that there were literally millions of kids just like me in these small towns, all over the world that felt the same way. Punk and this culture became my way out, my only place to go. It's hard for me to relate to this high turnover rate in the punk scene, where people can just come and go into and out of it, like the music for a couple of years and then get their college degree and go on to some high paying job. It's hard to relate to because this was the only place that I ever felt I could go into at all. I've been touring the US for about ten years now, and I feel, like touring once a year, every year, it's a new round of people, with just a handful of people that got into it for the same reasons. I feel like I have no choice. I can never go back. to quote the Zounds song: "I never turned my back on society, society turned it's back on me."
Kelly: There is not a lot of choice. We had to seek out this culture; we didn't just pick it up at the mall. There are no punk record stores in the towns that we lived in. We were looking for an alternative way to live, and we found it. And it's something that we can't just shake off. It's ingrained in our spirit.
Chris: I can agree with a lot of that. I grew up in the suburban hell of Plano, Texas. A total experimental culture in the '80s of yuppie, white wasteland. And the youth were really disaffected. And I felt it very early on. That might be the difference between kids like us, and kids that get into punk in college. We probably knew and felt it by the time we were twelve.
Jack: I was born in Plano, where Chris grew up, and at one point in time in the early '80s, Plano had the highest teen suicide rate in the country. When I was young, I moved to another suburb of Dallas that was a lot poorer, and a lot more ethnically diverse. I was subjected to one of the most backwards, repressive school systems in the country, and it managed to multiply many of these factors ten-fold. Like Todd was saying, I despise it, and I will never forgive a lot of people and factors that were at play then, but at the same time, I wholeheartedly praise it for making me who I am now. I can't imagine where I would be now if it wasn't for that. Granted, I would probably be much more emotionally stable, but I'm not sure that I would be happy in the sense of where I'm at or who I am, what I'm into...I kind of like where I'm at, and if factors would have changed, who knows...Ignorance is bliss, and thankfully, I think we were shoved out of ignorance, forcefully, at an early age. Whether we grew up in small towns, or violent oppressive shitholes, suburban hells, we were taught to fight, to hate the powers that be, and taught to hate ignorance and to get as far away from those things as possible. I guess this band is a product of that, and our expression is a product of that…And I'm thankful to be a part of that at going on thirty years old.